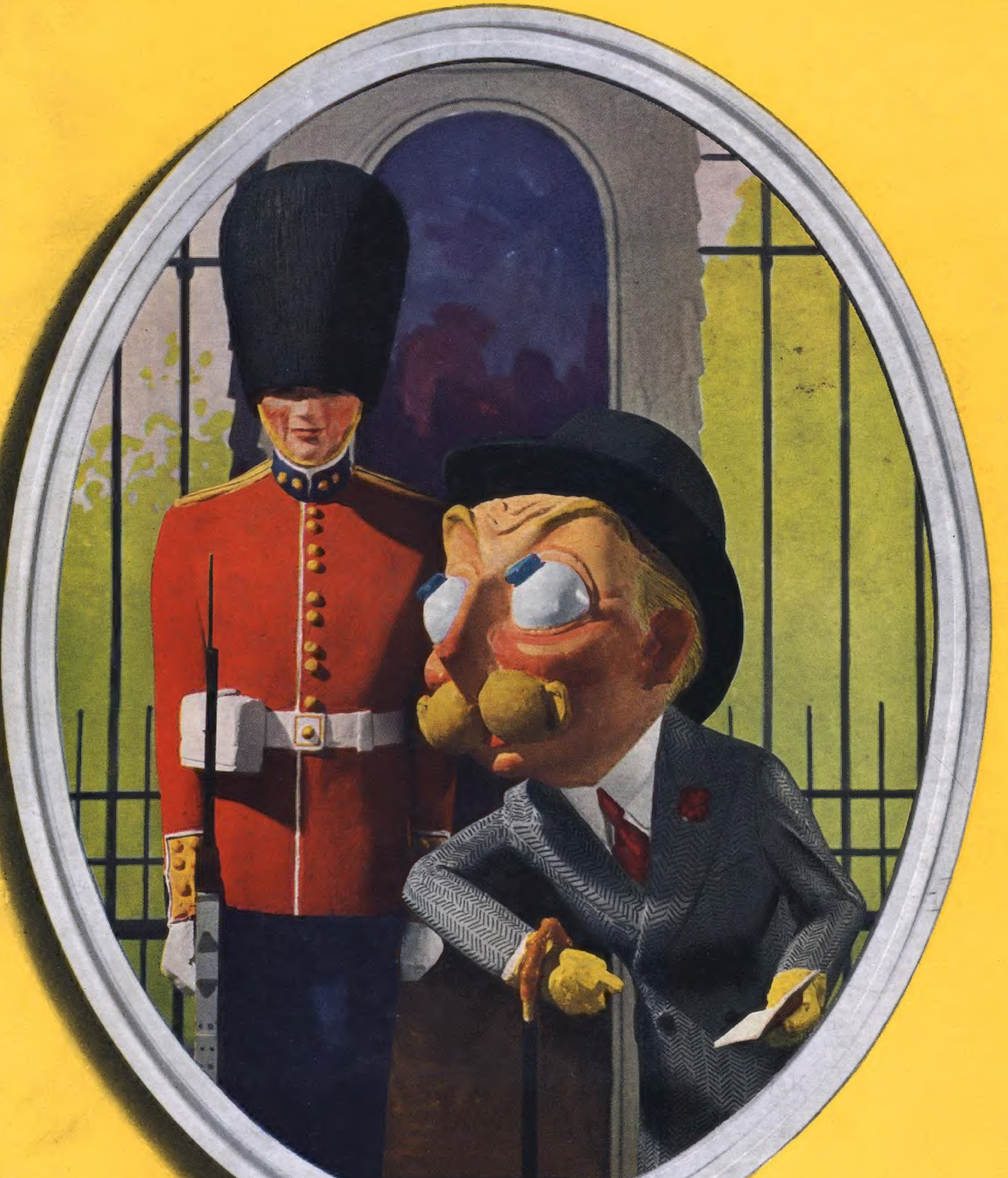
Esquire

MAY
1937

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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INDEX ON PAGE 5

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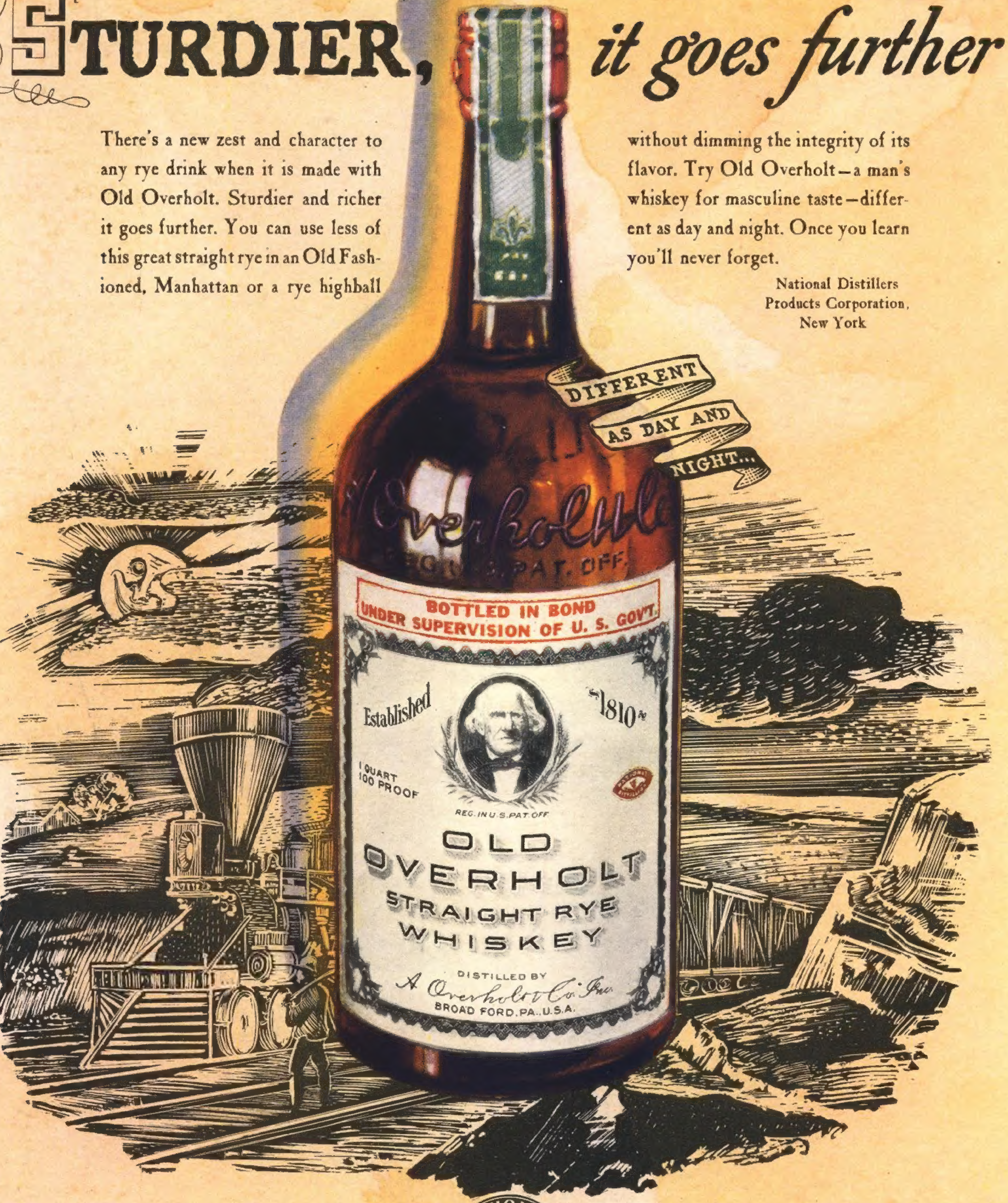
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VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
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Contents for May, 1937

ARTICLES

Page
Essay On Jiggling . . . . . George A. McNamara 43
We Aren't Superstitious . . . . . Stephen Vincent Benét 47
Local Boy Makes Heiress . . . . . Anonymous 48
Sporting and Mufti Tailor . . . . . John R. Tunis 53
Don't Laugh Now . . . . . J. C. Furnas 56
What Isn't Pacifism . . . . . John Webster 65
Recovery Portraits . . . . . John C. Emery 70
Old Telegrams Are Live Wires . . . . . W. H. Deppermann 80
Come and Get Hit . . . . . Donald Hough 92
Watchman, What of the Night? . . . . . Paul W. Kearney 111

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: **The Sound and the Fury** 6
Contributors: **Backstage with Esquire** 38
Potables: **Famous Cocks and Tales** . . . . . Murdock Pemberton 96
Music: **Roulades and Cadenzas** . . . . . Carleton Smith 100
The Lively Arts: **What Makes Men Dance** . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 106
Theatre: **First Nights & Passing Judgments** George Jean Nathan 109
Movies: **The Candid Cameraman** . . . . . Meyer Levin 112
Books: **Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf** . . . . . Burton Rascoe 115

FICTION

Fast-Train Ike . . . . . Jesse Stuart 44
The Painted Mirror . . . . . Donald Wandrei 50
Left Shoe, Right Shoe . . . . . Herman Friedlander 54
Everybody Wants To Be a Lady . . . . . Jerome Weidman 63
A Disappointment to His Family . . . . . Lionel Wiggam 66
Manhattan Rendezvous . . . . . Eugene Joffe 75
Nightmare Without Sleep . . . . . Robert Meltzer 79
Respect for the Aged . . . . . Claude Gower 90
Desk-Man's Finish . . . . . Fred M. Payne 95
Every Opportunity . . . . . Chester B. Himes 99

PERSONALITIES

Page
The More Than Royal Cianos . . . . . Henri Gris 60
America's Sun Worshiper (Wm. J. Glackens) . . . . Harry Salpeter 87
Inventor of the Truth Extractor (Thomas E. Dewey) . . . . . Wm. Moulton Marston 89

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . . A. von Frankenburg
(Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
Five Paintings . . . . . Wm. J. Glackens 87
Simone in Spice . . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 93
Simone in Sugar . . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 94
Crests in the Warwick's Raleigh Room . . . . . *by* Dean Cornwell 107

POETRY

The Midnight Caravan . . . . . A. M. Sullivan 74
(Drawing by Arnold W. Ryan)

SATIRE

Bit-Reader's Complaint . . . . . Richard Adamson 64
The King's Friday . . . . . Parke Cummings 73
Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones . . . . . Arthur Davison Ficke 83
The Battle of Blue Trout Basin . . . . . Nelson S. Bond 104

SEMI-FICTION

Death of an Emperor . . . . . Parke F. Hanley 117

SPORTS

The Derby Parade . . . . . Robt. Saunders Dowst 59
Paul Bunyan—Golfer . . . . . Frank Scully 69
Blue Grizzly of White River . . . . . Jack Tooker 76
Palooka of the Pond . . . . . Lynn Montross 84
Are They Really Records? . . . . . Fletcher Pratt 103

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . . . *by* Saalburg, Fellows, Goodman, and Peters beginning on page 140

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Half through the hazardous year

The fourth year, to young people trying to get along, is the year of greatest danger. More marriages go on the rocks in that year, they say, than in any other. But after the fourth year, harmony gradually hardens into habit.

Esquire is now half way over the hurdles of that hazardous fourth year. Let it only stay on its good behavior another six months and it can then look forward to being kept around the house as a pet.

The only way a magazine can tell whether it's keeping its readers reasonably happy is by watching its circulation figures. Esquire's have gone up in almost geometrical progression, from one hundred thousand at the start of its first year to two hundred thousand at the beginning of its second, four hundred thousand at its third, and six hundred thousand at its fourth. Yet more than one reader tells us confidently if not exactly confidentially, via this month's *Sound and Fury*, that we're slipping. And last month in the same place another reader even warned us not to waste ink with circulation figures in any vain attempt to disprove it. All of which only goes, perhaps, to prove what we have long suspected, that no magazine can be all things to all men.

Well, as Winchell said, just the other column, nobody knows what the public wants, except its money's worth. Or, as we believed from the beginning, in the magazine business as in any other, his money's worth is what nobody can ever get too much of. (Take that, Yale and Harvard, if you're looking for studies in sentence structure).

When Esquire was a-borning, business was in the doldrums and the country in the dumps. A Hollywood executive arose, in one of the What's-Wrong-With conferences that were so frequent then, to say "There's nothing wrong with picture business that good pictures can't cure." The remark doesn't sound as good now as it did a little over four years ago. It has a bromidic overtone, like "The country is fundamentally sound," or even "Build a better mouse-trap." But it was an inspiration to us, flirting as we were at the time with the temptation to take a flyer into the magazine publishing business with the vague general notion of "a magazine for men." For translating that remark into terms of magazine publishing, we chose to make it mean "There's nothing that will put over a magazine that won't put itself over." In other words, hard times or boom times, nothing you can say or do about a magazine will do any good anyway unless the magazine will say and do for itself about ten times as much as you could possibly say or do about it. Up to that point there had been much wondering and worrying about the high cost of "putting a new magazine over." But once convinced of the soundness of this fatalistic truism, the whole thing looked simple. There was no point in worrying about the high cost of high pressure promotion experts, circulation wizards, publicity or advertising mugwumps or any of the other mysterious medicine-men of the publishing field. There was, in fact, no point in worrying about anything that couldn't get between the covers of the magazine itself. That was the only place where high pressure could do any good.

Esquire went over. Nobody, and nothing, put it over. It proved that there was nothing wrong with the magazine business, even in 1933. Then, and since, it had no more complicated formula than "as big a money's worth as possible, and a bigger money's worth as fast and as often as increased revenue makes it possible."

It's a simple formula, like that of the winning general who never had any other campaign plan than "to get there the firstest with the mostest men." But it's the only rule of the shop, the credo of all we do. It even seems to permeate the extra-curricular activities, witness the case of Meyer Levin who has been working on his new novel, *The Old Bunch*, these last three years. It turns out to be the size of three ordinary novels, squeezed between the covers of one. That's the Esquire touch.

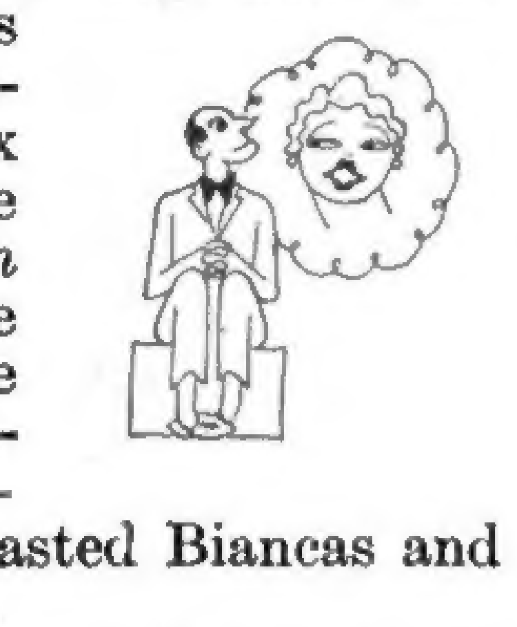
Esquire
May, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VII, No. 5
Whole No. 42
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WHEE



Your latest "find," Pietro di Donato, has a lot of talent which could be put to better use than by mixing Christ with sex and concrete. However, in addition to being a good writer, he is probably a smart young man who knows that his only passport to Esquire's pages is sex and sacrilege. Hence the title, *Christ in Concrete*, and hence his bringing on the job—a tiring, back-breaking job—thoughts of big-breasted Biancas and prolific Philomenas.

While I am not a preacher, and can not suggest anything which would convert Esquire's editor, his persistent prurience may be cured by locking him in an apartment over a week-end with a frowzy blonde nymphomaniac who had been fed an overdose of aphrodisiac, and whose cloying kisses and cheap perfume would nauseate even a black rapist.

Perhaps after such an experience, writers of clean stories would have a chance to make Esquire's pages.

Ugh!

Tucson, Ariz. F. Tisdale

EXCELSIOR

For some time things haven't been going to suit me. At first I thought it was just a cycle, but now, after reading your valued periodical for several months, I realize the fault lies primarily with me. In short, I am slipping.

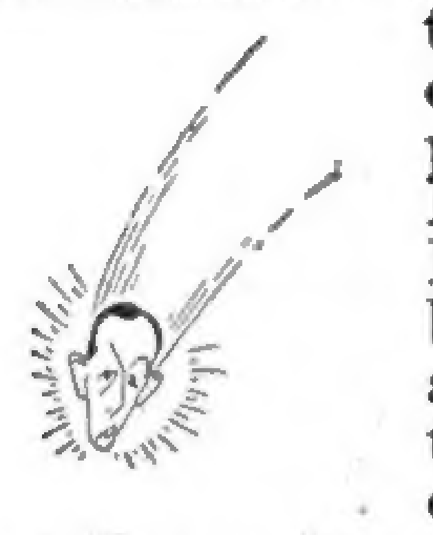
Having reached this decision, from a perusal of your pages, the remedy automatically suggested itself. I need intelligent help, supervision, and guidance. Naturally, only a limited few can qualify to render this managing supervision. Almost at once, I realized I needed someone either from your editorial staff, or some contributor to your pages. In view of the remarkable ability you display in selecting literary discoveries and skyrocketing them up to the pinnacles of literary fame, I felt, of course, that the only proper system would be to secure the help of your very efficient editor. But, after reading George Jean Nathan's article entitled *First Nights & Passing Judgments* in your February, 1937 number, all hesitancy is removed. My problems are solved. Nathan is the man I want.

Will you please ascertain if he would consider associating himself with me in the capacity above outlined?

Very truly yours,

Heaven God

COWARD'S DECLINE



After ten days of meditation in my praying chamber beseeching pardon and absolution for the five or six million lost souls who read Esquire, I return to the conning of the *S & F* in the Feb. number only to burst into tears with the reading of C. W.'s moan for public morals from London, Canada. Knowing London a bit I can readily imagine that living there is little short of an act of physical discipline and scarcely makes for the enjoyment of what C. W. calls the "spicy side of life." (To those who don't know the place, London is Boston in little—very, very little!) C. W. naïvely delivers himself of the charitable hope that he will not be popularly considered a prude, and grieves that the risqué quality of Esquire's contents necessitates his apologizing for the magazine *in toto*. God save us all!

Must he read it? The onus of respectability that presses upon what might be jokingly called C. W.'s mind is too, too depressingly normal to discuss in this place. And ere I give way to the vice of indignation or further gnaw the handle of this pen trying to think of nasty things to say, I shall turn to less pathetic matters. But, soft, a word of warning, C. W.—Remember that Potter dame who did the theatre for this magazine some months back? She's right, they'll laugh at you, even in Toronto's hot spots, if your white vest shows at the sides of your coat!

We all liked Mr. Gilbert Seldes on Mr. Noel Coward (*ibid*, p. 87) chiefly because we like Mr. Coward considerably better than we like Mr. Seldes. Mr. Seldes' somewhat waspish remarks respecting the inferior quality of Mr. Coward's acting will be generally endorsed by those who have had tne misfortune of seeing Mr. Coward across the footlights. However, Mr. Seldes ought surely to have had the saving grace to assure his readers that when *Private Lives*—which is, indeed, quite the most enduring piece that Mr. Coward has done to date—was produced in London in September, 1930, Mr. Coward's acting was of a very high order, albeit, the show was all but stolen by the charming Gertrude Lawrence as Amanda. Moreover, the most uncompromising critical austerity allows that Act Two of *Private Lives* makes unusually severe demands upon the actors. It will be remembered that this act contains forty minutes of dialogue unrelieved by acting of any sort. To put this across without being bellowed down by a storm of coughing from the orchestra and without the competition of a crap game in the first balcony, calls for some very resourceful acting—acting that Mr. Coward proved himself quite capable of. Lest this be interpreted as a blanket endorsement of Mr. Coward's appearances in his other plays, I hasten to add that his public will remain a far happier body if he will but gracefully yield the sock and buskin to more capable performers, at the same time continuing to send forth from the playwright's closet diverting reminders that life is something of a joke. Despite occasional defects—which give great pain to Mr. Seldes and which he enlarges into things of unhappy omen—Mr. Coward's dozen or so pieces have done much to dispel the dense fog that obscured the English stage of the 1920's, and which, I sorrowfully add, as Mr. Coward gives signs of going into a decline, threatens to engulf it again.

Douglas, Ont., Can. E.H.W.

SHORT & SOUR

Did it ever strike you that the animals take sex more as a matter of course than the editor and readers of your damned sophisticated publication.

The "aren't we big, bad sinners" attitude of Esquire is puerile in the extreme—as puerile as the juvenile who sneaks a smoke and thinks he has done something great and big and clever.

No doubt the anonymous and respectable bitch who wrote *The Wench Is Not Amused* for the February issue received her pay in filthy lucre—and was it filthy! She is wise in remaining anonymous. Her acquaintances wouldn't spit on her if they knew.

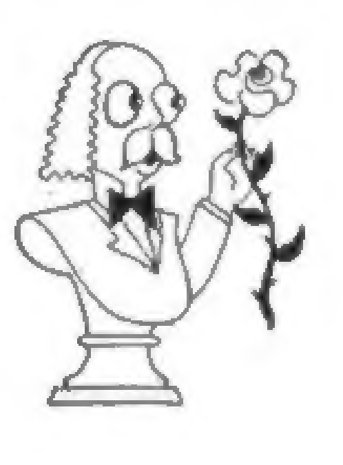
* * *

Your tribute to Hemingway shows the other side of Esquire. But I don't think Hemingway who recently embraced Catholicism would agree with you "that the woods, the waters and the denizens thereof are the only *changeless* things there are."

Frankly,

Hoboken, N. J. Weldon Weaver

ASSIST TO SHAKESPEARE



A man by the name of William Shakespeare is rumored to have said once upon a time that: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Esquire has proved it. For a few years ago you took a name that had become dull, prosaic, meaningless, general, trite, and old fashioned and made of it a lively, throbbing, adventurous, exciting, anticipated, virile, humorous and mannish title. I refer to "Esquire." It means something real now; not something dead. Which merely proves—it's not what you call a magazine, but what you put in it. And boy, in your mag you've put in plenty. I wonder if your readers realize the change you have wrought in their meaning now of the word Esquire.

Yours without a struggle,

Catawba, Penna. Neven Semmes

SLEEPING SICKNESS

Being a dutiful husband, and having ideas about the matter myself, I quote my wife, "While you're writing, send a letter to those 'Can't Sleep Withers' in *The Sound and the Fury* and ask them why in the hell they don't get *twin beds* and quit yelling their heads off!"

I don't believe that I, or any one else, can tell whether he's in bed alone or with a regiment IF he is asleep. So it's not the process of "being" and "staying" asleep that counts, but the matter of "going to" that is so highly important. And, like taking a bath, if there is any reason for not being alone while doing so, I haven't yet read it in Esquire; and if such a reason existed it would have been therein. You print everything else.

Now if it were a question of having no intention of doing any sleeping anyhow, I would be delighted to send to anyone submitting postage my views on *that* subject.

Those "squawkers" who bemoan the "putridity" of your magazine make me ill! Believe me, if I didn't like it you'd be as long getting fifty-cents out of me as Grant was taking Richmond.

Yours,

Richmond, Va. John D. Latham

HELEN OF HELENA

That article, *The Wench Is Not Amused*, irked me more than I have been irked in years. Why do you encourage that sort of twaddle?

Some day perhaps all of the professionally disillusioned seekers of Love will discover that Male and Female the equipment is absolutely standard and any variation thereof is a matter of resourcefulness and imagination. Anyway if they can't find what and whom they want there are a lot of other very interesting hobbies. A stamp collection is a lovely thing, but no, these disgruntled Lilies of the Field won't even rock a cradle or learn to type, both of which I do quite nicely and I learned all by myself. Perhaps I rock the cradle better than I type but I'm trying to improve myself and intend to take up spelling next. I also have very nice legs and ankles and if they are looked at before my face who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth. I'm thankful for them as The Wench would be if she were the right sort of a girl.

I don't believe that *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* either. I don't speak from first hand knowledge, always having been cast by fate some place where they aren't very romantic. However, *that* anonymous Lady had a message which she believed in and not a neurotic grouch to air.

I can write poetry too. Much better than that which you've featured so far.

Cordially,

Helena, Mont. Helen Dorland

THE PAYOFF FOR MEYER

I should appreciate your suggesting to your Mr. Meyer Levin that he reimburse me for the following purposes, and in the amount of the monies indicated:

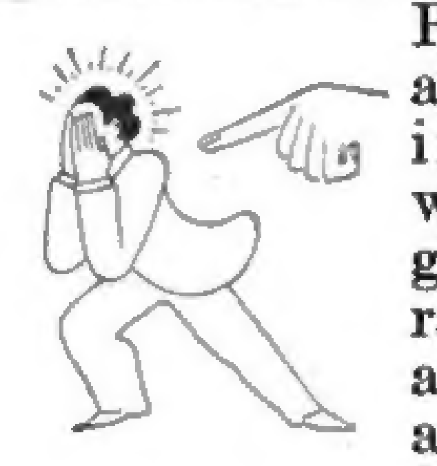
Two admissions to *The Plough and the Stars*	$ .84
One hour's time spent in witnessing said distressful spectacle	5.00
Loss of my reputation as a suggestor of "Where to go"	7.17
Total	$13.01

His enthusiastic mention of *The Plough and the Stars* in the same critical breath with *The Informer* misled me completely, and I lost the first evening I have had to devote to a movie in too many weeks. I found the thing suffered the flaw of all sequels: overemphasis of the non-essential. This, coupled with Stanwyck's mugging and routine photography of escapes-over-rooftops, presents a hideous, boresome, and completely nauseating panorama of unmitigated pseudo-realistic pap which no *Informer* devotee should be forced to see. If Mr. Levin remits with personal check please have him include Five Cents for exchange charges.

Yours very truly,

Columbus, Ohio I. A. Johnson

ADD RIPOSTES TO RASCOE



Here comes a call from what the most honorable Mr. Burton Rascoe believes to be a desert—Germany! I am referring to the way this writer is discussing the new German laws regarding critics. In general I have never considered Mr. Rascoe's opinion about things as being important. I would, therefore, gladly refrain from raising hell about his article in the February issue if it was not for the very tactless and misleading denomination Mr. Rascoe has chosen for the German Chancellor.

What I want to say is this: There is a rumor going 'round according to which the world needs peace more than anything else. Nothing would help more to have peace and to keep it than if all nations would learn to respect each other. It does not matter whether you agree to Hitler or Hitler-Germany or not. If you do, you ought to know why and if you don't, we shall certainly not commit suicide.

What Mr. Rascoe said may be taken as a *lapsus linguae* only. What we are opposed to is the spirit in which his article was written and the fact that Esquire found it advisable or anyhow in order to offer such nonsense to the public.

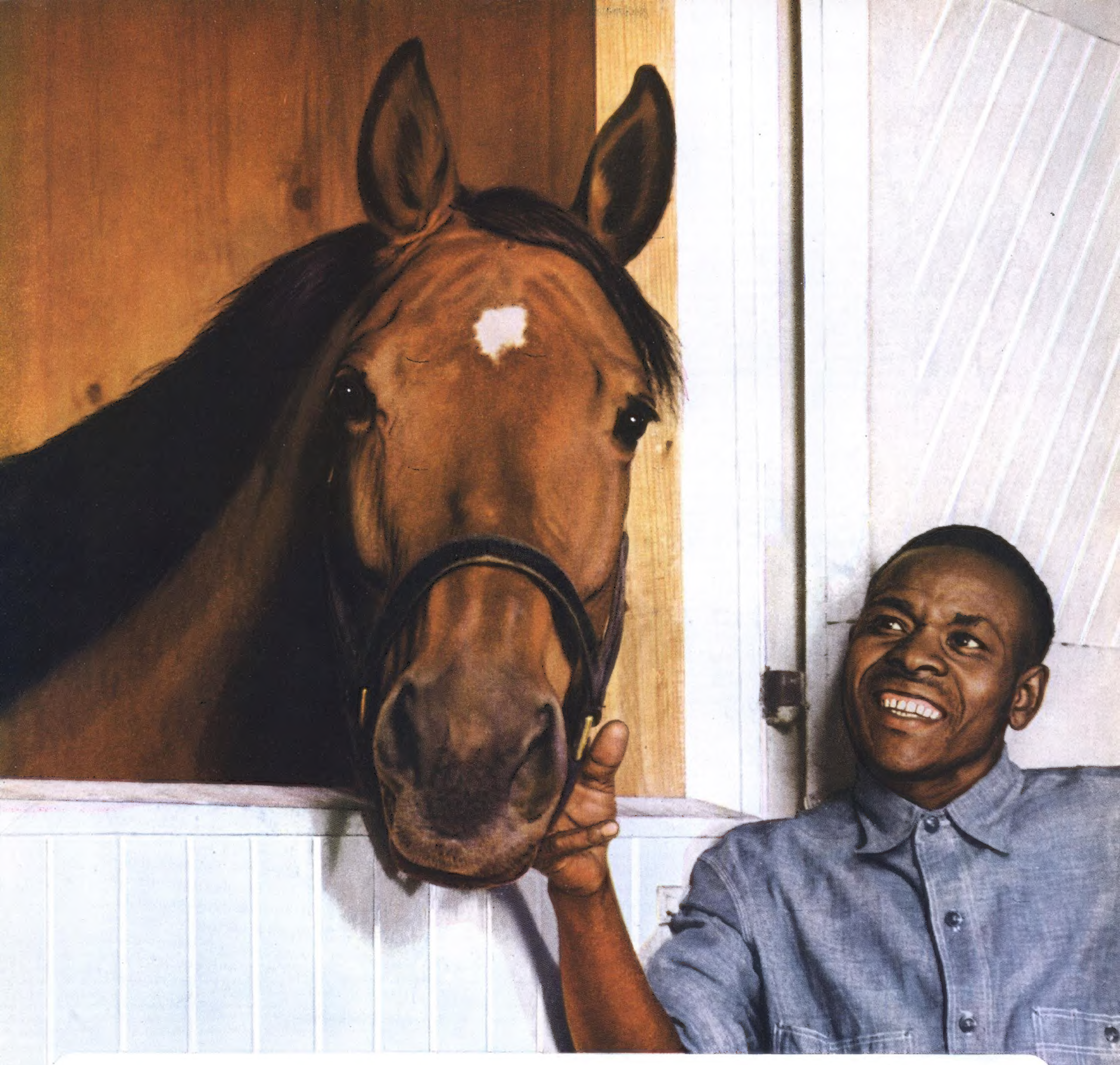
Please do not overlook that many thousands of copies of Esquire are sold in this country every month at the relatively high price of Mark 2.50 equaling about Dollar 1. In spending that much for a magazine we are entitled to get something worth while or at least we do not expect to have our national pride hurt by whoever it may be.

Esquire has been a darn good mag for some time and should come back to its old standard. Cut out politics altogether and do not offer your friends just "something to read" but the real stuff! So that's that—swallow and digest it.

Yours truly,

Hamburg, Germany Stephan Harms

Continued on page 10



Why Kentucky Derby winners live forever

A HORSE immortal? Yes—if he has borne the victorious wreath of roses at historic Churchill Downs—the honor turfdom reserves for *the champion of champions!*

Immortal—because *his* forthright virtues, blended with those of *other* brilliant champions, will be passed on—to give us Derby winners of tomorrow.

Many virtues blended together—that is the secret of greatness in a thoroughbred. And it's also the secret of the greatness of Four Roses. This is what we mean . . . Four Roses is *all whiskey*—whiskey, every drop. But here's the point—Four Roses is more than just a *single* fine straight whiskey.

It is *several* straight whiskies, each of which is outstanding for some *particular* quality. Blended together, with almost loving care, these whiskies merge *all* their individual virtues in *one* glorious whiskey—Four Roses—a whiskey we believe is America's *finest*, regardless of age or price!

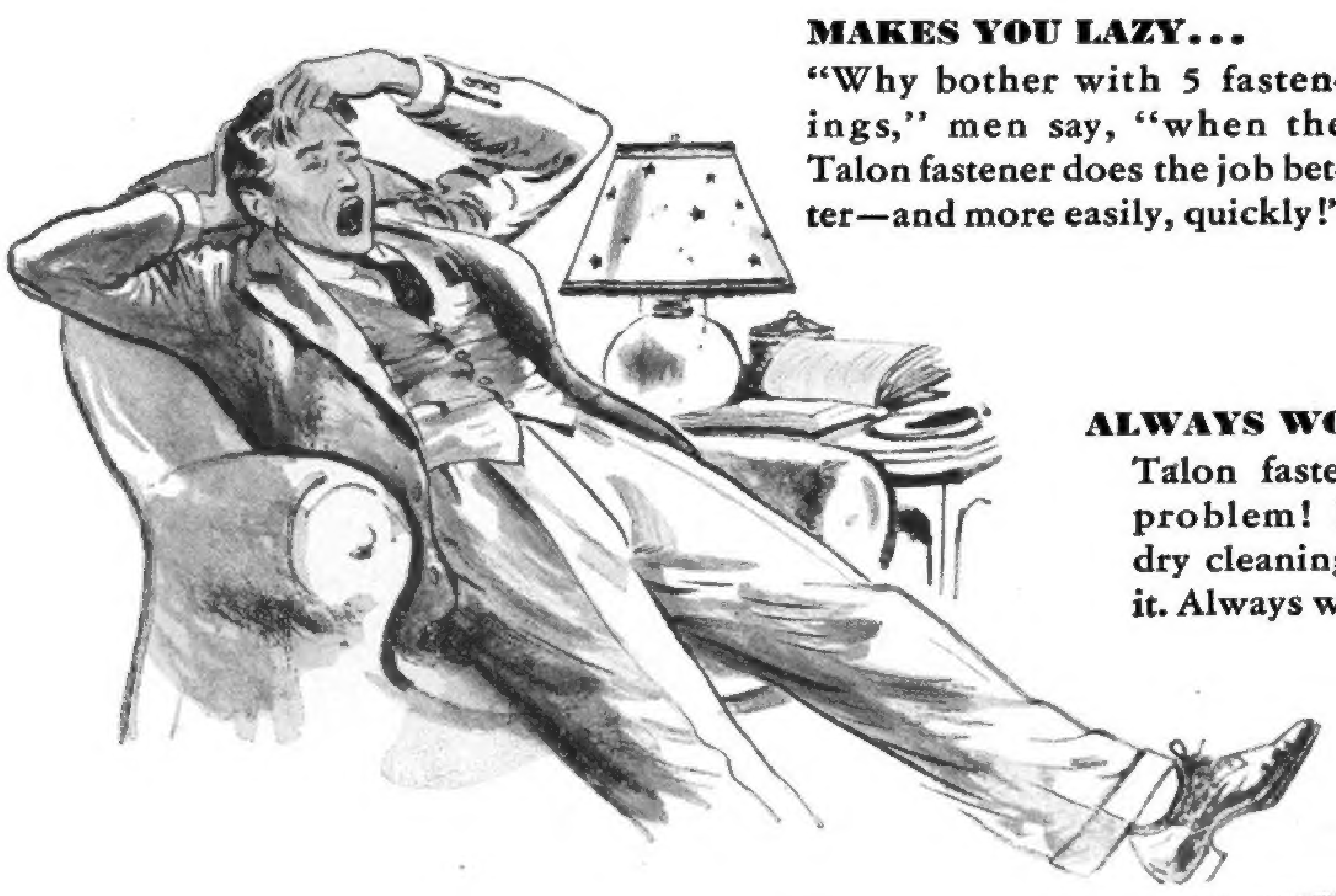
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

A blend of straight whiskies
—90 proof

FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's Finest Whiskey, regardless of age or price



MAKES YOU LAZY...
"Why bother with 5 fastenings," men say, "when the Talon fastener does the job better—and more easily, quickly!"

ALWAYS WORKS RIGHT
Talon fastener ends this problem! Pressing and dry cleaning do not harm it. Always works perfectly!

"Excited? You'd think they were my first long pants"

Dramatic difference... Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old fastenings, are impossible when you have the Talon slide fastener (below) made *expressly* for trousers.

FIND OUT WHY 12 MILLION MEN ARE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE **TALON** *TROUSER FASTENER*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A man writes that he naturally expected the Talon slide fastener for trousers to be more convenient than the old-type fly.

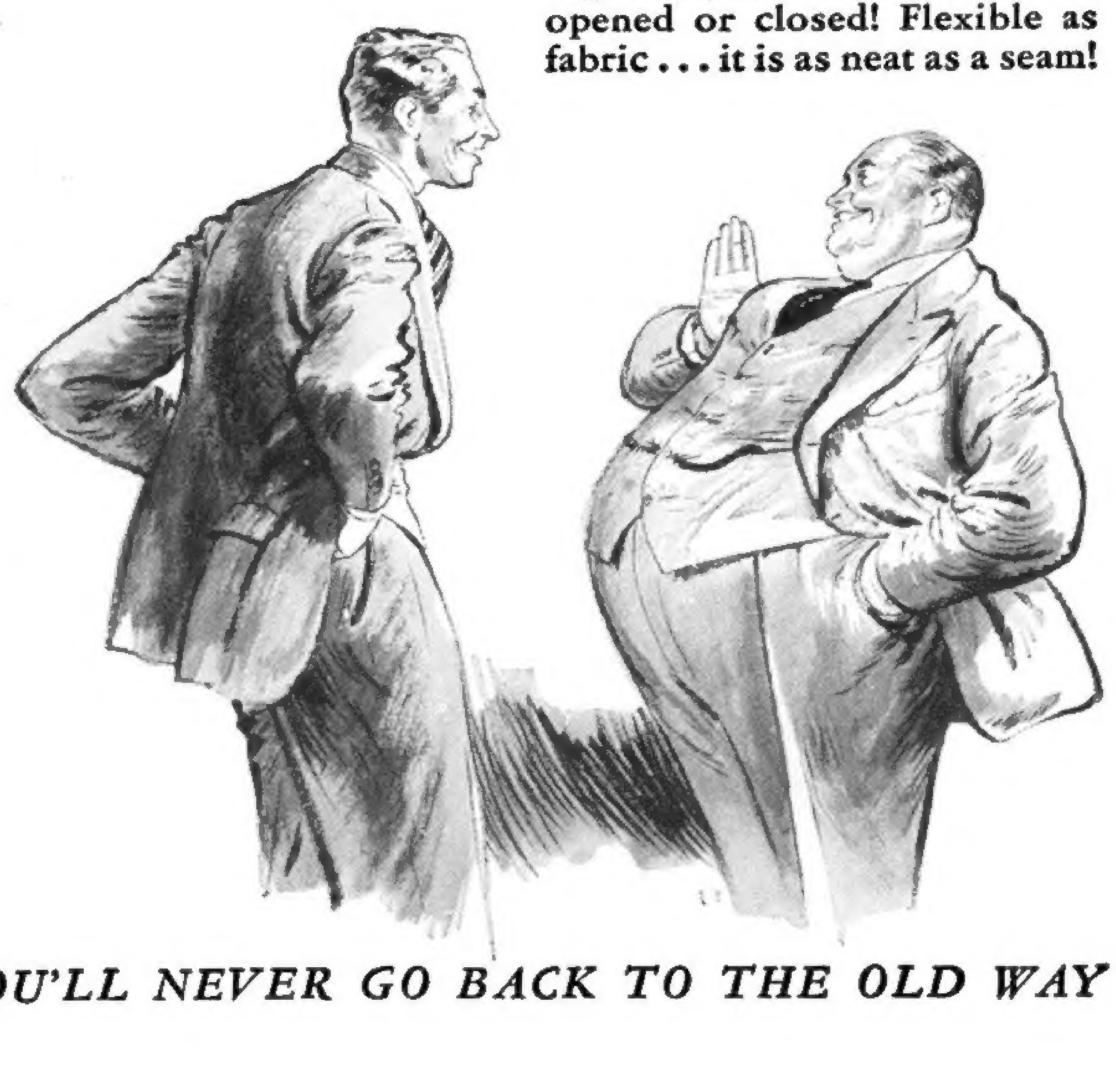
"But," he says, "I never dreamed that the difference in ease and speed would come so close to being 'the thrill of a lifetime'."

Ask to see a suit with the Talon fastener. You'll be amazed that the fly of your trousers could be so dramatically improved!

Introduced in expensive clothing . . . the Talon fastener now comes on better-made suits of all prices. Try it and see why millions of men demand it on all their trousers!

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA.

GIVES YOU PEACE OF MIND
With the Talon fastener, you *know* your trousers are closed. There's nothing to forget! And the Talon fastener can't open accidentally. It *locks* at the top!

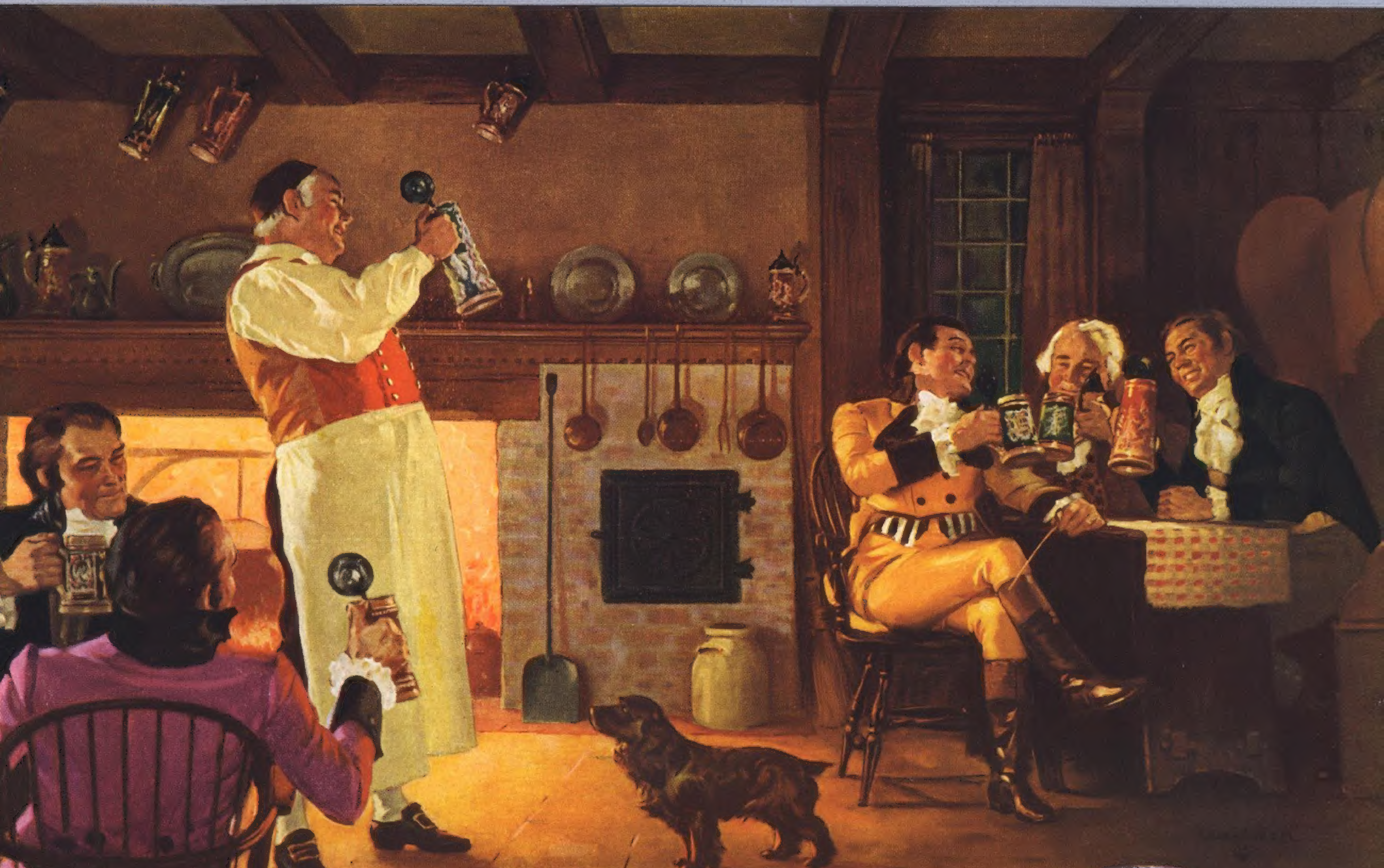


"A LIFE-SAVER FOR ME"...
The Talon fastener is a boon to big men. Just slide it . . . and it's opened or closed! Flexible as fabric . . . it is as neat as a seam!

TRY THE **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



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Schlitz in "Steinies"

SCHLITZ poured from modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles brings glorious memories of olden days . . . of brown-raftered inns . . . and the finest old-day beers in old, stone steins. Old-day brewmasters labored hard and long to catch the delicious, old-time flavor that Schlitz brews so uniformly, *winter and summer*, into every drop . . . under Precise Enzyme Control.

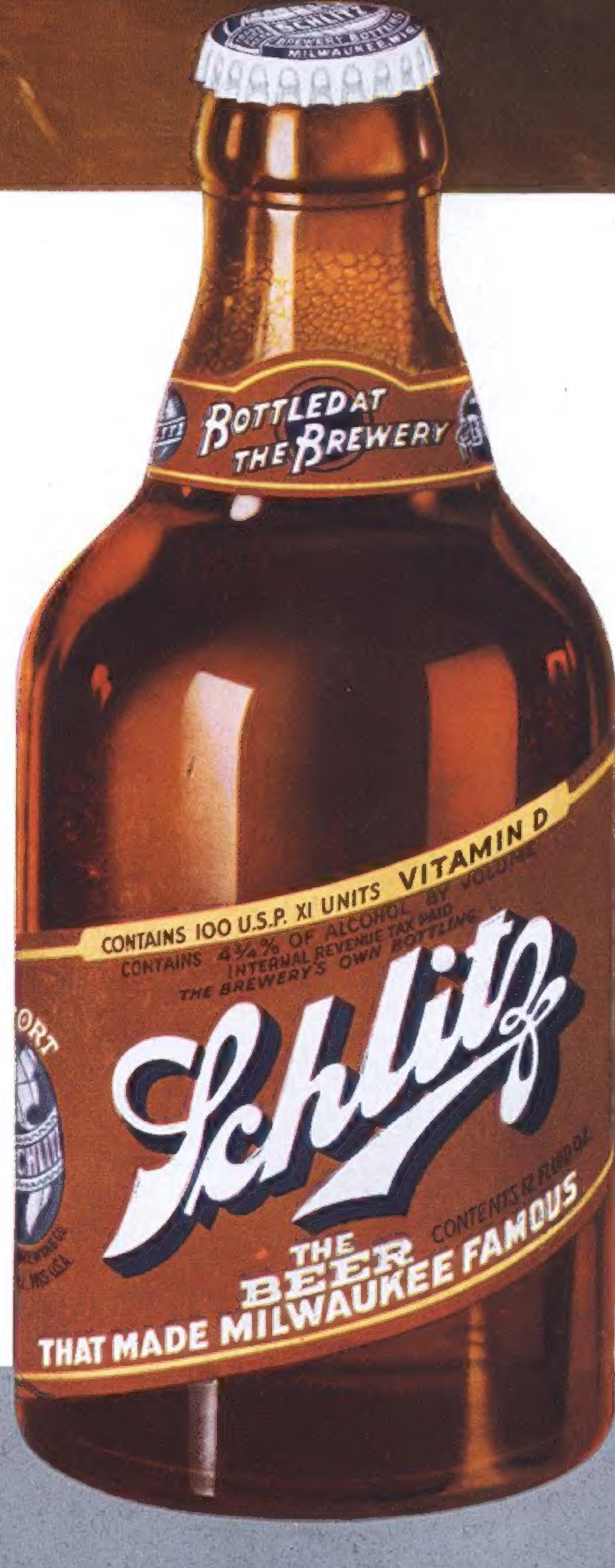
The uniform goodness of Schlitz is the direct result of years of research and the investment of countless dollars in scientific development of the brewing art. You taste immediately the delicious difference between Schlitz and other beers.

Enjoy it today, in modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles, with health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D, the finest beer men and science can brew.

Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle. Also available in the familiar Tall Brown Bottle and Cap-Sealed Can.

[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz . . . you will like it on first acquaintance . . . and ever after.]

Copyright 1937, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.


Bottled at the Brewery
Contains 100 U.S.P. XI units Vitamin D
Contains 4¾% of alcohol by volume
Internal revenue tax paid
The brewery's own bottling
Schlitz
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous
Contents 12 fluid oz.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. ***Milwaukee, Wis.***

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LOCAL BOY MAKES ALL

After reading your "thumb-nail" in *Literary Digest* I'd like to console you with the fact that you haven't always been on the receiving end. I, too, have a case-history and you, old man, have been the social worker.

When I came here, to Harrisburg, a year ago, I was just a corn-fed Democrat expecting everybody to say Hello to me as they do back in the "township." I guess I was classed by the acclimated as being slightly unripe. As I look back through the "mental album," and think of the clothes I bought at the Coal Company's store before leaving for the State Capital, I refuse to even guess.

After being snubbed by a good many—mostly nice-girls, I came to the conclusion that the only method I had of fighting homesickness, and subsequent disgrace on returning, would be by drink—at first it was only beer—then I became a room-drinker. I drank because the only thing that I could press against my lips and thereby obtain a warm, mellow "all's-well" feeling was the mouth of a bottle.

One evening I met a girl, whom I knew but slightly back home. We all called her "classy" because she had always wanted to be somebody. She gave me an unexpected friendly greeting, looked me up and down, and then invited me up into her room to see her imp-prints from Esquire.

I redden now to think of how I blushed on seeing them and at being alone with her. I wasn't seduced, but induced to take you home and study up on the styles and patter, she said they were using in the bigger cities.

It developed into a sort of a correspondence course; with her criticism, your suggestions, and my money, I became a de-man-d.

Now, after ten issues, I can discuss Petty-differences with the most knowing—chant off mixed drinks like a union bartender, and have Junior Leaguers begging Mother to take in a certain roomer.

This isn't the ego of a politician, it's just the base-history of a ten-block Eddie who has (with your help) made the gals reverse the field and say to each other

Yours? Like hell! He's mine.

Harrisburg, Pa. G. G. Corby

TWO UP, ONE DOWN

Enclosed are stamps for the book you are publishing, *Christ in Concrete*, by Pietro di Donato. In this age of selfishness, greed and egotistical exhibitionism, your editorial tribute to an unknown writer is delightful. After reading the story, I was in accord with your enthusiasm for such talent, but I confess to being limp, crushed, jittery, absorbed and practically out of breath. Now when a writer can do that to one as skeptical and hard to impress as I have come to be, then he is, in my opinion a powerful writer. Looking back on the days when engineering was a worse graft than it is today, I consider such a story as influential for better supervision and honesty in construction, as your efforts against war are constructive.

Please accept my deepest appreciation for the splendid stories by Jesse Stuart. How about publishing more of his poetry? It is as fine or better, if that is possible, than his prose. It is my prediction that when Stuart has lived a little deeper and suffered keenly, he will become as great as Walt Whitman. He is truly and greatly individual. Burton Rascoe's account of his visit to him is more than interesting.

From Stuart's *Head O' W-Hollow*, a book of short stories, there is a real gem. He has titled it, *Log Shacks and Lonesome Waters*. I would like to see it in Esquire, if reprinting it would be possible. It would give readers of Esquire a better understanding and a true glimpse of the rare spirit of the talented young man.

Since there are so many features about Esquire that I admire, space and time prohibits mentioning them. Of course not everything appeals to me, but there is a new artist that simply stirs up forty devils of contempt, so I will register the complaint that the work of Jaro Fabry is so much tripe as far as I am concerned. He does not even convey to me one glimmer of cleverness, either in his ideas or artistry. One can admire an openly frank courtesan if she is clever, but when she becomes a strumpet, I can't enjoy seeing her dressed up and striving to be cute. Might as well try to palm off a coyote for a silver fox, or get the dirty look out of the eye of a crocodile.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Alicia Rooney
Hollywood, Calif.

P. S.—Jesse Stuart reminds me of Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*.

FRENZY ON FRENZY

Allow me to add my own tympanic roll to your frenzied drum-beating apropos of your latest find, Pietro di Donato.

He is truly worthy of all those expletives which Mr. Gingrich was moved to emote, and several others common to the large moving-picture producers. His story, *Christ in Concrete*, is in my own humble estimation a symphony in literature. It smacks of sheer wizardy; it grips, then fascinates. Truly, di Donato is destined for greatness. A beneficial providence will see to it that the writings of this man will not stop with this, his first offering.

Am enclosing two-bits, for which please forward a book-copy of *Christ in Concrete*. Here's hoping we will read more of Donato's work in the near future.

Very truly yours,
Newark, N. J. Daniel Carongi

ENCORE

May I, by your kind leave, play a short return engagement in *Sound and Fury?* Sincerely to recant a heresy—committed, I grant myself, in a moment of clumsy facetiousness, but which, nevertheless, has lain as heavy on my conscience as a batch of sour biscuits. I refer to my recent libel on Hemingway. In obliteration of whatever impression, if any, it might have left, may I say that, actually, I have never for a moment been renegade in spirit to my discipleship; and that I myself have always been hotly irritated by just such immature and half-baked criticisms as mine was—criticisms to which God and Hemingway alike seem peculiarly susceptible. Making penitent amends for this treason (at the same time deglutenizing my praise to something nearer the skeletal purity of his own prose), I suggest that Hemingway, though his approach be, sometimes, indelicately through the lungs and stomach, is, invariably, directly incisive to the heart of things. If he occasionally deals with maggots, often one must use them to obtain a completely clean wound; and if, in his literary surgery, his interest is primarily diagnostic and descriptive rather than curative (God save us from writers with pills), can he be blamed for the disease he finds? None giggles less than he as he scrapes the bone. . . . Utterly honest, simple like the really great, there is not, in his entire work, a single complexity or effect that is synthetic. Will you please print that? . . . There, I feel better already.

While I'm here, I may as well say my whole say. Clamoring more enthusiasms, my hat has been off to Jesse Stuart so long I've caught cold. What I mean is, when a man can take the biography of a runt pig and, without a hint of perspiration, make of it a profoundly moving story, that, if anything, by God, is Art! Incidentally, please do not classify me with the sort of meticulous clunk who would indicate, in tantalizing triumph, a fly-speck on the magnificent ceiling of the Cistine chapel, but if Mr. Stuart is a school-teacher, unmarried, and living in a part of the country where, Paul Webb will tell you, expenses are at a minimum, wasn't it just a little theatrical to borrow those stamps from the drug-store?

Pietro di Donato is, I hope, not a comet, with a comet's fate. For he is no imitator, no savagely sentimental Kipling, no gelded Hemingway. His is an authentic surge of feeling. (The envelope that brought *Christ in Concrete* through the mails must have been a taut corset indeed!) Nothing since I first heard the accumulative thunder of Wagner's magnificent Ride of the Valkyrie has stampeded me like Mr. Donato's final singing cascade of horror. With regard to Mr. Levin's cautious admonition that too sudden and extravagant publicity might startle him, I gather, from the glorious violence of his prose, that he is no such quivering-nostriled young fawn as all that. (By the way, when you finally discover me, please give me the works!)

Still a little unsteady from *Christ in Concrete*, it certainly brought me up short to come across F. Gregory Hartswick, quite unruffled, jumping certain coins so that after four, or, at most, five, moves, no two heads would be contiguous—with answers on page 134. Now that *might* be significant and I suppose we have to put up with something but, see here, Gingrich, old man, no jumbled movie star contests! Maybe I am allergic to F. Gregory Hartswick and to F. Scott Fitzgerald, anyway, for, in both cases, that first F. invariably suggests to me abbreviation of a certain very vulgar verb in the imperative mood.

A salaam, in passing, to Carleton Smith, who can make music that isn't even happening, news. He is a relief from the ubiquitous, frightfully subtle, Philharmonic reviews wherein one reads that, along about half-way through the adagio movement, the third clarinet on the left-hand side (going in) mistook the tone color appropriate to wind in the cypress trees and (though it was clearly marked *delicatezza* in the score) gave forth a definitely dark-green sound. Which, harmonious as that note may be in the proper melodic context, was certainly the wrong toot there. By the way, did it ever occur to you that you have no radio page, thank God?

Lately a subscriber, with something of a proprietary interest in your magazine, its ominous editorial policy of constant change gives me rather a turn. It is a little disturbing to find that I have contracted for a chameleon. May I suggest that you leave well enough alone? Now that you have outgrown your original self-consciousness about Rabelais' mantle, and a certain forced boisterousness which, located in Chicago, may have been due not to heredity but to environment, and which suggested a bookkeeper (he of that profession, next to the oldest the most maligned) on a spree, the product you have finally arrived at is almost entirely satisfactory. It is unique, that's its great charm; and mere change, in itself, is no virtue. Keep edging away from this original and you may wake up some morning to find that you've got, begot, or, well I'll be goddamned, a carbon copy of *Hearth and Home!*

I append a few satiric verses, inspired by a morbid consideration of the high casualty rate among literary volunteers. You may or may not print them. Please try them, anyway, for size. Under separate cover, I have sent you a more serious offering, written especially to bring out, by way of illustration, the best in George Grosz. I suspect that the rejection slip will be polite but firm.

Yours very sincerely,
Ernest Redmond Buckler
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

DONATO-DAFFY

Here are orders No. 1,847,396 and No. 1,847,397 for Pietro di Donato's *Christ in Concrete*.

Sign that man up. Don't let him get away.

1,847,396
1,847,397

Everyone I know is going to read *Christ in Concrete*. I'll put it under their noses at breakfast, bedevil them through the morning, put it between their sandwiches at lunch, read it aloud to them all afternoon, appetizingly spread it with gravy at dinner, so I'll know they'll have to "eat it up," and I'll make a recording of it to play all evening. Bedtime will find it nestling on the place of honor on their pillows. Wives will be forgotten, children neglected, homes torn asunder.

And all because I read a story, before going to bed, that I couldn't put down, even with the wife's insistent "turn out the light and come to bed" thudding on finger-filled ears.

Rush those books. And prepare your mailing room for a few more orders from me—teach them to recognize my envelopes—they'll soon recognize me as Donato-Daffy.

Cordially yours,
Chicago, Ill. R. W. Voight

LATINS VERSUS HILLBILLIES

De Gustibus non Disputandum Est. I read your blurb about your new literary discovery, and turned to the story in pleasurable excitement. What a disillusionment! I worked Italians for many years in and in the vicinity of New York. I grew very fond of them—a light hearted and generally lovable people.

But as to taking care of themselves on a job, they were as children. They were constantly placing themselves in dangerous positions, and a good part of the American foreman's time was taken up in watching and warnings. The story is so absolutely untrue to life that it shocks the sensibilities, as contractors, or any others in charge of labor, from self interest alone, casting out all thought of the human element involved, are very careful of their men. And there is no money in collapse of structures through insufficient shoring.

As to the writing—and the hysterical hyperbole. It is dreadful—not unlike the ravings found in the madhouse.

What a relief to turn to the story by Jesse Stuart. I know little about this writer, but he can take a family of Kentucky hillbillies, in the simple task of weeding a tobacco crop, and convert their simple minded conversation into classics. That, my friend, is *genius*—not ravings of a writer "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Please come down to earth and observe the niceties in making your selections.

Yours very sincerely,
Perry, Florida M. A. Maxwell

Continued in center of page 226

"Worth stopping for!"

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The Beech-Nut Circus

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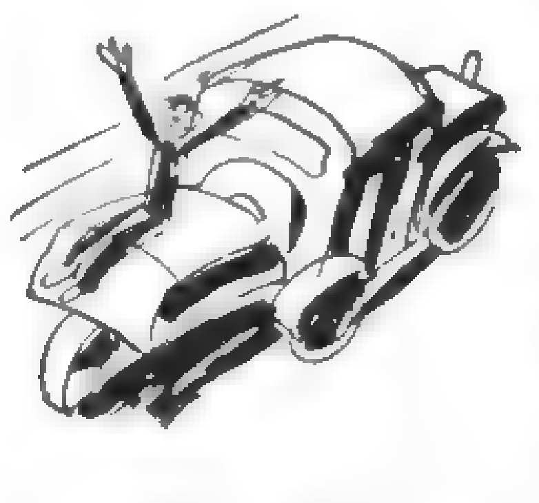
TORTOISE-TOURISTS is our fully copyrighted monicker for the growing army of home-toting behinders. The trailer trend bids well to out-plague Egypt's seven-year locusts. It cannot be overlooked. One can however, look with ease over a new model rear-axle parasite—because it is low slung, not obscuring rear vision from the driver's seat. It doesn't pretend to replace the home, because its purpose is merely a carry-all for sportsmen and it's a smart looking affair too. If desired, two hardy hunters could bend knees sufficiently to find sleeping space in its interior. Its pressed steel body is designed to harmonize with modern passenger car lines. There's no sway, as its one-wheel construction and two point attachment makes it follow better than an adept dancing partner.



"DUNKED IN THE DEEP" and that's all there is to a new boat lamp. Its fuel—believe it or not—is sea-water. Some property of salt water creates a chemical action that provides the wick with a full-powered flame. One dunking suffices for two-day duty, the amount of salt water needed being about a quart. We suppose that emersion in Utah's famous saline pond would produce a positively beaconlike brilliance.

BRIDGE TALLIES, laundry lists and grocer memos have long been the province of women in our estimation. A male model for the first item now appears in the guise of bridge "chips." Of composition material akin to poker chips, these handy pieces denote honors, earned and under tricks by their facial markings. At the end of an evening the pile before you is rapidly tallied with the winner's announcement as surprising as notice of an income tax rebate.

FLOWER-BED WORSHIPPERS who kneel on Spring's damp greensward while paying obeisance to tulip and gladiola bulbs will welcome a new garden apron. In bright colored canvas or heavy plaid tweeds, these protectors have built-in kneeling pads and loops for trowel and clippers. The designs and colors are hardly masculine, but as insurance against replacing the wife's torn stockings and ripped dresses, the investment is a pittance. Your country hostess would consider you in kahoots with genius should you proffer this item as a week-end gift.

SPEAKING OF REPRODUCTION—It's been whispered in our ear that electrically transcribed radio programs owe their clarity to . . . the needle used. There's a new one on the open market now that openly invites an X-Ray inspection to demonstrate its uniform perfection as opposed to possible broken or bent points. There's probably something to it because we found ourselves looking around to see if Ruth Etting had really come into the store when the salesman put on her record of our old favorite "Time on My Hands."

BLOOD AND THUNDER on the game table is creeping into our consciousness. A year ago we shuffled stage money of huge denominations and if lucky owned several hotels and public utilities by the end of the evening. This year we've dropped high finance to become a butler with a bottle of poison in our hand, evading the clutches of a friend, who has become a domineering D. A. Yes, indeed, we're limp at the end of a session with one of the new crime games. After one recent set-to with guests who dropped in for a pleasant evening, we had to give them the guestroom, because they didn't dare walk out to their car. We even left the hall light burning all night.

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A WHITE DINNER JACKET

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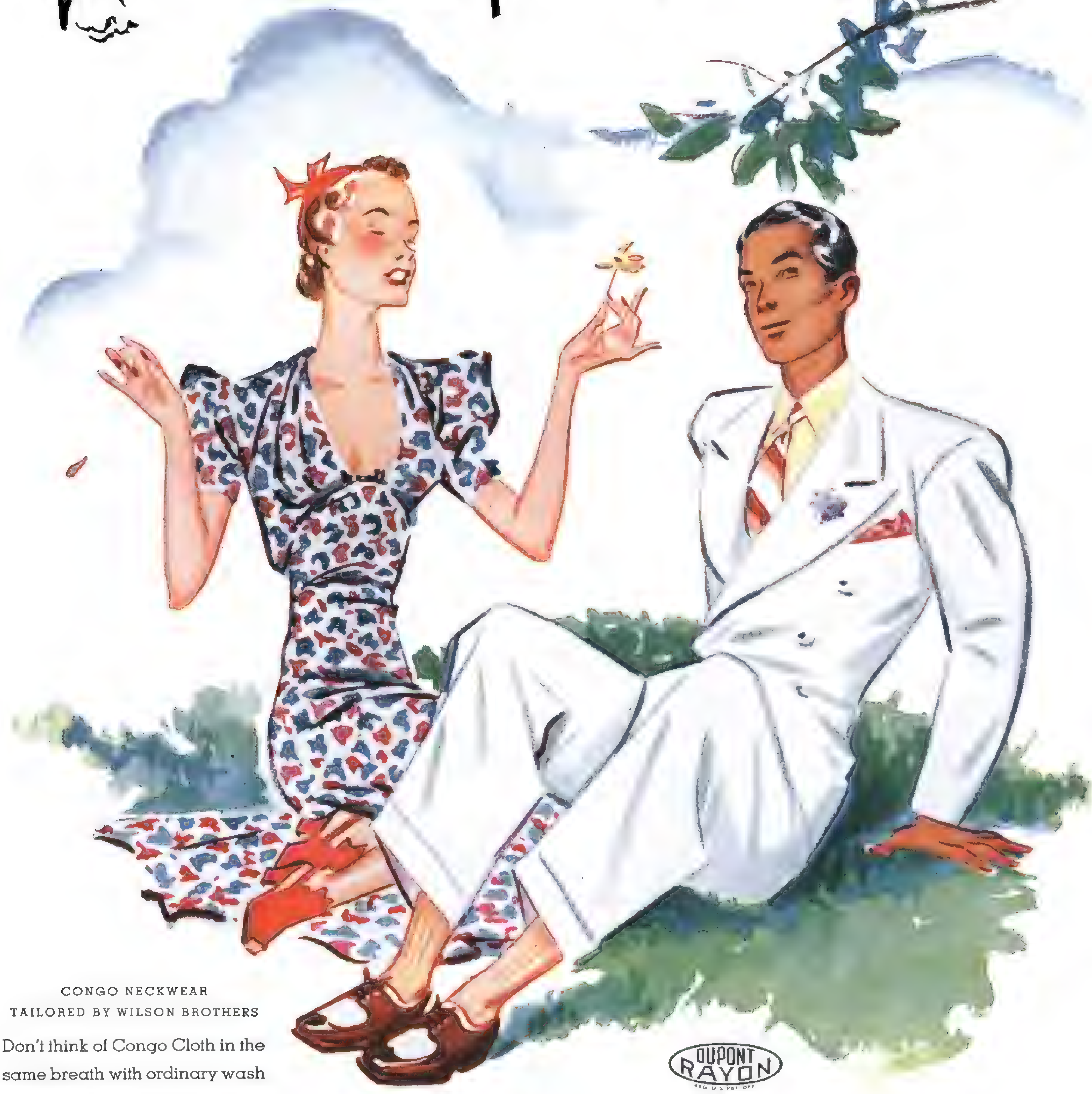

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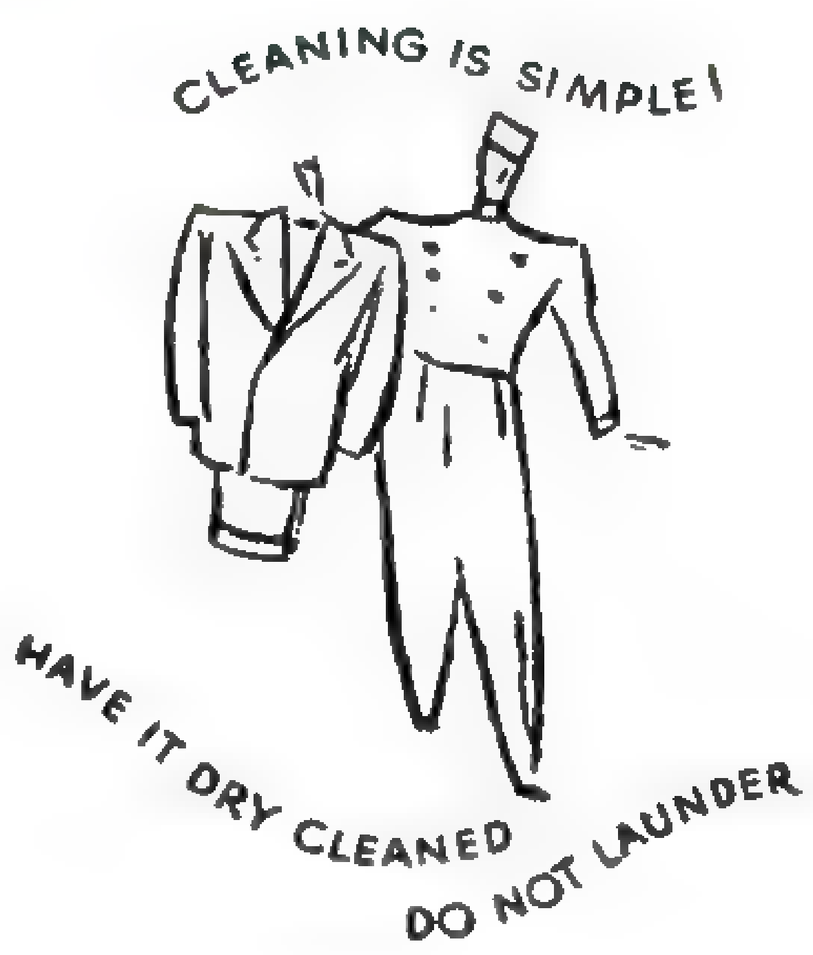
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONGO CLOTH SUITS
REG.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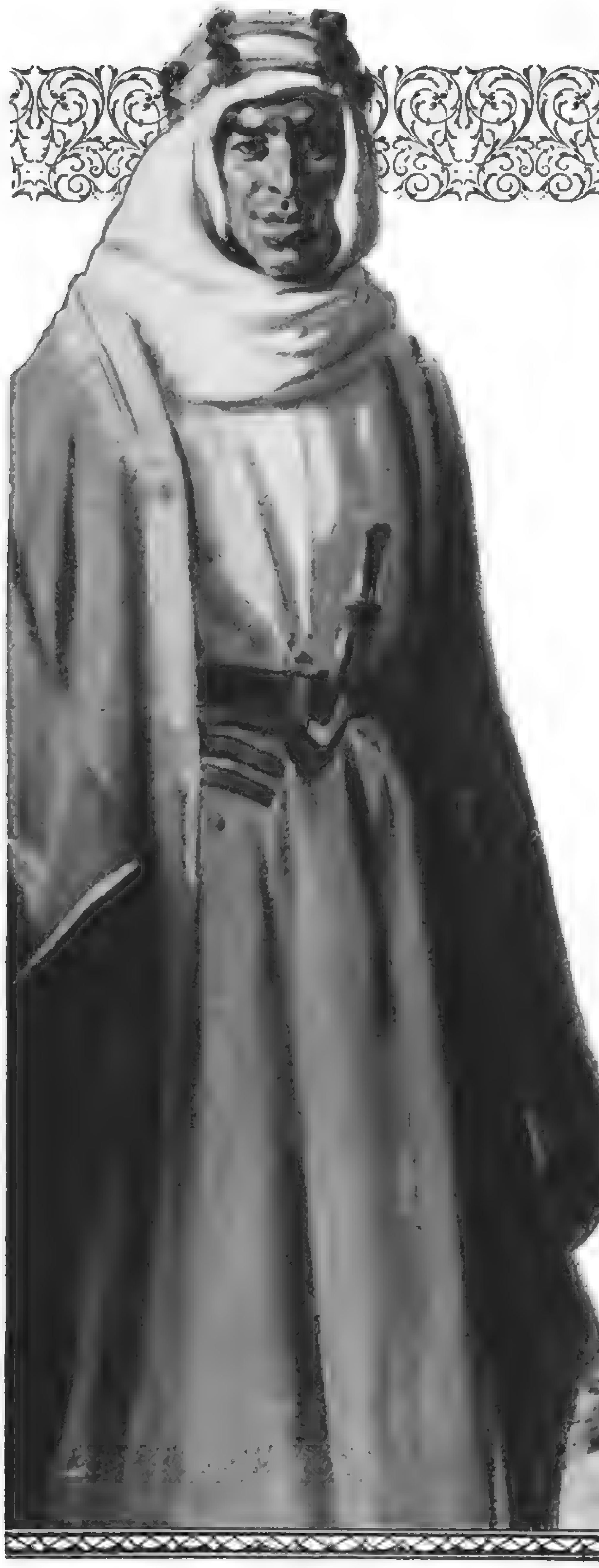
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE

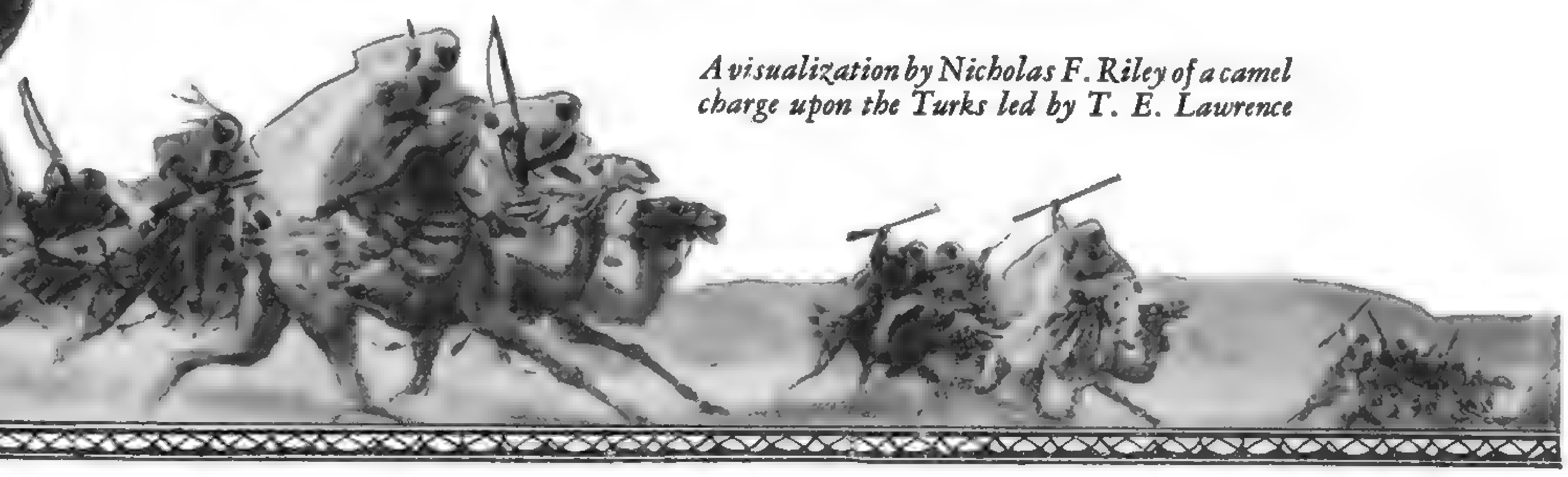


THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. The money realized from the sale of his book was donated by Lawrence to charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



A visualization by Nicholas F. Riley of a camel charge upon the Turks led by T. E. Lawrence

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THERE is no reader of ESQUIRE Magazine who would not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this extraordinary offer in order to demonstrate that this is the case.

What we here propose is this: mail the inquiry coupon, *and a copy of this fine library volume will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," of which over $1,250,000 were distributed among members last year alone.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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Please send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the Club, I will receive a free copy of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

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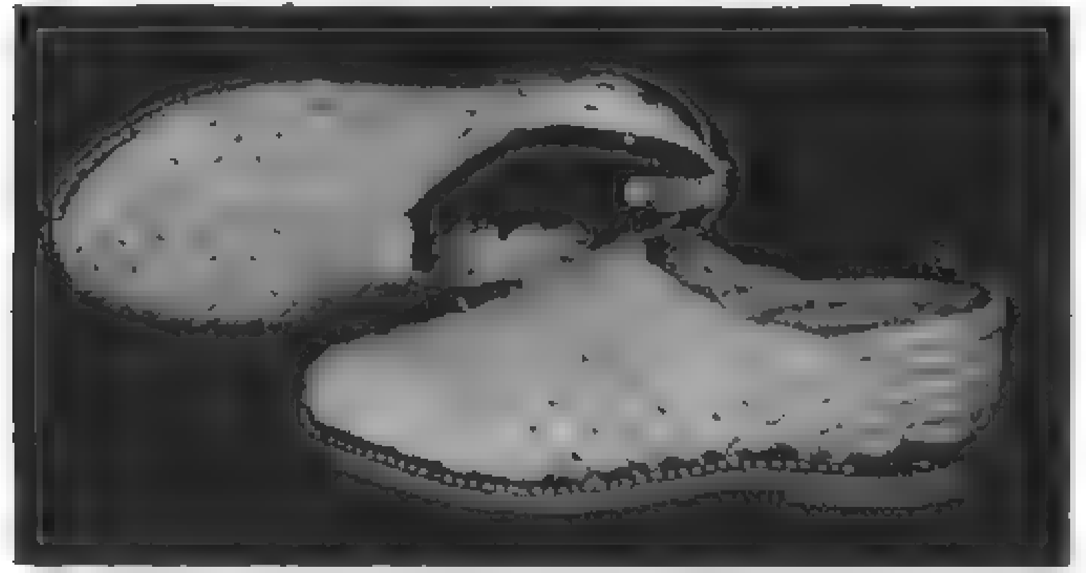

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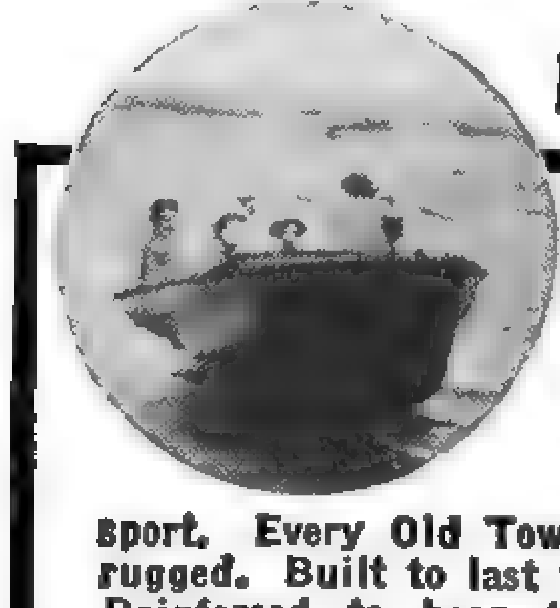

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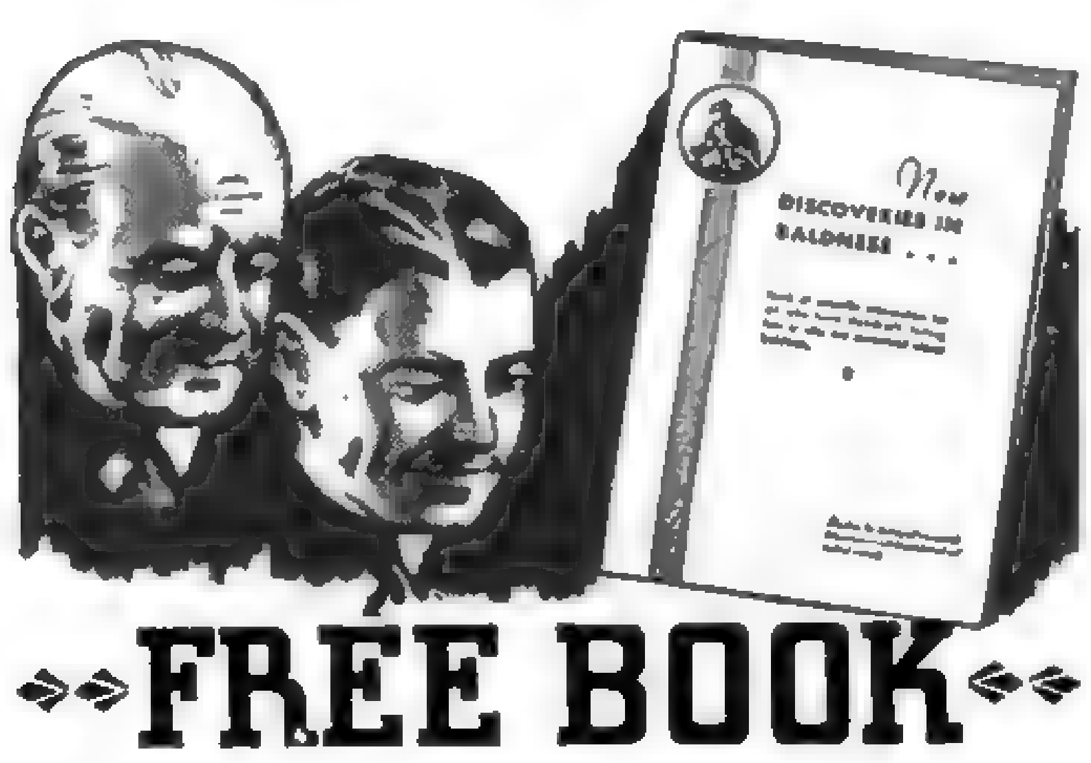

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on the New Discoveries in
BALDNESS

Two scientists have made an amazing new discovery which it is believed will grow hair quickly—if the hair roots are not dead. Employs Infra-Red Rays and can be used in any home with electricity. You are offered 30 days free trial and if it doesn't end dandruff, give scalp tissues new life, grow luxuriant new hair—trial costs you nothing. Users all over America report startling results.

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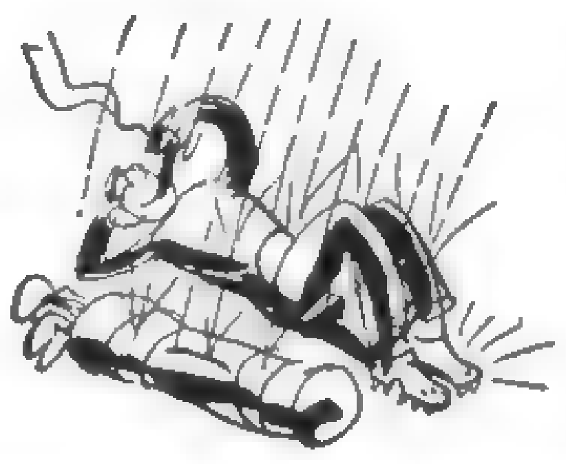
"HERE ROVER." Getting the pup to come to heel was always quite a task for us. As a youth we bit our fingers one time trying to emulate the shrill whistle of a stuck pig. For a while we tried a police whistle, but converging state troopers and the local constabulary's alacrity made us drop that type of dog-call. But here's the solution! A "silent" dog whistle! It is tuned to so high a pitch that human ears fail to be disturbed, but it carries far and is effective as a bitch-bringer-inner. We neglected to explain our dog is the *mother* of six new pups.

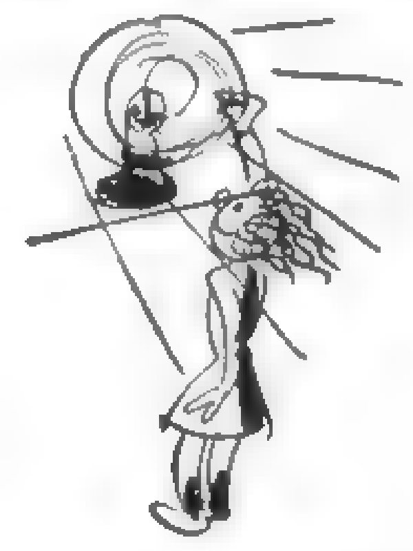
While on the subject of dogs, we've found a place where dog-lovers may get without charge a sixty-four page booklet on the care of canines, which lists diseases, treatment, feeding, manners, etc. The store that publishes this carries full kennel equipment and devotes a few pages of the booklet to cataloging equipment you'll probably be interested in. Write us and we'll see you get the volume post haste.



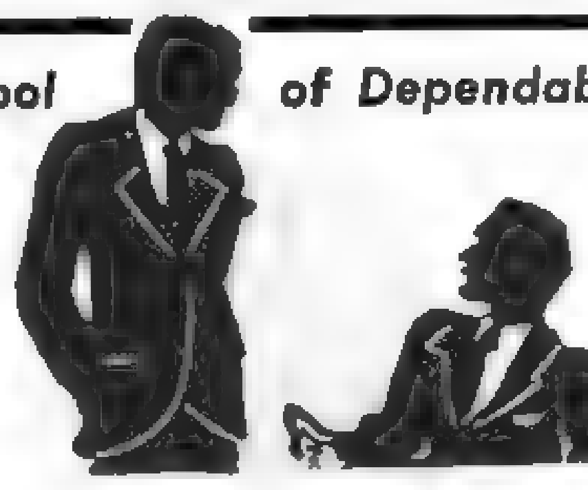
DRY FEET AND MOIST TOBACCO form a combination every pipe-smoking golfer desires. We couldn't resist grouping these two new items. The dry feet result from wearing an all rubber shoe. The copy and coloring of a regular heavy leather sports shoe is perfect and the lining detail is that of the original, the perforated toe design with turf spikes on the sole completing the job from a utility standpoint. Now for the tobacco. A pocket pouch with a lining in which one inserts a dampened blotterlike fabric. No drying out in the pocket, but instead, "humidor" freshness with every pipe load. Inveterate smokers know that this prevents crumbling and powdering of the tobacco.

TEE-HOUNDS LOSE THEIR JOBS! We've retired the Scotch retriever we'd trained to bring back the wooden golf tees we drove into the rough. There is almost Chinese cleverness in the design of our new tee. It has a joint in the stem! When we pound a shot, the ball follows its usual rabbit flight, but the little metal tee merely bows its head. Some of these mechanical mounds come with a small silver pencil on a chain attachment, but ours is tagged with a metal disk proclaiming our undeniable ownership in capital letters.

SNAKE BITES are not exactly conducive to social security especially if the reptile doing the job is a rattler, copperhead or water moccasin. To those hardy souls who tramp mountain ranges, western prairies or poke about swampland we recommend a pair of snakeproof leggings. These canvas calf-coverers are double thickness, sandwiching between layers a very fine mesh copper netting. Any fangs, bent on injecting fatal venom into your veins, are bent further still if not broken by these lightweight life savers. They strap on easily and are not a hindrance to pedal activity.



FAN MY BROW, for a breeze-maker now appears that seemingly blows all former principles of construction out the window along with your heated discomfort. This small electric fan has no blades—but instead three looped ribbons of ribbed silk that you'd swear were cut from a pair of suspenders. The quiet but high-speed motor is encased in trim streamlined plastic, as are the arm and base, whereon your initials, if you will. For travelers—perfect—as it easily slips into a grip without any fussy dismantling. For the kids, no slicing their fingers to ribbons *with* ribbons. Its cost in dollars is less than its decade guarantee in years.



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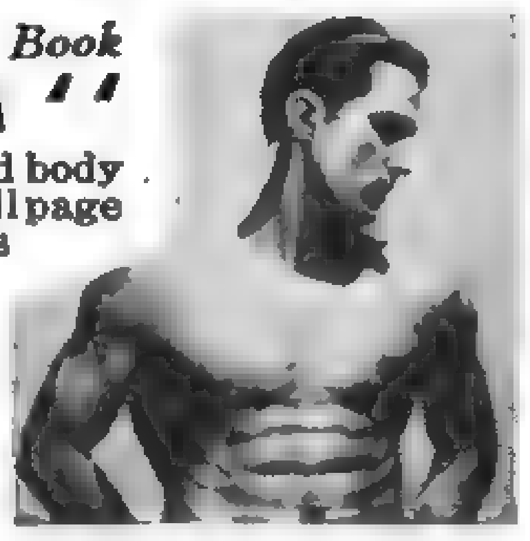

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S. S. VAN DINE
Celebrated author of popular mystery thrillers and creator of "Philo Vance"

40-50-60 MILES AN HOUR! THEY ALMOST HAD THEIR MEN WHEN—*BANG!* A BLOW-OUT!

Read S. S. VAN DINE'S breath-taking description of how Sergeant McCabe's* thrilling man hunt came to a sudden and unexpected end . . .

"THERE they are! Not more'n a quarter mile ahead of us. We'll overhaul 'em before they reach the Bad Lands." Sergeant McCabe's voice was excited and triumphant.

As the other police officers in the car leaned forward, they could faintly distinguish the shifting, bouncing tail-light of another, car plunging frantically along through the night. In that car, as every one of the officers knew, were two of the most dangerous criminals of the day. Their trail had been picked up late that afternoon, and, by a miracle of deadly, dangerous driving, they had reached this back-country road leading to the temporary haven of the Bad Lands.

Unseen Danger Ahead

"They can't hold out," the Sergeant commented. "But we're licked if we lose them in the Bad Lands!"

And just then a sharp explosion, like that of a heavy gun, rent the air, and the police car leaped from the narrow road at a sharp angle and lurched crazily to a sudden stop in a rock-strewn sandy field.

"A blow-out!" snarled the driver. "We're lucky to be alive."

"What a tough break," growled Sergeant McCabe.

In the distance the faint tail-light of the criminals' car could be seen, fading and rapidly disappearing into the now unbroken blackness.

"No chance now," the Sergeant complained sullenly. "They've escaped. Beaten by a blow-out!"

They escaped that time, but were later captured, thanks to the persistence of Sergeant McCabe.

A Blow-out Plays No Favorites

It's bad enough to have a man-hunt frustrated by a bursting tire. Think of how terrible it must be, though, to have an innocent, carefree motorist start off on a pleasure trip only to have a blow-out catapult his car crazily into anything that blocks the way.

The solution to all this has seemed to me to depend on the manufacture of a *safer* tire . . . of a tire that was as safe *inside* as it looked on the outside.

Because, *heat*, generated inside all tires at today's high speeds, is the criminal that starts most of the "dirty work." As the speedometer reads 30-40-50, mile after mile, the temperature *inside* the tire climbs higher and higher. This oven-like heat causes rubber and fabric to separate. A heat pocket forms. As you drive along unconcerned, it expands —slowly but surely. And some day—BANG! A blow-out!

"No chance now," he complained, "we're beaten by a blow-out"

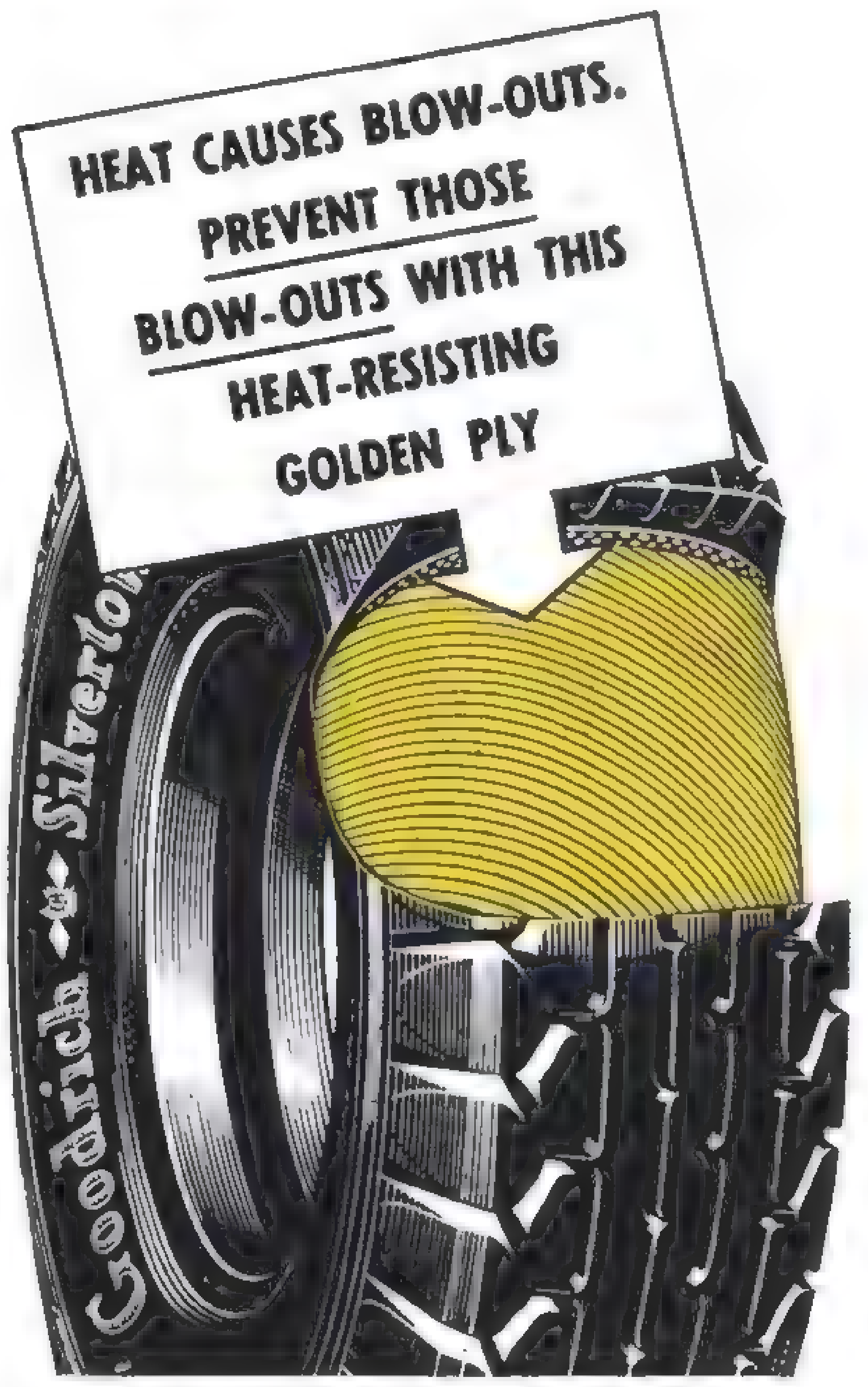
Goodrich Steps Into The Case

That's why the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply by Goodrich should be the "good news" to every American motorist that it was to me. As one of the Goodrich engineers explained, "this Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating . . . keeps those deadly heat pockets from getting a start. And so it provides motorists with *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs."

Sergeant McCabe found out how serious a blow-out can be. And so have thousands of others. That's why you now find thousands of motorists all over the country changing to Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns.

They know that Silvertowns *below* mean *safety above.* Here's hoping that all my readers feel the same about staying off the "accident list." Remember, these life-saving Silvertowns can be purchased at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

S. S. Van Dine


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

---

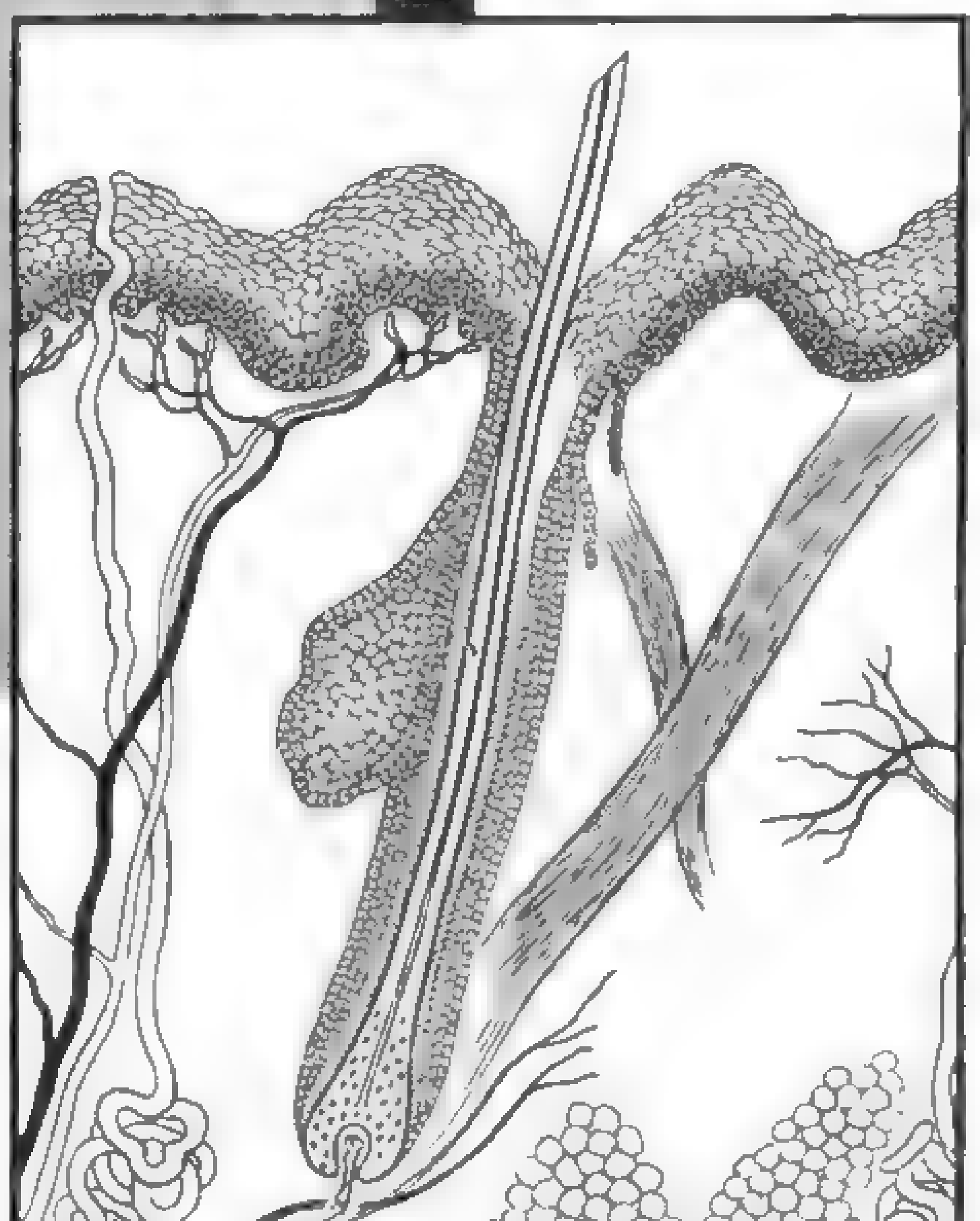
* *Names and localities are fictitious, but the episode is suggested by an actual occurrence.*

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

DANDRUFF at last

Research, for the first time, finds that queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale causes dandruff. Listerine brings quick relief to 76% of patients in Jersey Clinic



The ducts or follicles (1000 to the inch) through which the hair leaves the scalp. When follicles become infected falling hair often results.

If you are one of the twenty-five million people who suffer from dandruff, there can be no better news to you than this simple statement:

That now quick relief, if not complete cure, is possible with Listerine Antiseptic.

This humiliating disease which defied Science for so long has at last been stripped of its mystery—labeled and ticketed like any other disease. Its cause is known: its treatment established. Some of the foremost men in bacteriology and dermatology have now completed research that began ten years ago.

With considerable pride we print their conclusions—so complete that they have already altered the approach to dermal therapy:

1. A known micro-organism, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff.

2. Dandruff caused by this germ can definitely be arrested by systematic use of Listerine Antiseptic.

3. Dandruff's collateral symptoms, burning and itching of the scalp, can usually be stopped promptly.

"Bottle Bacillus" Studied

How these patient men, toiling in laboratory and clinic on guinea pigs, rabbits, and man, reached the truth is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of research. We ask you to read it carefully.

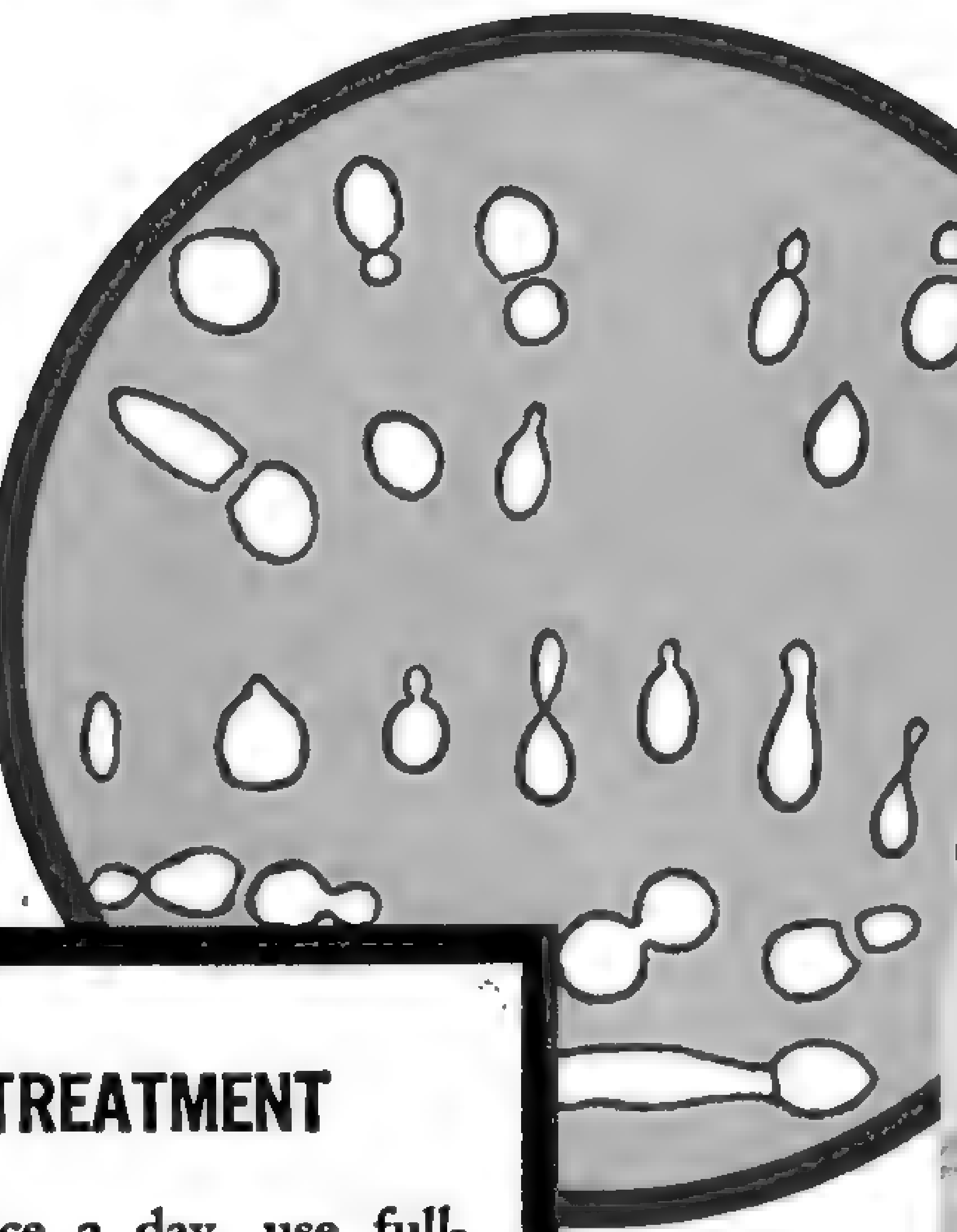
On the queer "bottle bacillus," the germ looking sometimes like a bottle, sometimes like a bowling pin, their first studies were focused. This germ was identified by eminent bacteriologists as Pityrosporum ovale. Always present in dandruff conditions—on the scalp, in hair follicles, and in dandruff scales—it had long been suspected of being its cause, but its unstable character had defied effective experimentation.

At Last Isolated

Was this will-o'-the-wisp of the germ world the cause of dandruff? That could be proved only by isolating it. Could modern men and methods succeed in this delicate task at which great research men had once failed? Could this active

THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC **LISTERINE**

found CURABLE!



Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic.

THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full-strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with the fingers or parting the hair and applying Listerine with cotton.

Once the solution is spread, begin massage with the fingertips, using a rotary motion. See that the massage is vigorous and persistent; the active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massaging, the hair may be rinsed free of Listerine although better results are obtained if Listerine is occasionally allowed to remain on the scalp till dry. This promotes healing.

If the scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little castor or olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.

invader be isolated and kept alive long enough to permit further research? The answer was—"it *could*"—and was.

Producing Dandruff Artificially

Now, would it, by inoculation, produce dandruff? On guinea pigs? On rabbits? On man? Could the germ then be re-isolated from the dandruff thus artificially created and again produce dandruff?

To every question, test tube and microscope answered—"yes." The labor of a decade was rewarded. We at last knew the germ origin of dandruff. Now the study of this condition became the task of the year. And since it had been proved a germ disease, germicidal treatment seemed to be indicated.

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Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Dandruff as typical as that in man and woman was produced in rabbits by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale. The rabbits were then divided into groups.

In Group 1, no treatment whatsoever was given. The rabbits in Group 2 were treated *on one side only* with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. Now, note the results:

1. Group 1 showed practically no improvement. At the end of twenty-one days, both scales and Pityrosporum ovale were still present.
2. The rabbits in Group 2 showed improvement within four days. And at the end of fourteen days, on the average, dandruff scales, eruptions, itching, had completely disappeared on the area which had been treated with Listerine Antiseptic. In other words, a complete *cure* was effected. The untreated sides of the animals showed ample *evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.*

Could these encouraging results be duplicated on men and women? Soon we were to see.

It Worked On Humans, Too

Men and women dandruff patients in a great midwestern skin clinic were chosen for the test. A majority were instructed to massage the scalps *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

> A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching was stopped, dandruff scales eliminated, and in some cases falling hair terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

76% Get Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Other Corroboration

A great many hundreds of thousands of people had used Listerine Antiseptic as a dandruff treatment before these clinical studies were made. More than fifty per cent of the letters that came to the company commented enthusiastically on Listerine's success when used this way. They revealed that some of the stubbornest cases of dandruff responded frequently after a few treatments. In view of the preceding research, this is readily understandable.

Try This Proved Method

If you have any evidence of dandruff, don't take chances with ointments, salves or solutions, which may only relieve symptoms momentarily. You have seen that dandruff is stubborn and of germ origin calling for considerable treatment.

You have seen also that Listerine, in test after test under the supervision of experts, achieved remarkable results against even severe cases. Not every time, mind you, but often enough to stamp it as an outstanding dandruff treatment, in which you can place confidence.

At the first sign of a dandruff condition, begin the daily treatment with Listerine Antiseptic, rubbing it vigorously onto the scalp and massaging thoroughly. If your case is mild, you should get prompt relief. If stubborn, persistent treatment twice a day for several weeks may be required. You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of freshness and cleanliness that this *proved* method brings.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

for the prompt relief of itching, burning scalp, and dandruff

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

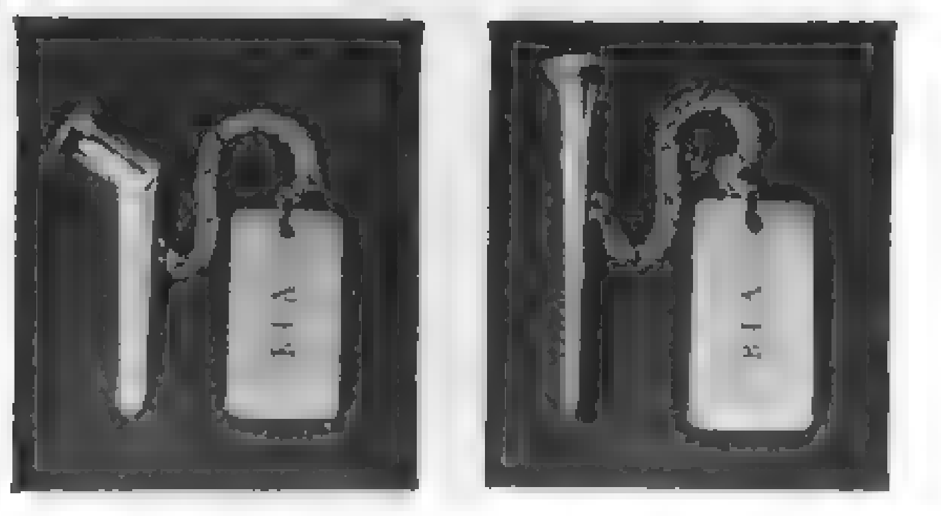
"I CAN'T SEE MODERN MUSIC"! If ever this cry is heard again, your reply can be cutting if you say "You can with a glass piano." Don't laugh, because there's nothing funny about the new transparent furniture, now an accomplished fact in a certain New York studio. We've seen it—in fact—seen through it. A "Petty" blonde in a blue dress was radiant in a cellophane chair, as the refractions of light did anything but detract from or conceal her charms. The piano was of the miniature variety but we must admit the tone was grand. We combined our impressions after seeing the exhibit by whistling on the way home an improvised tune we called "The Sylph in the Cellophane Chair."

TUT-TUT! If you aren't up to the modern tempo of invisible furniture, you are probably in the market for an Egyptian throne. We know of a Cairo craftsman, a "bazaar" chap if we ever saw one, who will take your order for a full-size copy of Tutankhamun's golden throne. The cost—about that of a Buick—but it takes up less room and the upkeep is lower. We're far from kidding, because authorities say six have already been sold to countrymen of ours.

BETTER MOUSETRAPS and the result they bring is still a spur to every manufacturer. A certain local bootmaster has fussed around with the Norwegian shoe slipper first seen and reported by us last year and comes out with what he considers a "better" adaptation. To the instep he's added a strap and buckle to give adjustable fit. Then, too, he almost takes it out of the slipper classification by making it in regular shoe sizes with varying widths. We class this item as a good example of how Yankee ingenuity and desire for greater comfort dresses up peasant custom and rough handcraft while retaining the original appearance and purpose. True—they cost more; but aren't all better mousetraps more expensive?

INDOOR GOLF was always a compromise with our desire to pole out a really powerful drive. Not so with the ultimate mechanical achievement just arrived from England. A regular course is plotted on yard long maps of each hole, which appear one at a time in the long face of a grandfather—clocklike cabinet. Your ball, attached to a sensitive electrical meter accurately registers distance, direction and even faults of play. A tiny spot of light moves on the map indicating your lie. You use every club in your bag and pros have duplicated their actual play with uncanny precision. The model we saw was the St. Andrews "set-up," if any golfer can call it that. It's an expensive proposition but not overly so when a club desires to provide a true indoor duplication of their own course, where locker-room arguments can be settled after dark or on rainy days. It's the final achievement—if we may call anything final.

PEN AND PENCIL DEPARTMENT REPORTING . . . flash! . . . flash! Every time we step into a shop, up pops a new pencil. We're awaiting the day when one sprouts wings and becomes a twelve-place transport plane (with extra leads in the barrel). The Japanese invasion is responsible for this month's pen and pencil set. They're done in lacquer with the usual Nipponese bird studies executed in minute detail. Flash! . . . a sterling pencil with a three year calendar coming out of the barrel on a miniature window shade roller. Flash! . . . wooden pencils . . . 3 for 5 . . . on every other street corner!



EVERY GOLFER NEEDS
GOLF-T-FLEX

Presenting the first effective lifetime Tee aid for the golfer. This handsome flexible tee made of rustproof, durable metal cannot be driven away or lost, thus helping the player keep his eye on the ball.

Adjustable to any height. Strong double springs allow Tee to flex, and return to erect position after ball is driven. Chain and nameplate aid in wearing GOLF-T-FLEX on golfer's belt. PRICE $1.50, postpaid. Engraving on nameplate 4c per letter extra.

Endorsed by leading golf pros—Buy from your local dealer or send us his name and use coupon. "The Flex is the Feat".

GOLF-T-FLEX CO., 37 W. 47th ST., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find $........ for ....
GOLF-T-FLEXES. Engraving Extra.

Engraving ....
Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State* ....
ESQ

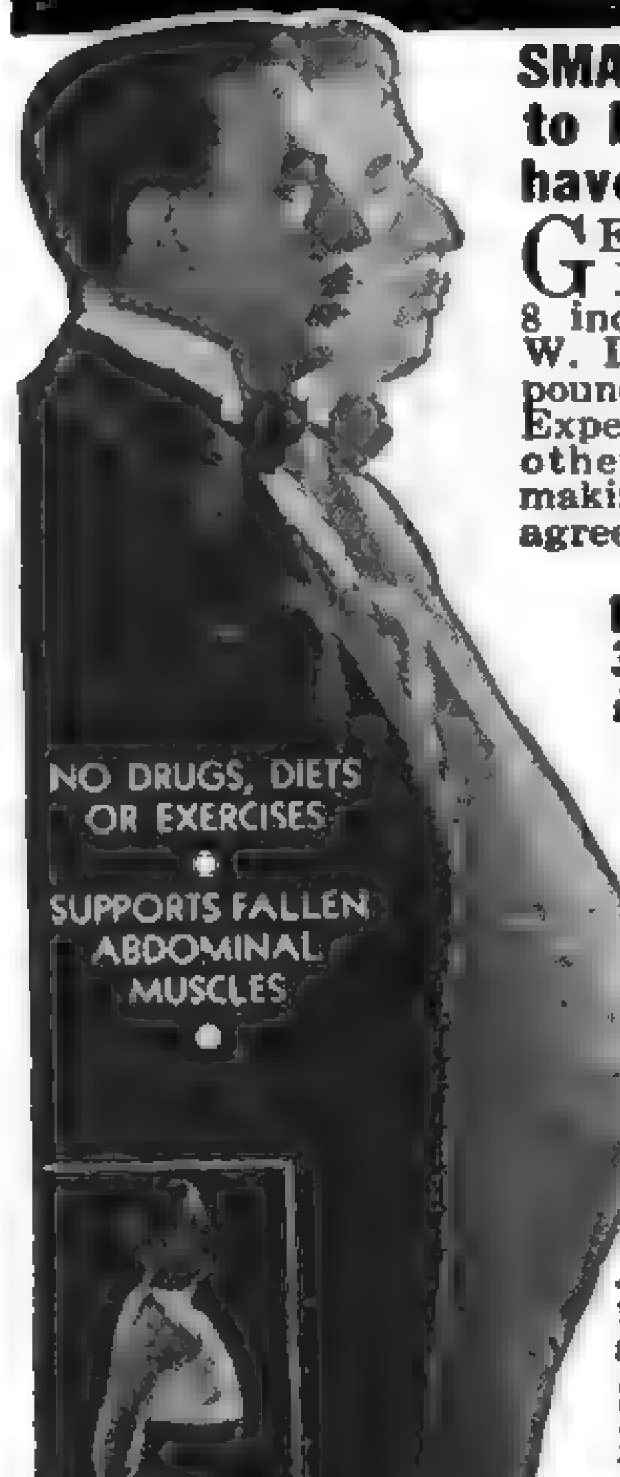
ACTUALLY WIPES *Clean!*

35¢
CANADA

The Rex-Hide blade is a hollow, perforated tube of soft rubber, in a shaft of Stainless Steel. As the blade sweeps across the windshield, water is forced through the holes, constantly cleaning the wiping ribs. The REX-HIDE BALLOON shape permits the ribs to hug even a warped glass and wipe it dry. See your dealer or write us and send his name.
Rex-Hide, Inc., East Brady Pa.

REX-HIDE
Balloon
PERFORATED
WIPER BLADE

CROSS SECTION



"*I have* REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
...*writes George Bailey*

NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

SMART CLOTHES CEASE to be SMART if you have a "BAY WINDOW"

GET rid of it the Weil Belt way! "My waist 8 inches smaller", writes W. L. McGinnis; "Lost 50 pounds" says W. L. Anderson. Experiences of thousands of other men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

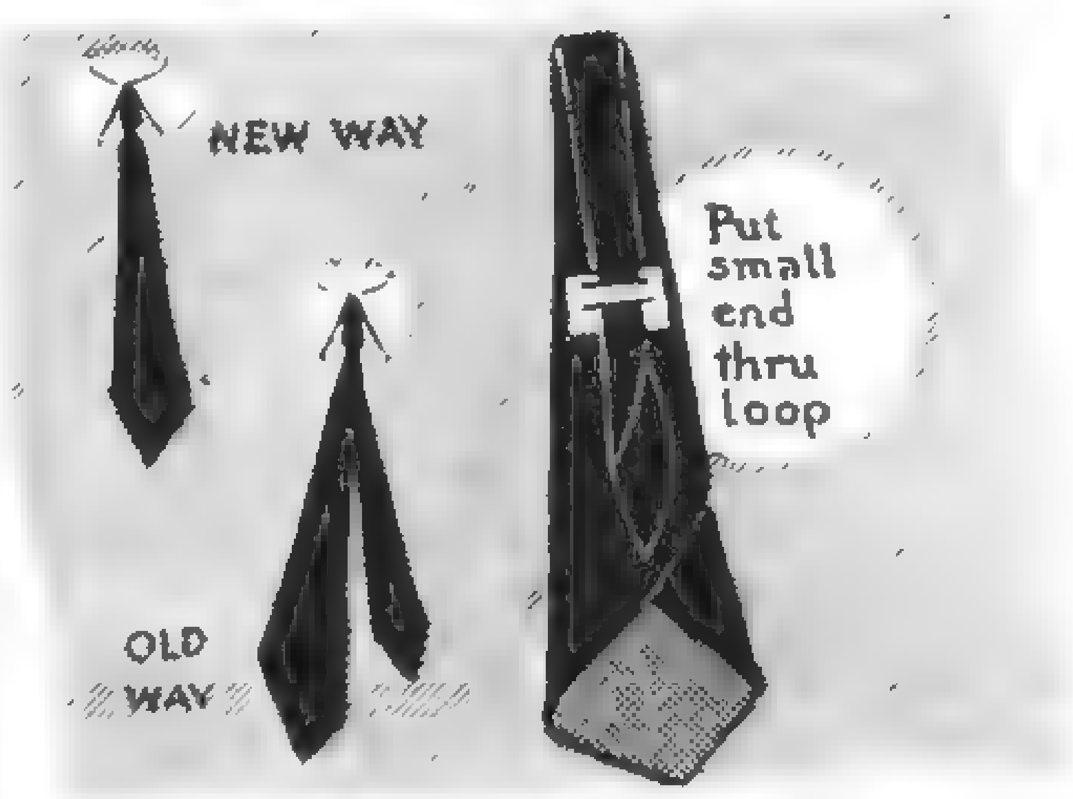
IF YOU do not REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS *it will cost you nothing!*

You will appear inches slimmer at once and will be completely comfortable as the gentle pressure and the massage-like action of your Weil Belt persistently eliminate fat with every move you make! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, keeps digestive organs in place . . . and with loss of fat come increased pep and greater endurance.

Send for illustrated folder and details of 10-day FREE trial offer!

THE WEIL CO., 585 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER



NEW WAY
Put small end thru loop
OLD WAY

CALLING ALL NECKTIES!
- NEW patented loop label
- Holds ends of tie in place
- Always neat
- Costs no more

Available at

Weber and Heilbroner, New York
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia
Maurice L. Rothschild, Chicago
Kennedy's, Boston and New England
Godchaux's, New Orleans Blach's, Birmingham
May Company, Cleveland, Denver, Baltimore
Los Angeles
Roos Brothers, California Stores
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Hutzler Bros. Co., Baltimore
Miller and Rhoads, Richmond
Famous-Barr, St. Louis

if you don't find them at your favorite store write us

J. L. JACOBS Co., Inc.
31-33 EAST 27th ST., N.Y.

$2.95 *New* HULL AUTO COMPASS

Saves miles of travel in wrong direction. This handsome, STREAMLINE Airplane Type Compass keeps you on the right road. Easily installed. 3½" high. Bakelite case, sapphire bearing. Built-in compensator. Only $2.95 POSTPAID. Satisfaction GUARANTEED.

MODEL A Airplane Type 1⅛" diameter Sticks to windshield. Guaranteed. With separate compensator, only $1.95 postpaid. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. $1.95

HULL MFG. CO., Box 246 G, Warren, O.

HANDEE
Tool of 1001 Uses

A whole shop full of tools in one. Plugs in any light socket. A C or D C 110 v. 13,000 r. p. m. Uses 200 different accessories — grinds polishes, routs, drills, cuts carves, sands, saws, sharpens, engraves.

For Faster Better Jobs

GET A DEMONSTRATION

at your dealers or order on 10-day Money-Back Trial. $10.75 and up postpaid. 3 Accessories Free. Catalog Free.

New CRAFTSMAN Project Book
"Pleasure and Profit with a Handee." Easyworking plans for making many interesting and unusual projects 25c, stamps or coin.

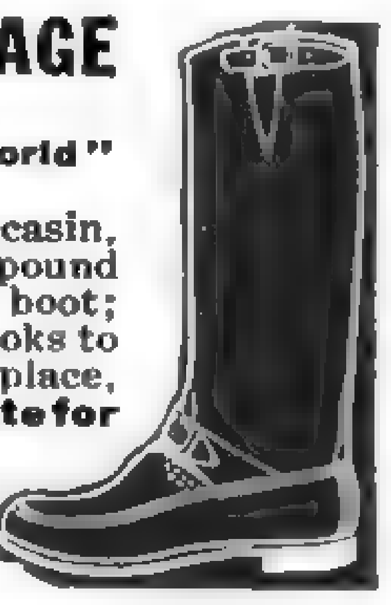
Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 113 S. Aberdeen, Chicago

Send for this ARGUS CANDID CAMERA
also LEICA + CONTAX HEADQUARTERS

DEPT. ES

$12.50

Bass CAMERA CO.
179 W. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.



GOKEY BOTTÉ SAUVAGE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E. St. Paul, Minnesota

Good Records Demand Shadowgraphed
NEEDLES

The new high fidelity electrical records need ACTONE special needles to do them justice. Product of lifetime experience [illegible] 200 for $1 [illegible] same as used by broadcasting stations [illegible], through dealers, or direct.

H. W. ACTON CO., Inc., 370 7th Ave., N. Y. C.

HICKOK-PATENTED

ActionBAK Braces

Exclusive in Comfort and Style

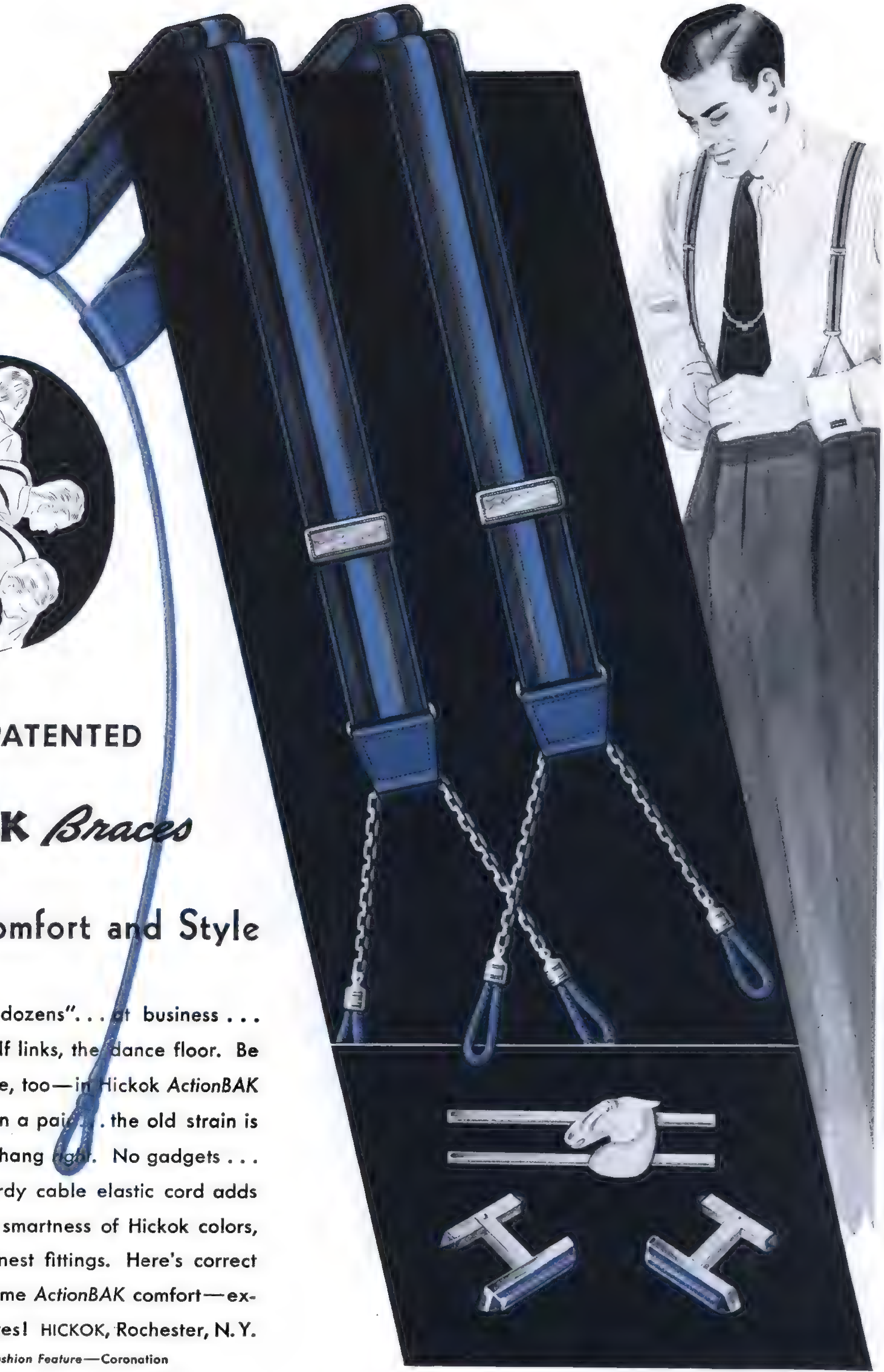
You do a dozen "daily dozens"... at business... around the house, the golf links, the dance floor. Be active, but be comfortable, too—in Hickok *ActionBAK* braces—patented. Put on a pair... the old strain is all gone... and trousers hang right. No gadgets... no complication. The sturdy cable elastic cord adds modern simplicity to the smartness of Hickok colors, distinctive fabrics, and finest fittings. Here's correct Hickok styling and long-time *ActionBAK* comfort—exclusive... at style-alert stores! HICKOK, Rochester, N. Y.

Another Hickok Fashion Feature—Coronation Colors... regal red and blue... in *ActionBAK* Braces, $1, $1.50. Coronation jewelry, too.

HICKOK

Belts • Buckles • Braces • Garters • Jewelry

Style Leadership

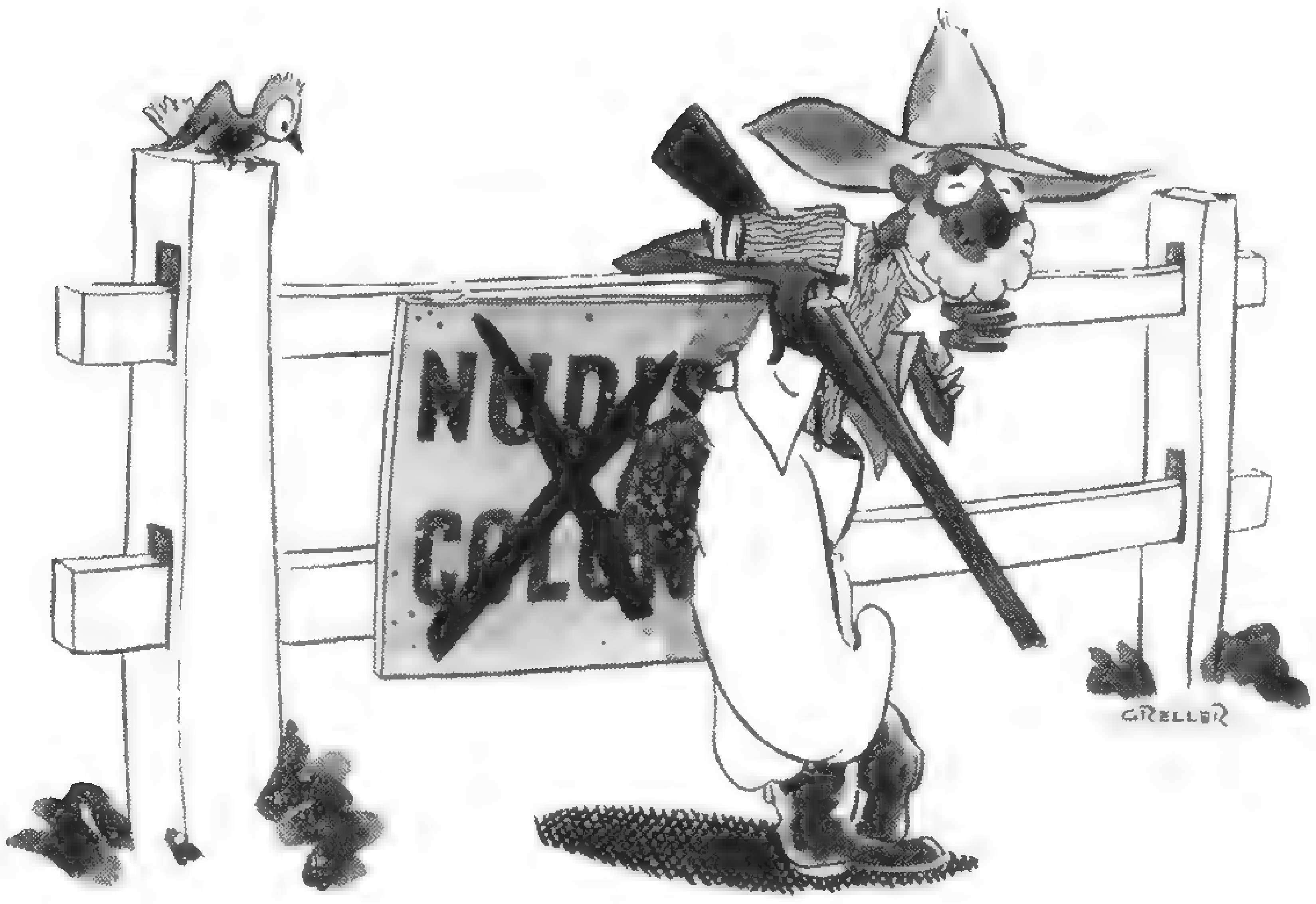


A smart *ActionBAK* style selected from the wide variety of patterns and color effects in HICKOK braces. You'll like the many clever original features in them—such as jewelry-designed burnished fittings in lasting golden finish. The fabrics, sturdy cable cords, and tips are designed for extra long life ... **$1.50** Others from **$1**

An unusual modern note in tie-clips—beautifully sculptured horsehead in rich ivory tones, on smart highly burnished double bars, durably golden finished. Other colors, too ... **$1.50** Many other distinctive styles, all with the exclusive HICKOK Alligator grip, from **50¢**

Your French cuffs are still smarter with HICKOK links. Note the imported stones in modern shape—in all the desirable colors—and the neat, new, smooth-working Airline design. Long-life golden finish ... **$2.50** Many other distinctive designs from **$1**

No Nudes is Good News



As far as we can observe, most people in this country go around with clothes on their backs most of the time . . . which should be good news for the clothing industry.

But occasionally some coat capitalist, trouser tycoon, or other Men's Wear magnate forgets that the public display of epidermis has never been quite au fait with the great majority of American people . . . with the people, for instance, who read the New York American.

We haven't any survey to prove it, but we do feel that our readers all wear clothes . . . clothes they've bought and, we imagine, paid for. And our Research Department tells us they will continue to buy clothes, and lots of them . . . to the tune of much money tinkling through the tills of merchants and manufacturers of men's clothing.

In other words, the great market formed by The American's Sunday audience of over a million families, its daily audience of over three hundred thousand families, is a clothes market that no men's wear advertiser can afford to ignore.

We admit that we're not giving away any inside information when we talk about the value of The American to clothing advertisers. Lots of men's clothing concerns have discovered for themselves what a powerful selling job this newspaper does. As a result, The American carried 103 per cent more Retail Men's Wear Advertising in 1936 than it did in 1935, which is a far larger percentage of gain than that of any other New York morning and Sunday newspaper. And currently nearly all the prominent men's wear stores in New York are advertising in The American.

Let those facts sink in for a moment. Remember that clothing merchants expect results from their advertising. Remember that they can check on the results they get. And the next time you make up a New York advertising schedule, remember that "103 per cent gain" item. It proves that The American is selling men's clothes in New York . . . and can sell your clothes in New York.

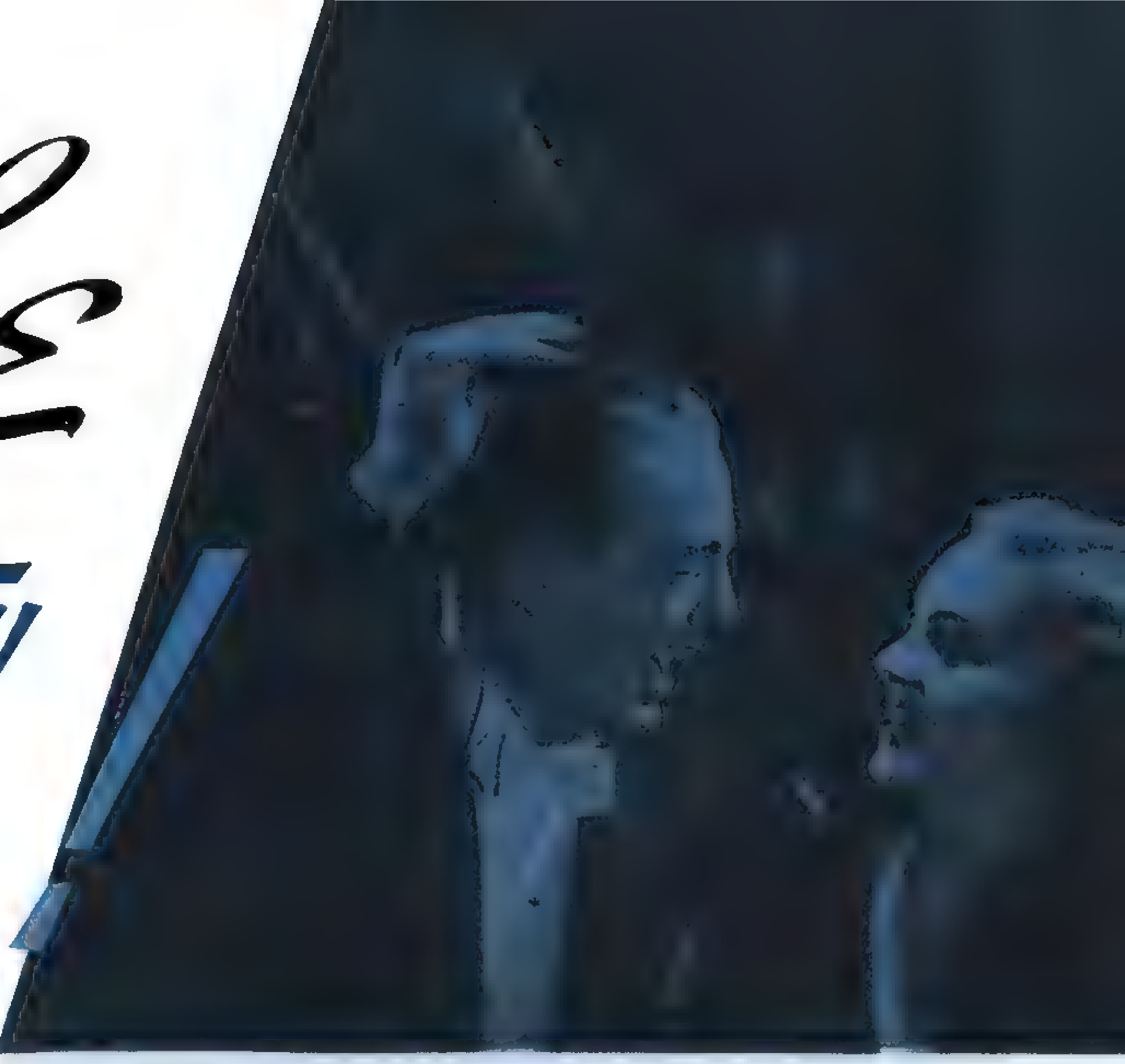
New York American

NATIONALLY REPRESENTED BY PAUL BLOCK AND ASSOCIATES

SOME OF THE MEN'S APPAREL ADVERTISERS IN THE NEW YORK AMERICAN DURING 1936

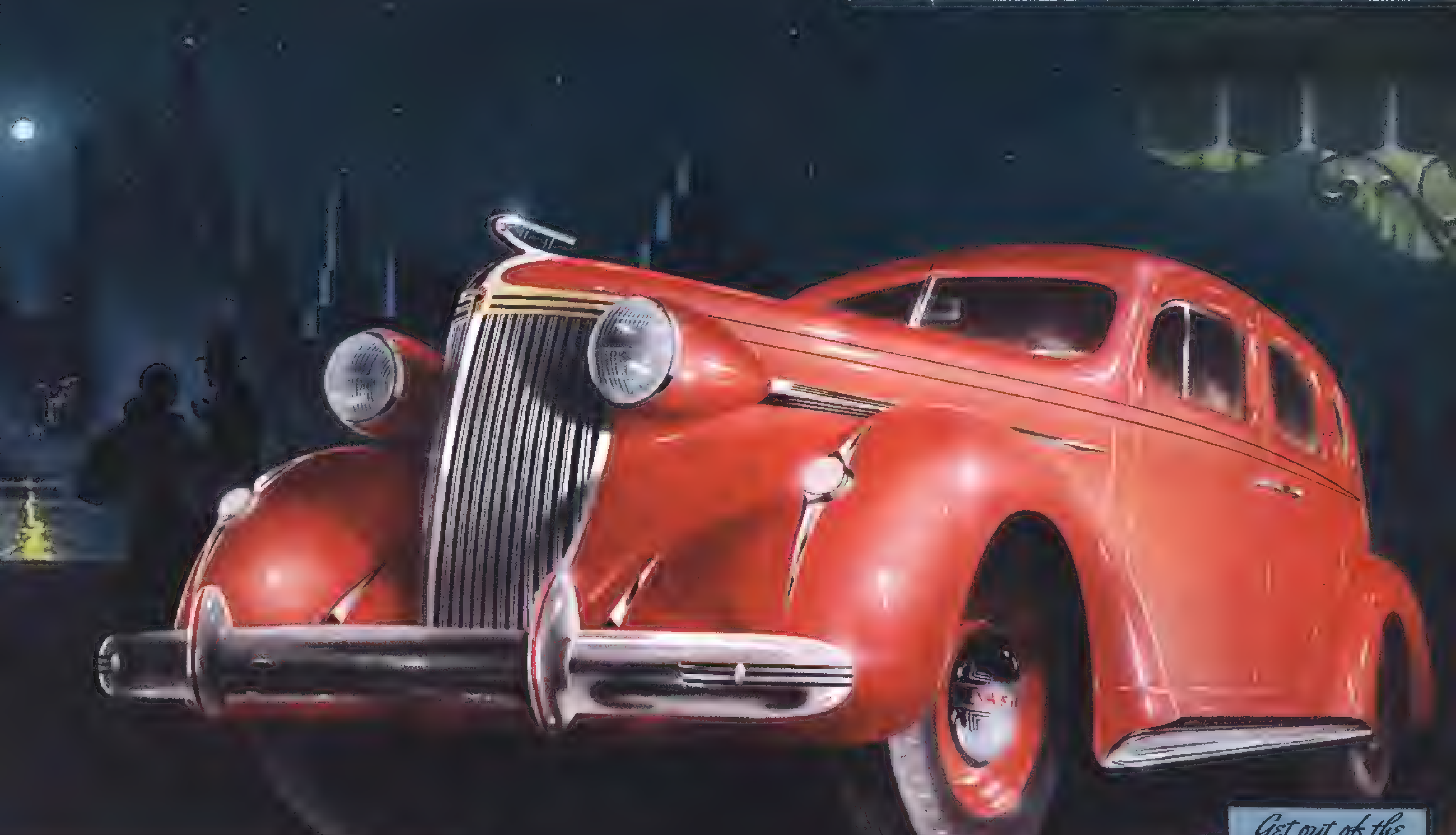
C. W. Ackerman • Adam Hats • Andrew Aho • Brill Bros. • Budd • Charvet & Fils • Crawford Clothes • Dapper Dan • John David • Downtown Clothes Shop • Finchley • Foot Saver Shoes • Frank Bros. • Jean Friedmann • George Gordon • Gray & Lampel • Julius Grossman • Hanan Shoes • The Hilton Co. • Jackfin Co. • Kaplan, Blumberg & Collins • Kaskel & Kaskel • Kemp-Novack • Kepple & Kepple • Knox Hats • Leightons • Levines • Moe Levy & Son • Nat Lewis • London Character Shoes • McCue Bros. & Drummond • Melville Shirts • Mike & Paul • Nesbitt • Regal Shoes • Rogers Peet • Harry Rothman • Royal Society Clothes • Roxy Clothes • Sarnoff-Irving • Schanz • Dr. Scholl's Shoes • Soling Bros. • Selby Arch Preserver Shoes • Billy Taub • Townes Hats • Truly Warner • E. Vogel • Wallachs • Whitaker • Worth & Worth • Youngs Hats

Putting on the "HIGH HAT"!



From actual photograph of Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan with trunk

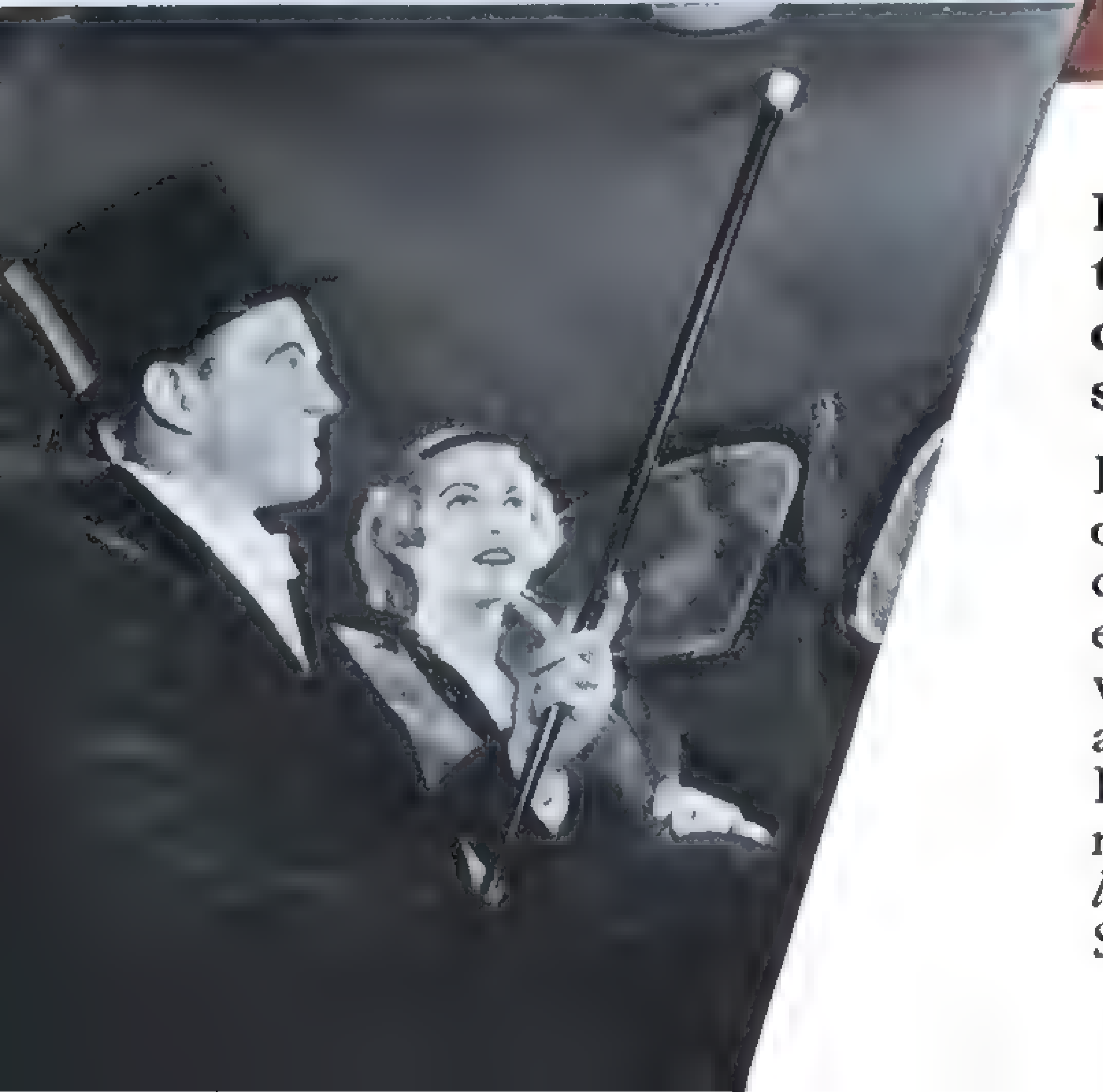
When you're stepping out you want your car as well as your clothes to be in good taste. That's why Nash is winning thousands. It's *conservatively smart* without being "tricky" or "freakish".



Extra room! You get extra headroom, legroom and extra wide seats in all Nash cars. The finest upholstering. No Draft Ventilation.

Get out of the "All Three" Class!

You can get a great big Nash for just a few dollars more than small cars cost



It's fun to go "high hat" when the cost is so low . . . thousands changing to these bigger, smarter Nash cars this year!

Every day, hundreds are getting out of the "small car" class. They're changing to the new Nash LaFayette-"400". It's a great big 117-inch wheelbase car. Much bigger than any of the "all three" small cars. But compare prices on 4-door sedan models. *Nash costs just a few dollars more!* ¶ The Nash Ambassador Six is a big 121-inch wheelbase car . . . the Ambassador Eight, on a 125-inch wheelbase, is as big a car as anyone would want to own. Both have the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" valve-in-head engine. All Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, the strongest type of steel bodies, extra headroom, seat room—plus vital engineering features you'd expect to find only in the most expensive cars. *Nash gives you more for your money!* See Nash first! Nash Motors Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

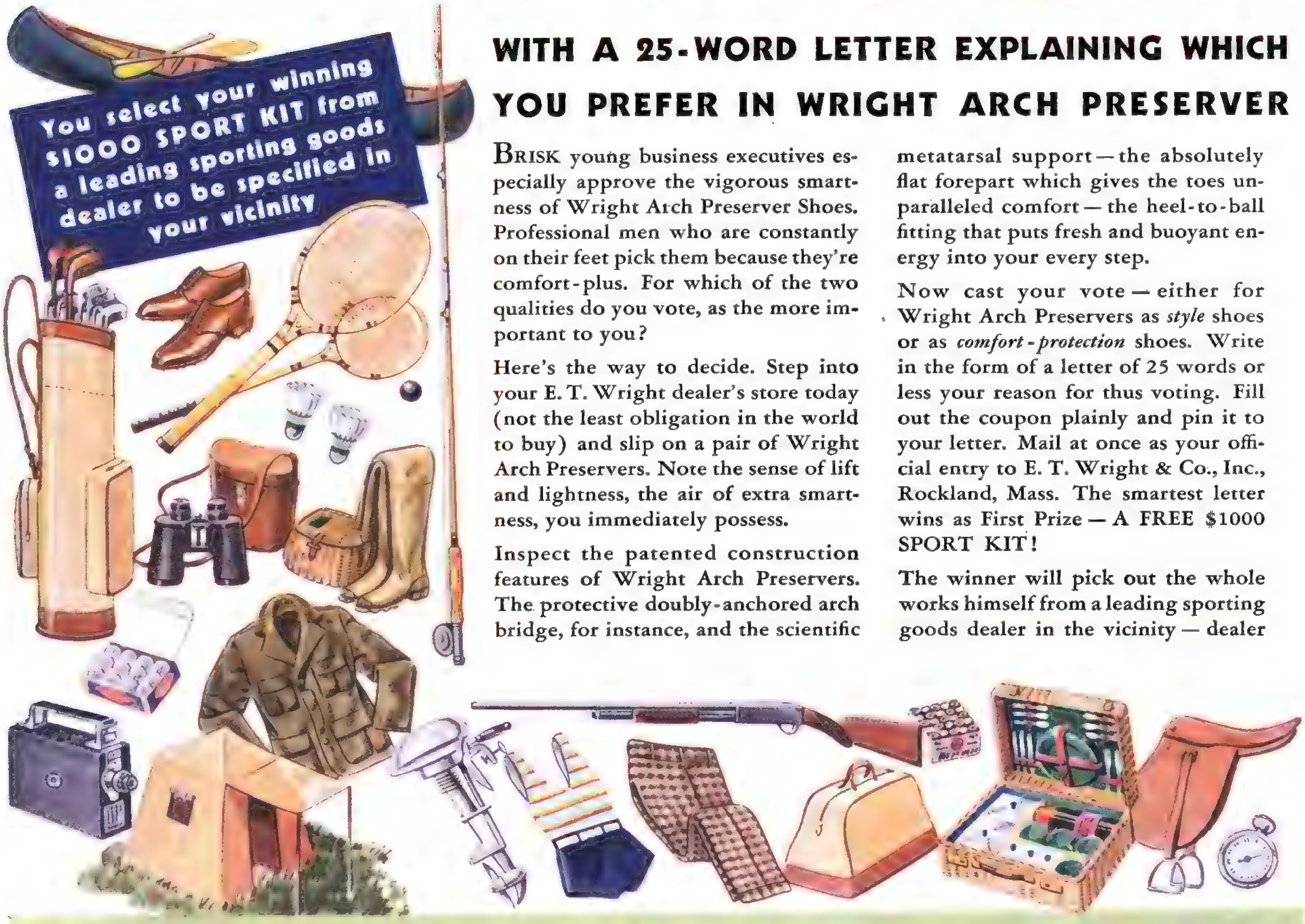
NASH

DELIVERED PRICES throw a new light on the remarkable value Nash is offering. For example, on the big 117-inch wheelbase Nash LaFayette-"400", monthly payments run as low as $25 in most places. Ask about new Nash C. I. T. Budget Plan. Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models at slight extra cost.

BUY WITH YOUR EYES OPEN . . . SEE THE X-RAY SYSTEM! Only complete summary of all the facts about all the cars! Reveals astonishing differences in cars of same price.

I vote for the
ESQUIRE SMARTNESS
of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.
They keep the feet smart as a
whip for all occasions."
Benjamin Fowler
Mr. Fowler is Secretary and Treasurer of the insurance firm of Fowler & Cleveland, New York City,
and lives at 277 Park Avenue

Which way WIN A Free



WITH A 25-WORD LETTER EXPLAINING WHICH YOU PREFER IN WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER

BRISK young business executives especially approve the vigorous smartness of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Professional men who are constantly on their feet pick them because they're comfort-plus. For which of the two qualities do you vote, as the more important to you?

Here's the way to decide. Step into your E. T. Wright dealer's store today (not the least obligation in the world to buy) and slip on a pair of Wright Arch Preservers. Note the sense of lift and lightness, the air of extra smartness, you immediately possess.

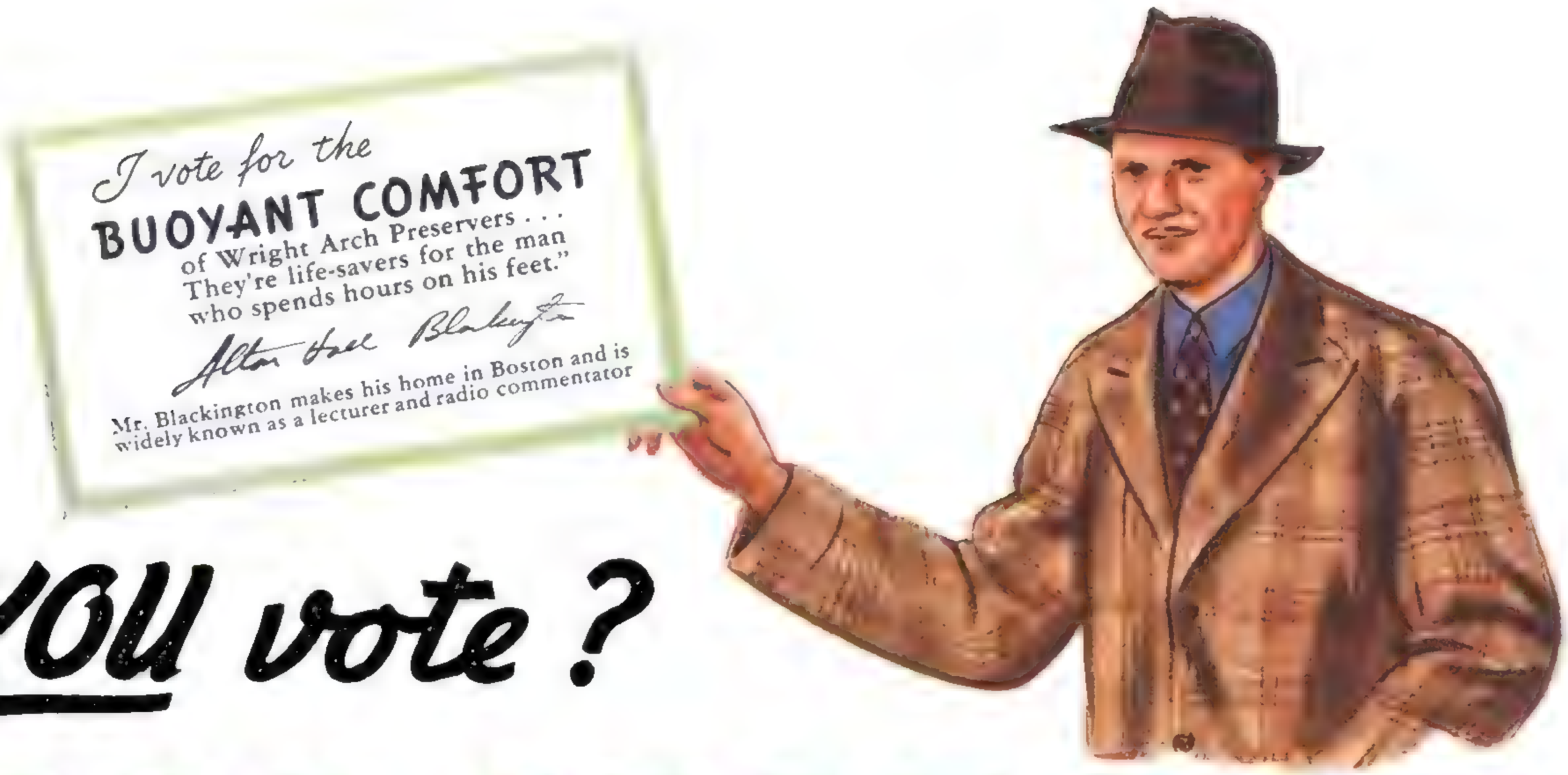
Inspect the patented construction features of Wright Arch Preservers. The protective doubly-anchored arch bridge, for instance, and the scientific metatarsal support—the absolutely flat forepart which gives the toes unparalleled comfort—the heel-to-ball fitting that puts fresh and buoyant energy into your every step.

Now cast your vote—either for Wright Arch Preservers as *style* shoes or as *comfort-protection* shoes. Write in the form of a letter of 25 words or less your reason for thus voting. Fill out the coupon plainly and pin it to your letter. Mail at once as your official entry to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. The smartest letter wins as First Prize—A FREE $1000 SPORT KIT!

The winner will pick out the whole works himself from a leading sporting goods dealer in the vicinity—dealer

Give Yourself the Treat of Trying On a Pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes at Your

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Albany	Steefel Bros.
Allentown	Wetherhold & Metzger
Altoona	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Atlanta	George Muse Clothing Co.
Atlantic City	Katzinger Bros.
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Binghamton	Chas. R. Strange, Inc.
Bloomington, Ill.	Bunnell Bros.
Boston	Filene's Men's Store
	Graham Shoe Co.
	Walsh Arch Shoe Shop
	Arch Preserver Shoe Store
Bridgeport	The Howland Dry Goods Co.
Brooklyn	Arch Preserver Shop, 324 Livingston St.
	Friedman's, Inc., 1316 Kings Highway
	M. J. Markell, 4715 13th Ave.
Buffalo	J. L. Hudson Co.
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Columbia	Saxon-Cullum Shoe Co.
Columbus	Walters Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Fred Hageman & Sons
Denver	The Fontius Co.
Des Moines	Field Shoe Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Elizabeth	Hilgendorff's
Erie	Erie Dry Goods Co.
Evansville	Bunnell & Combs
Flint	Hub Shoe Store
Fort Wayne	Bobay's, Inc.
Grand Rapids	Paul Steketee & Sons
Harrisburg	C. B. Rodney
Hartford	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
	The W. G. Simmons Corp.
Holyoke	Thos. S. Childs, Inc.
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis	Geo. J. Marott Co.
Jackson, Mich.	Selby Shoes
Jacksonville	Levy's Bootery Co.
Jersey City	Wenton Shop
	Joseph's
Joplin	Rosenberg's Shoe Store
Kalamazoo	V & A Bootery
Kansas City	Miller Shoe Co.
Knoxville	J. S. Hall's Sons
Lancaster	Todd Boot Shop
Lawrence	D. D. Mahony's Sons
Lewiston	Lamey-Wellehan
Lima	The Crawford Shoe Co.
Lincoln	Haney's Shoe Store
Long Beach, Cal.	Dobyns
Los Angeles	Gude's, Inc.
Louisville	Rodes-Rapier
Lowell	Dickerman & McQuade, Inc.
Lynchburg	G. A. Coleman Co.
Manchester	Morganstern's
Memphis	Henry Halle & Bros.
Miami	Burdine's
Milwaukee	Schuster's
	S. J. Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal
Montgomery	Lane & Mathews
Mt. Vernon	The York Shoe Co.
Newark, N. J.	89 Halsey St.
Newburgh	Vogel's Shoe Co.
New Haven	Emerson-Darby, Inc.
New Rochelle	Palace Shoe Store
New York	Arch Preserver Shops at: 9 E. 37th St. 8 W. 37th St. 15 W. 39th St. 53 W. 49th St. 50 E. 59th St. 117 Church St. 966 Third Ave. 117 E. Fordham Rd., Bronx
	McCreery's, Fifth Ave.
Oakland	Chas. Kushin & Co.
Oklahoma City	Rothschild's B & M
Omaha	Drexel Shoe Co.
	Arch Preserver Shoe Store
Pasadena	Hjalmar Johnson Shoe Shop
Passaic	Stenchever's, Inc.
Paterson	Stenchever's, Inc.
Peoria	Moser's
Philadelphia	Strawbridge & Clothier
	Robt. Cherry's, Germant'n Ave.
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
	Boggs & Buhl
Pittsfield	F. A. Farrell & Co.
Port Chester	I. Goldberg & Son
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan



I vote for the
BUOYANT COMFORT
of Wright Arch Preservers . . .
They're life-savers for the man
who spends hours on his feet."

Alton Hall Blackington

Mr. Blackington makes his home in Boston and is
widely known as a lecturer and radio commentator

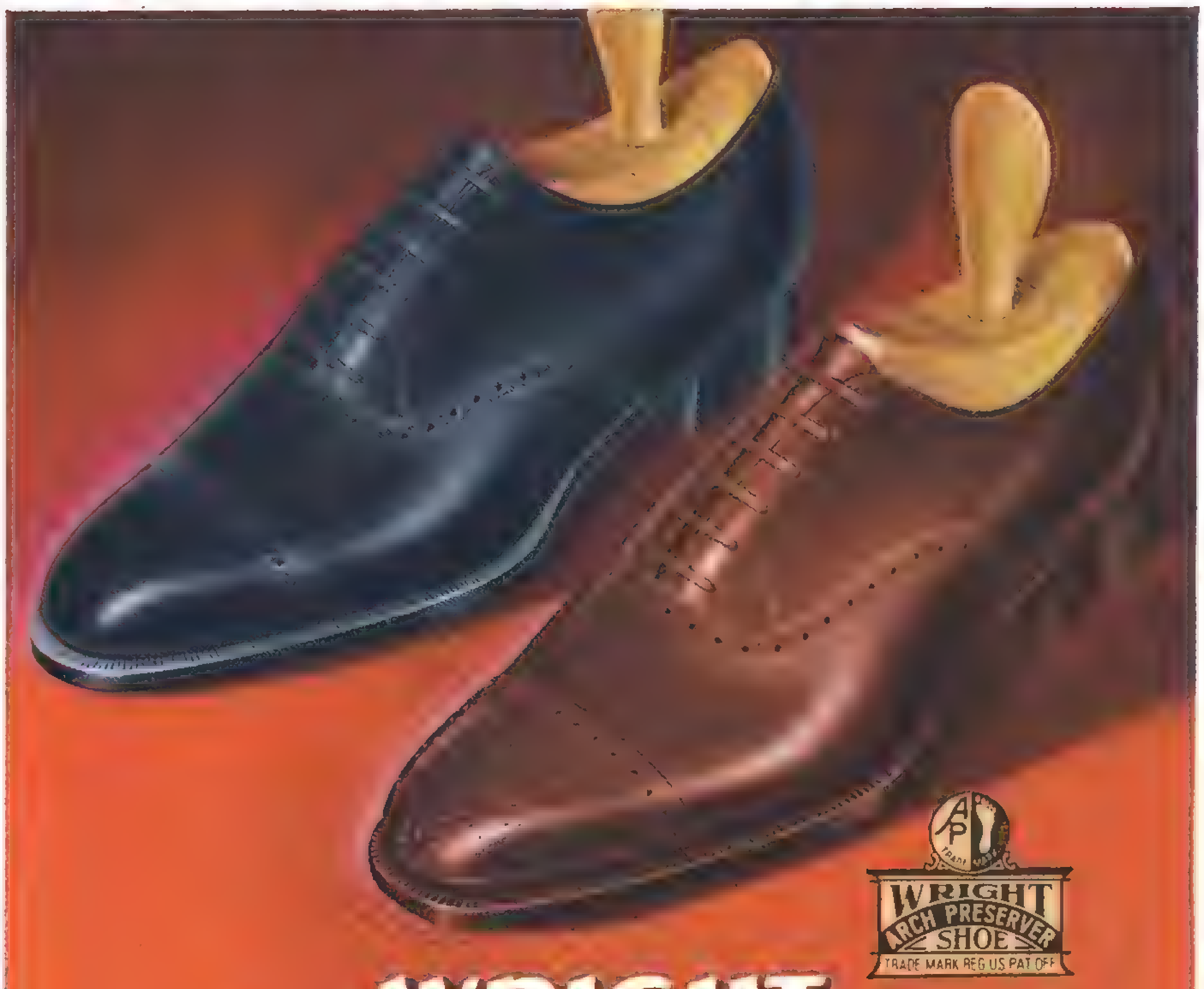
do YOU vote?

$1000 SPORT KIT

OF THESE TWO QUALITIES SHOES FOR MEN . . .

to be named by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc. Win — and you will be able to choose the suavest accoutrements for one sport or ten sports — plus 6 self-selected pairs of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes in sport (or other) models as smart as a string of birdies . . . Twenty other gentlemen will each win a pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes — to be selected in person at the nearest Wright Arch Preserver store. (Duplicate prizes awarded in all cases of ties.) Contest opens April 15, 1937, and all entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, June 15, 1937. It's the sporting chance of a lifetime. Get in on it — *fast!*

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES FOR MEN, *made exclusively by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. (in Canada by Scott McHale, Ltd.); for boys, Gerberich-Payne Shoe Co.; for women, The Selby Shoe Co.; for misses, Green Shoe Mfg. Co.; men's slippers, L. B. Evans Son Co.*



WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG US PAT OFF

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES FOR MEN

Local Dealer This Very Day!

Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank Co.
Poughkeepsie	Friedman's Royal Shoe Shop
Providence	Emerson-Ward
Quincy, Mass.	The Remick Co.
Racine	Stilb's Shoe Store
Reading	Wetherhold & Metzger
Richmond	F. W. Dabney & Co.
Roanoke	Bush-Flora Shoe Co.
Rochester	Pidgeon's
Sacramento	Lavenson's, Inc.
St. Louis	Famous-Barr Co. Stix-Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg	Dent & English Co.
St. Paul	Emporium Merc. Co.
Salt Lake City	Hunter-Thompson Co.
San Diego	Williams Bootery
San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
San Jose	Bloom's
Schenectady	H. S. Barney Co.
Scranton	Lewis & Reilly
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City	Schulein's
So. Bend	Selby Shoes
Springfield, Ill.	B. H. Luers Sons
Springfield, Ohio	Arch Preserver Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Morse & Haynes
Syracuse	Park-Brannock Co.
Tacoma	Pessemier's Bootery
Tampa	Henry Giddens Clothing Co.
Terre Haute	Ben Becker Shoes
Topeka	The Payne Shoe Co.
Trenton	Fischer's Shoe Shop
Troy	Cooper's
Utica	Hughes Arch Preserver Shop
Washington, D. C.	Boyce & Lewis Raleigh Haberdasher
Waterbury	Arch Preserver Shoe Shop
Wichita	John Braitsch Shoe Co.
Wilkes-Barre	Walter's Shoe Store
Williamsport	Fred Kimmerer & Co.
Worcester	Shean's Shoe Shoppe
Youngstown	J. W. Smith & Sons Co.

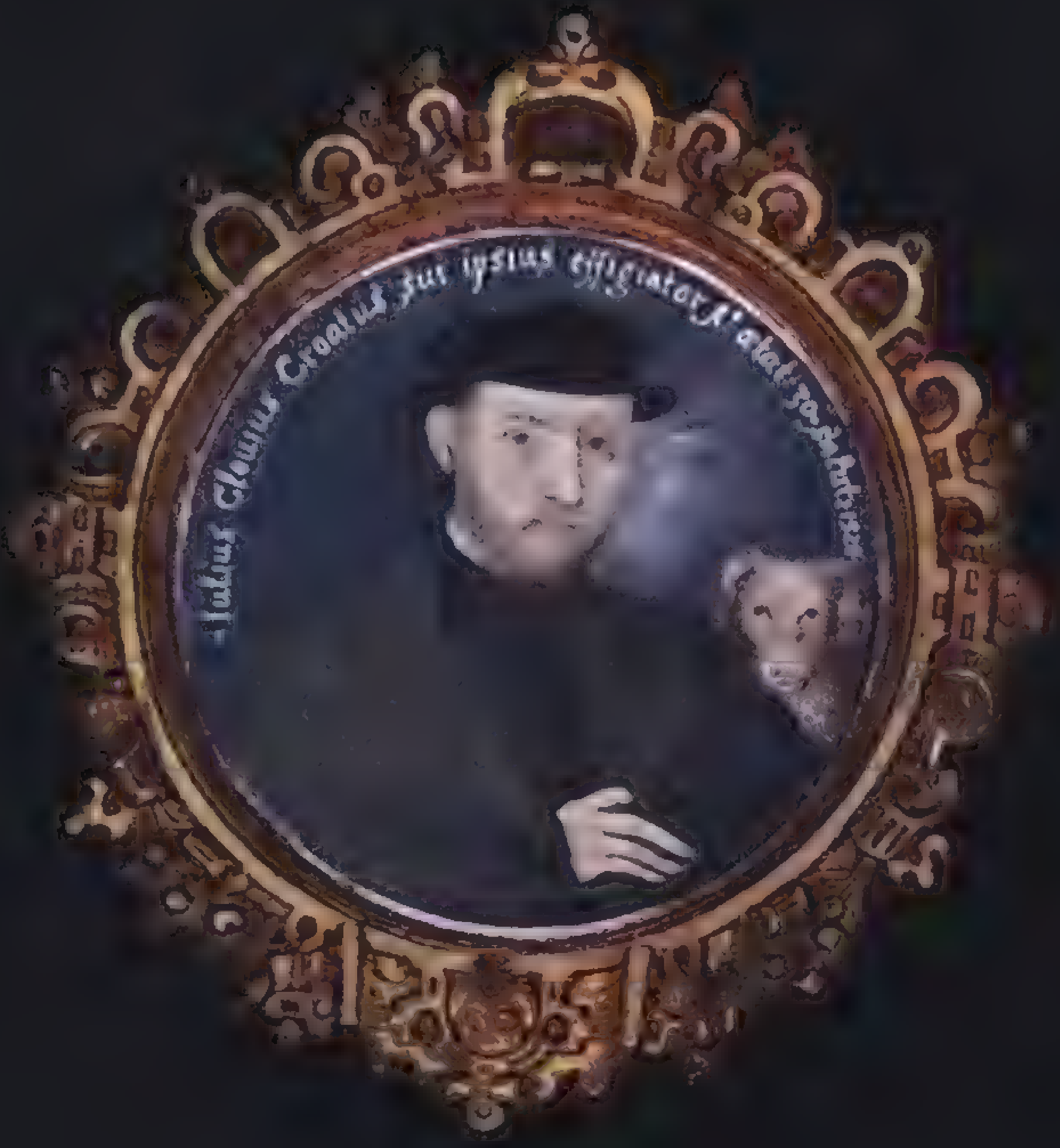
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Rockland, Massachusetts

Attached is my letter of not more than 25 words which you may use as desired. I accept the judges' decision as final.

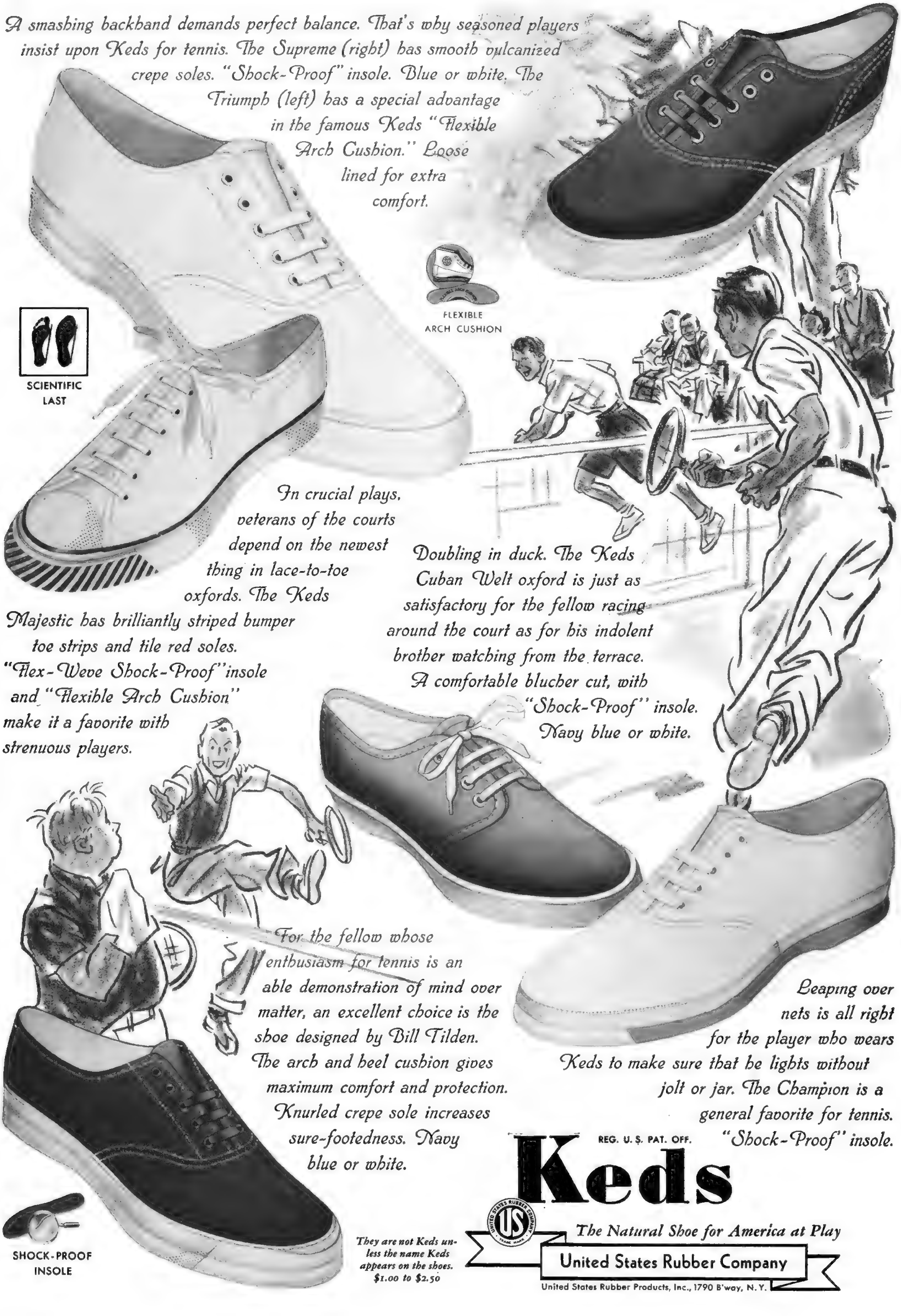
*Signed*____________________________

*Street*____________________________

*City*______________ *State*____________


Iulius Clouius Croatus sui ipsius effigiator Aetatis

All that any general magazine gives you is in every issue of Coronet, along with much that no general magazine ever gave you before. Photographs that are hauntingly beautiful, exquisite little objects of art that are otherwise unobtainable, re-discoveries of fascinating and long-forgotten legends and lore . . . all are a part of the "infinite riches in a little room," making Coronet a new experience in magazine reading.



A smashing backhand demands perfect balance. That's why seasoned players insist upon Keds for tennis. The Supreme (right) has smooth vulcanized crepe soles. "Shock-Proof" insole. Blue or white. The Triumph (left) has a special advantage in the famous Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion." Loose lined for extra comfort.

In crucial plays, veterans of the courts depend on the newest thing in lace-to-toe oxfords. The Keds Majestic has brilliantly striped bumper toe strips and tile red soles. "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole and "Flexible Arch Cushion" make it a favorite with strenuous players.

Doubling in duck. The Keds Cuban Welt oxford is just as satisfactory for the fellow racing around the court as for his indolent brother watching from the terrace. A comfortable blucher cut, with "Shock-Proof" insole. Navy blue or white.

For the fellow whose enthusiasm for tennis is an able demonstration of mind over matter, an excellent choice is the shoe designed by Bill Tilden. The arch and heel cushion gives maximum comfort and protection. Knurled crepe sole increases sure-footedness. Navy blue or white.

Leaping over nets is all right for the player who wears Keds to make sure that he lights without jolt or jar. The Champion is a general favorite for tennis. "Shock-Proof" insole.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keds

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 B'way, N. Y.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes. $1.00 to $2.50

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Smart New Yorkers meet at the

CASINO-ON-THE-PARK

where NAT BRANDWYNNE'S famous orchestra entertains nightly for dinner and supper dancing. For an enjoyable luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner or late supper be sure to come to the Casino-On-The-Park. Prix fixe—a la carte.

ESSEX HOUSE

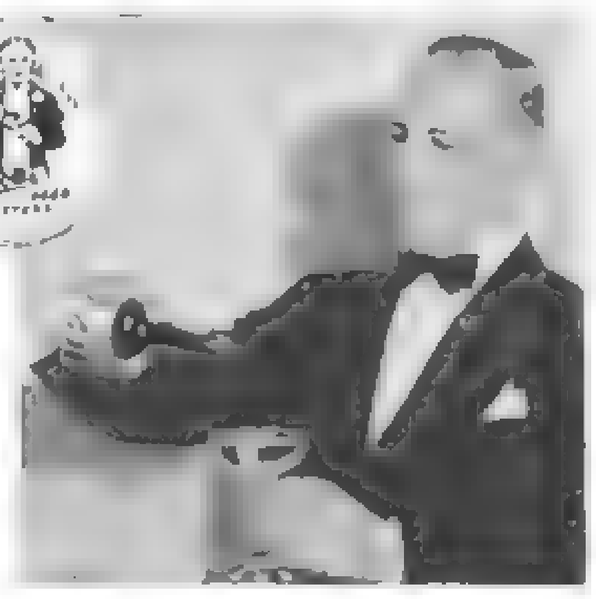
Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.
On 59th Street facing the Park

BE SURE TO SEE THE MODEL APARTMENTS NOW ON DISPLAY BEFORE LEASING ELSEWHERE

DIVAN PARISIEN
"Le Restaurant Par Excellence"
CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for "CHICKEN DIVAN" and SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VA 3-9011

America's Smartest Resort Hotel
Ritz-Carlton
ATLANTIC CITY
From $4.50 single, $7 double, European
Cocktail, Dinner, Supper Dancing Daily in the MERRY-GO-ROUND

ROBERT *of the* Shoreham FOLLOWS TRADITION



ROBERT, famous maitre d'hotel of The Shoreham at Washington prefers ABBOTT'S Aged Bitters. He knows that an aged bitters gives your drink natural, mellow flavor, which an ordinary bitters lacks. ★ When buying bitters, look for the "ABBOTT Man" on the label.

Abbott's AGED BITTERS

A development of night club life that will eventually have to be curtailed by the police, is the singing by the aristocracy. On theory it should be a grand thing in a democracy to hear the dukes and duchesses warble on their way to the tumbril. But in practice it is extremely embarrassing. Armed with a frustrate exhibition complex and perhaps two notes of the scale, and a list of friends who will have to come for the opening, the debs and ex-debs step out and wheeze some ditty from behind a ton of orchids. The proprietor no doubt, thinks that this will drive the customers to more drink. But no one can drink that much. Let entertainers entertain, is our motto.

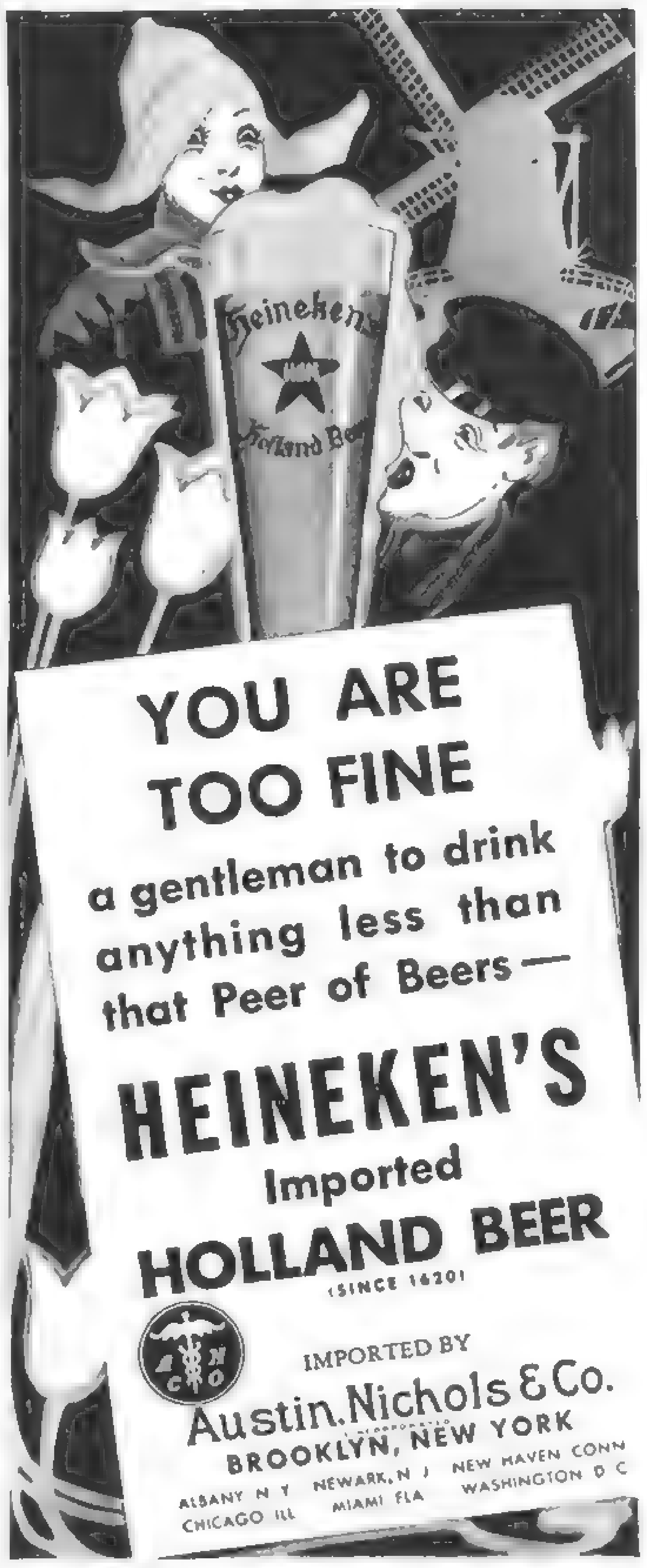
Some writers' guild should erect a monument to the ghost writer. He toils and spins, eating his heart out in silent bitterness. We were reminded of his plight by an anecdote about Alf (remember him) Landon. The writing world were all agog about Alf's speech before the Gridiron Club in Washington. He even put the Great White Father in second place, which is no mean stunt. Everybody who heard the humble speech said this fellow can't be so bad. All except one man, the one who wrote the farewell address. A few weeks later Landon called on the ghost and with a pathetic look said, "Please can't I use that Gridiron speech just once more. I've got to go before another Rotary Club."

We were confused in Washington the other day by the darkness in all the drinking rooms. It is much too dark to see the menu in the swank little corner of the Willard or the Mayflower. Dimly you can discern the outline of females, from 18 to 80. About 5, stuff-shirts begin to come in. Then we understood the cause for the gloom. A representative of the dear people stepping out with his secretary, or some one else's secretary, must not be seen.

Gilbert White, who shows his Americanism by spending his life in Paris painting pictures, is a collector of beards. Recently he met Peter Freuchen, the Dane who spends most of his life near the north pole among the Esquimaux. Freuchen has a beard that is a beard, the writer having grown the spinach for a protection against the polar cold. White, who was to make a talk on art, almost forgot his subject, gazing at this adornment. Finally he digressed to explain that he couldn't think about art until he had classified the specimen presented by Freuchen. "The minute I start talking," he said, "I see dozens of little faces peering out at me."

Freuchen, who is here to see about getting another book of his northern adventures published, just spent two years in an isolated Esquimaux settlement with only one book to read—"The Lives of the Popes of Avignon." A box containing hundreds of books fell through the ice and only one was fished out. Freuchen dares you to ask him a question about an Avignon Pope. The people he lived among had no literature except the songs sung by the old. Each ancient is entitled to one lay and it is supposed to embody the saga of his life and the fruit of his wisdom. Just before the old codger dies he can pass the song on to his kin or best friend. Freuchen inherited two such songs. One he sings in the native tongue and the several minutes of gutturals translate down to this:

> "I've lived many years and known everything,
> Except why the sun keeps hot, the moon cold
> What is in the mind of a woman
> And why we have so many lice."



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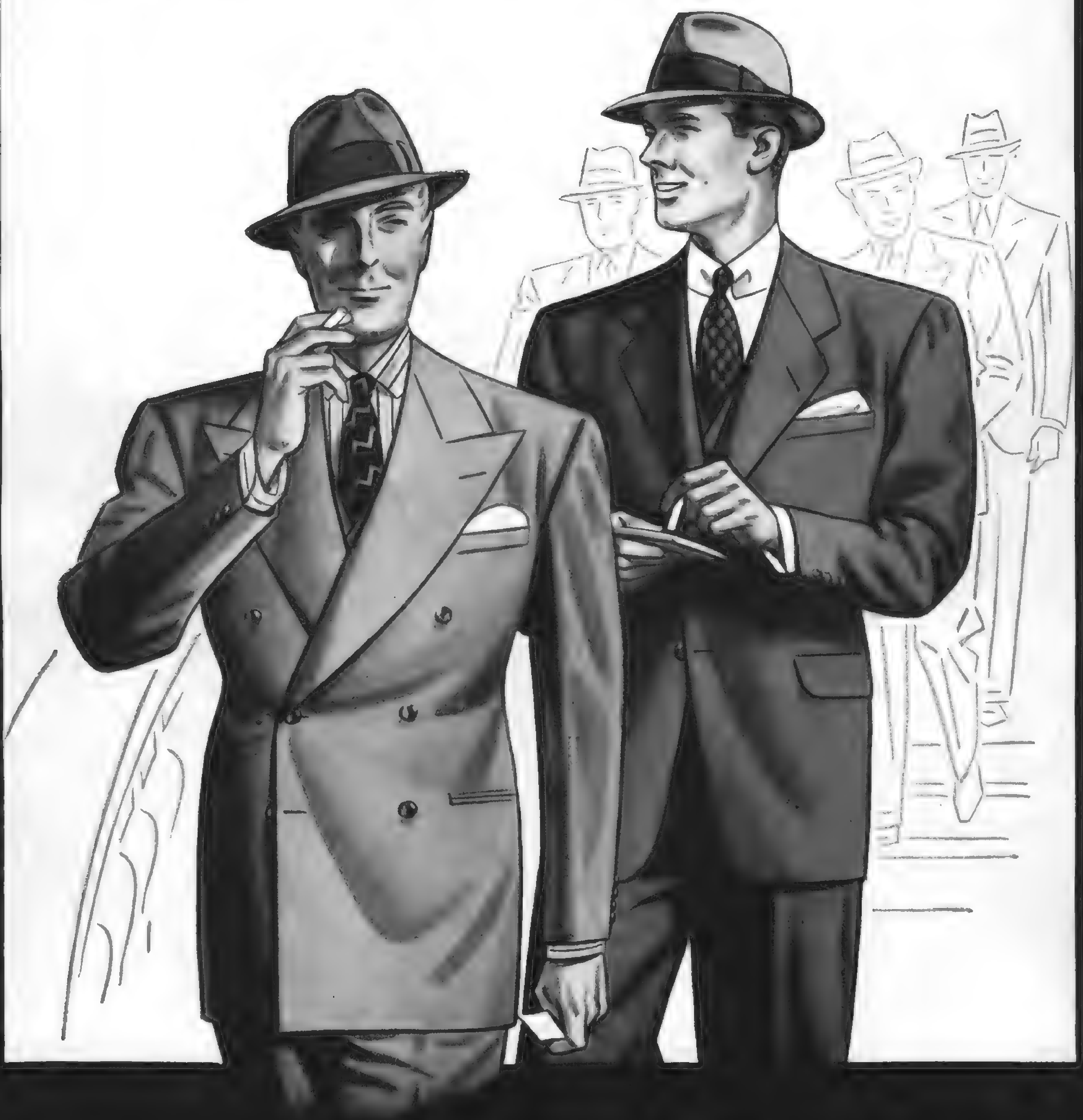
AMBITION NOTED . . . AND APPROVED



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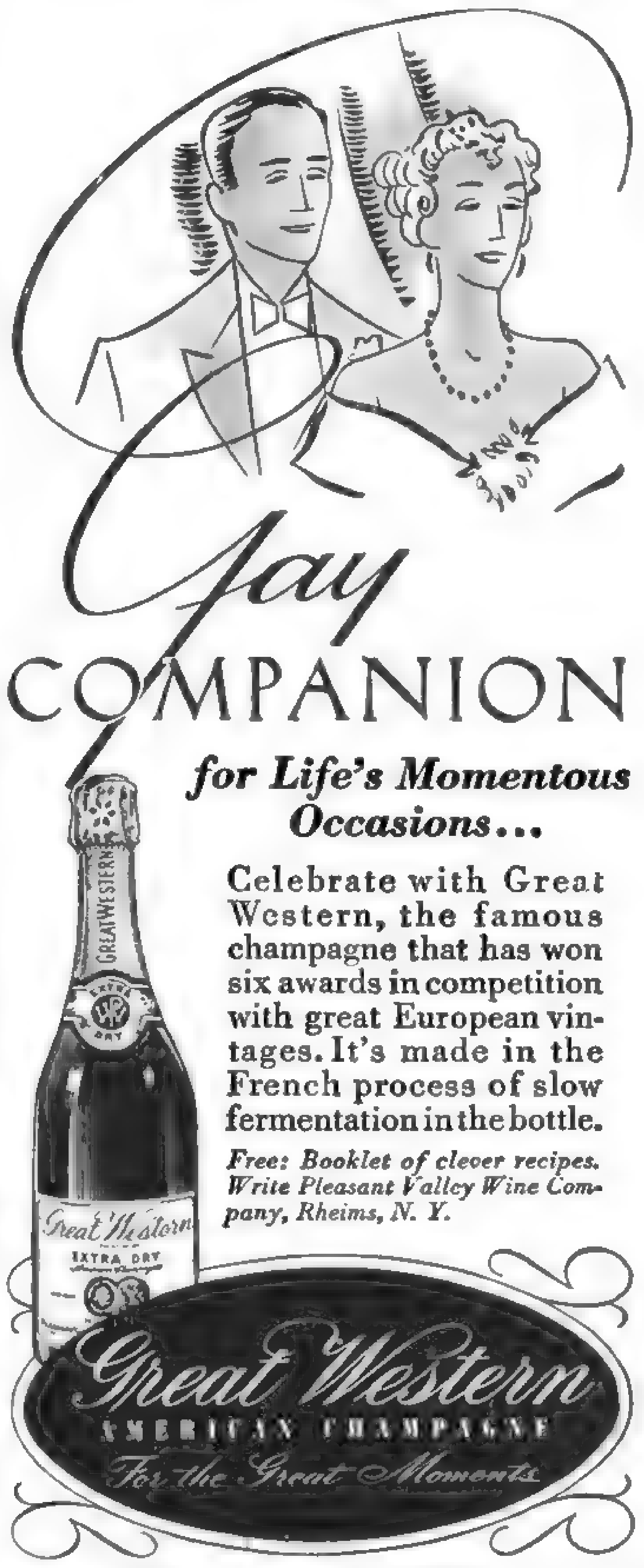
If you rate in the literary world you probably are on the party list of Charles H. Studin, of East Tenth Street. Mr. Studin maintains about the only salon left hereabouts and every Thursday or Sunday he swings a cocktail soiree for some one who has just published a book or achieved some other current fame. The place abounds in explorers and actresses, as well. Studin, formerly a native of Aspen Colorado (proud birthplace of Harold Ross), doesn't drink himself. At 7 o'clock a gong strikes ominously and the guests leave. Studin has to rest up for the next ordeal of introductions. Casados, considered the greatest cellist since Casals, uses steel strings instead of gut. Casados likes to have his name stressed on the second syllable as that indicates he is unmarried and the senoritas want that information right away.

The Hungarian Club, 181 East Eighty-Seventh Street, is one of those native affairs where the exiles like to gather and sip tokay while they listen to the czardas played on the zither. There is plenty of room for dancing and a fortune teller thrown in. Her readings, as the waiter explained, "are compulsory." They are also accurate. The food is average and inexpensive. But to the sentimental, the main attraction is Erno Kiraly, once the John Barrymore of all Latin Europe. It is easy to see why Kiraly made the Buda Pest hearts flutter. He also sings and it is said that there is not a home in Italy, Jugoslavia or Hungary that does not have at least one Kiraly record.

The Zum Brauhaus, 207 East Fifty-Fourth, has had its face lifted, much to the regret of the older inhabitants. But the lye-washed tables and the kitchen remain untouched. The restaurant is proud of the fact that Prince Mdivani comes there three times a week for pigs knuckles and kraut. And on rainy nights he sends over to have them delivered to his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria.

One of the many stunts in town for luring customers is the Friday bacchanale of Perroquet Club, 134 East Sixty-First Street. On that day from 5 until 7 the individual can have all he can drink for $1.25. If you stay on for dinner (and who doesn't) the 25 cents is deducted. Evaldo Chiassarini, the bland Marco Polo who pilots the place, says that it not only pays him in advertising but in his fund of human psychology. What if a customer is a pig, he is sure to feel ashamed and come back the next day and be a steady customer. Its just that the American falls for the "all you want" philosophy. One deb downed thirty-two brandies in one sitting, her partner twenty-six beers. One set of three brothers always drink one bottle of scotch, the boss rushing it to their table when he sees them enter. The kitchen is with the best in town, the wine list extensive. And the Crepe Suzette, as done by Alevy, are absolutely the best we have ever tasted, which covers a wide field Alevey for twenty years guided the old Beaux Art at Fortieth and Sixth. But as good as the dinner, don't miss the tales of Evaldo. He sighs for prohibition, he says, and for the twenty-eight raids as he refused to pay tribute. He rattles off Jessie James statistics with high glee; one dive in the East Fifties had tables for only eleven customers. But every check was over $25. "If it wasn't," he smiles, "I made it that."



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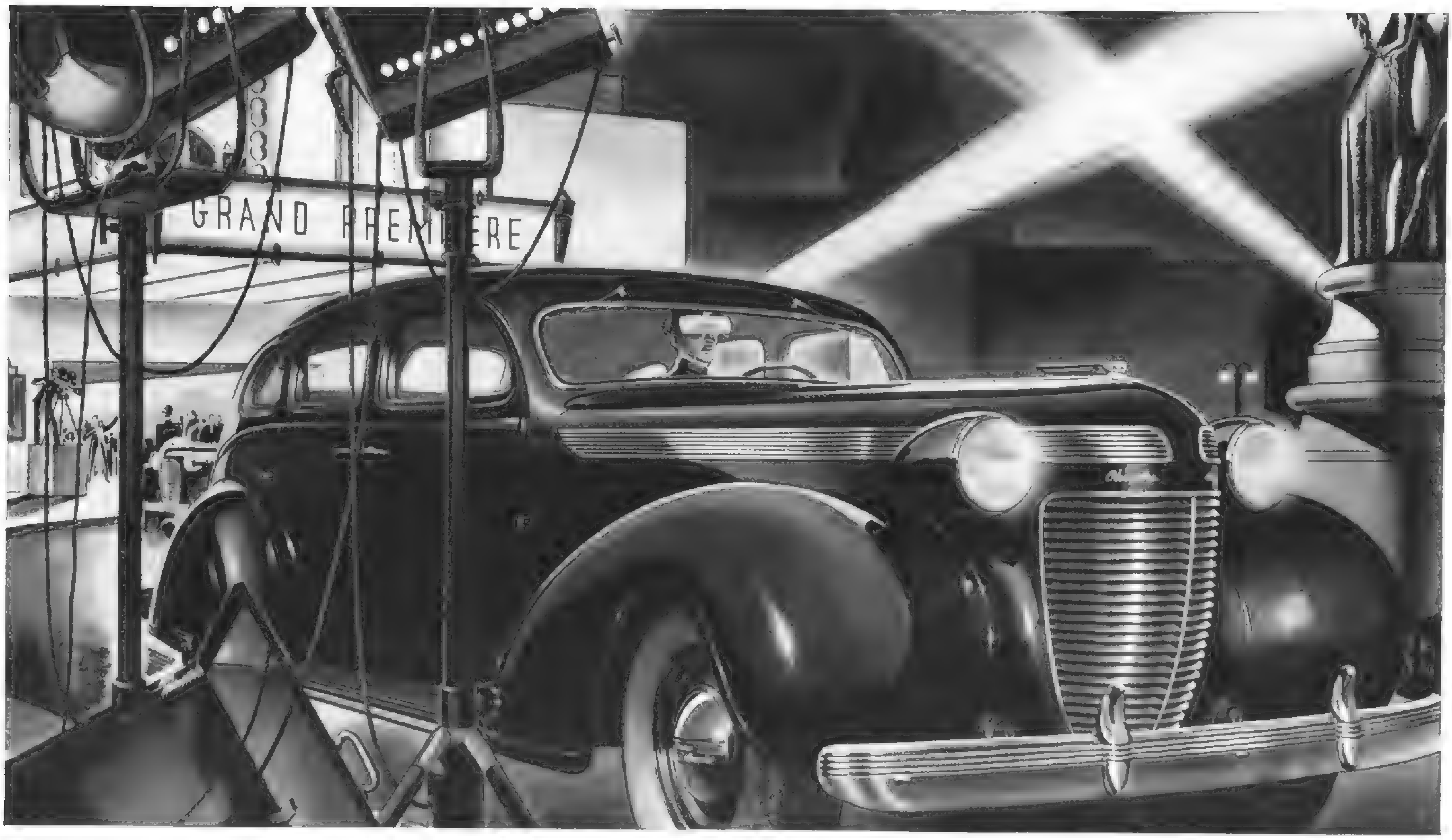

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Only Chrysler builds a safety all-steel body for its custom type cars...

A CHRYSLER OWNER unconsciously wrote the headline at the top of this page in a conversation with one of his friends.

His friend told us the story . . . and, incidentally, *bought a Chrysler!*

Practically all cars of low and medium price today offer the protection of steel body construction. Yet, in the field of luxury cars, where you'd think you would find the best of everything, only Chrysler provides this safeguard.

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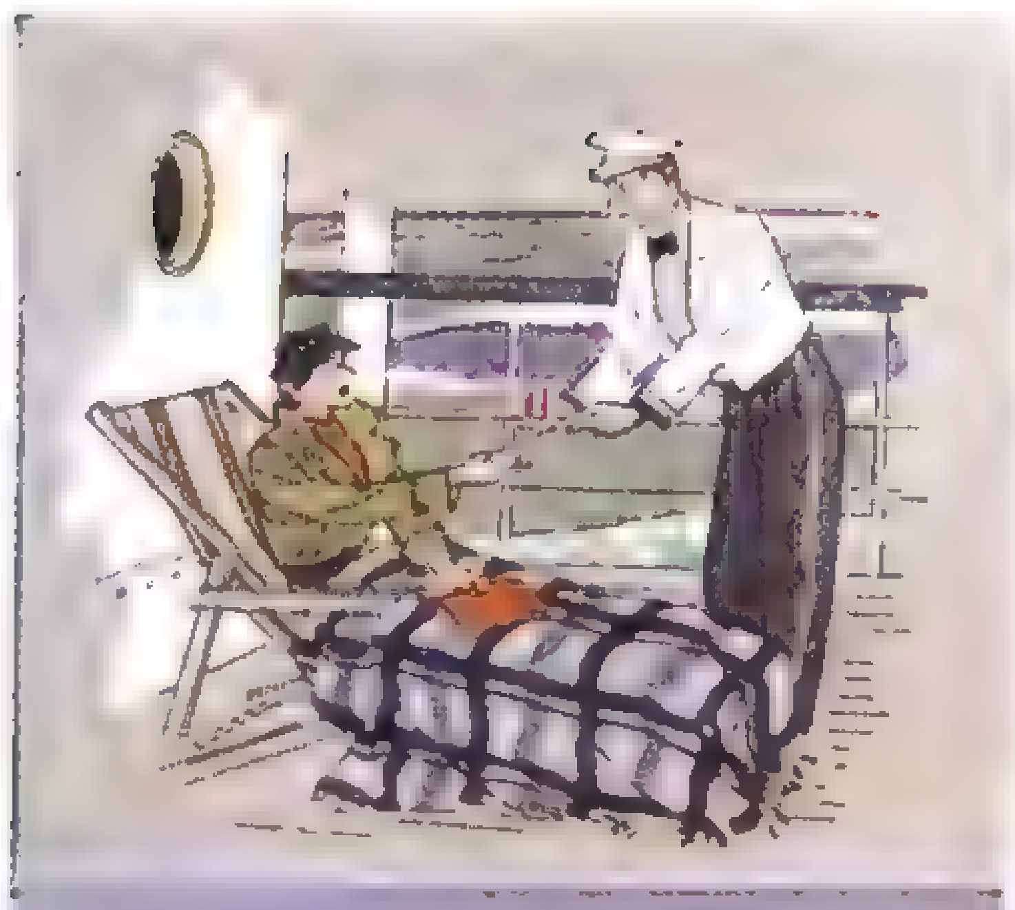

You'll even find Heinz rich-red Tomato Juice served aboard the finest liners—a familiar friend from home!

Wherever you stop, there'll be a soda fountain that features quick service of ice-cold Heinz Tomato Juice.

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Note to stay-at-homes: Heinz Tomato Juice, one of the famous 57 Varieties, is now available everywhere in stout vacuum-sealed, yellow-labeled tins. Always ask for it by name. Get a supply from your grocer today—keep some on ice at all times.

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Traveling by train? Ask for Heinz Tomato Juice in the dining car. It's a delightful prelude to any meal—anywhere!

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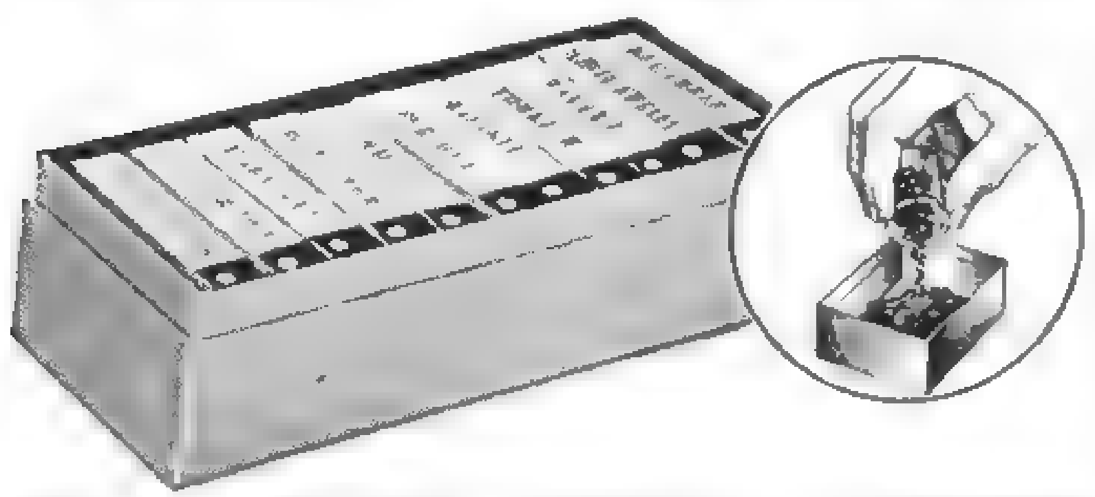

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Famous for its French Cuisine
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Also A LA CARTE
RAYMOND ORTEIG, INC.

The Paradise, Broadway at Forty-ninth Street, has a new show. While not as elaborate as the previous one, it has better pace and is built more for the summer mood. The mesh behind which Janis Andre moves as Lady Godiva seems to be of coarser web thus giving a break to the visiting Peeping Toms and other citizens of Coventry. About the most beautiful girls on Broadway are in the chorus and the comedy team of Barto and Mann have worked a new routine that is as sophisticated as it is funny.

We're glad the country taverns are up through the spring soil along with the golf pants and croci. As soon as we can get some gas we're off to Zig's Brook Club at Summit, N. J., the peerless Lakeville Manor Inn on Long Island for duck, or Joe Smallwood's for millionaires.

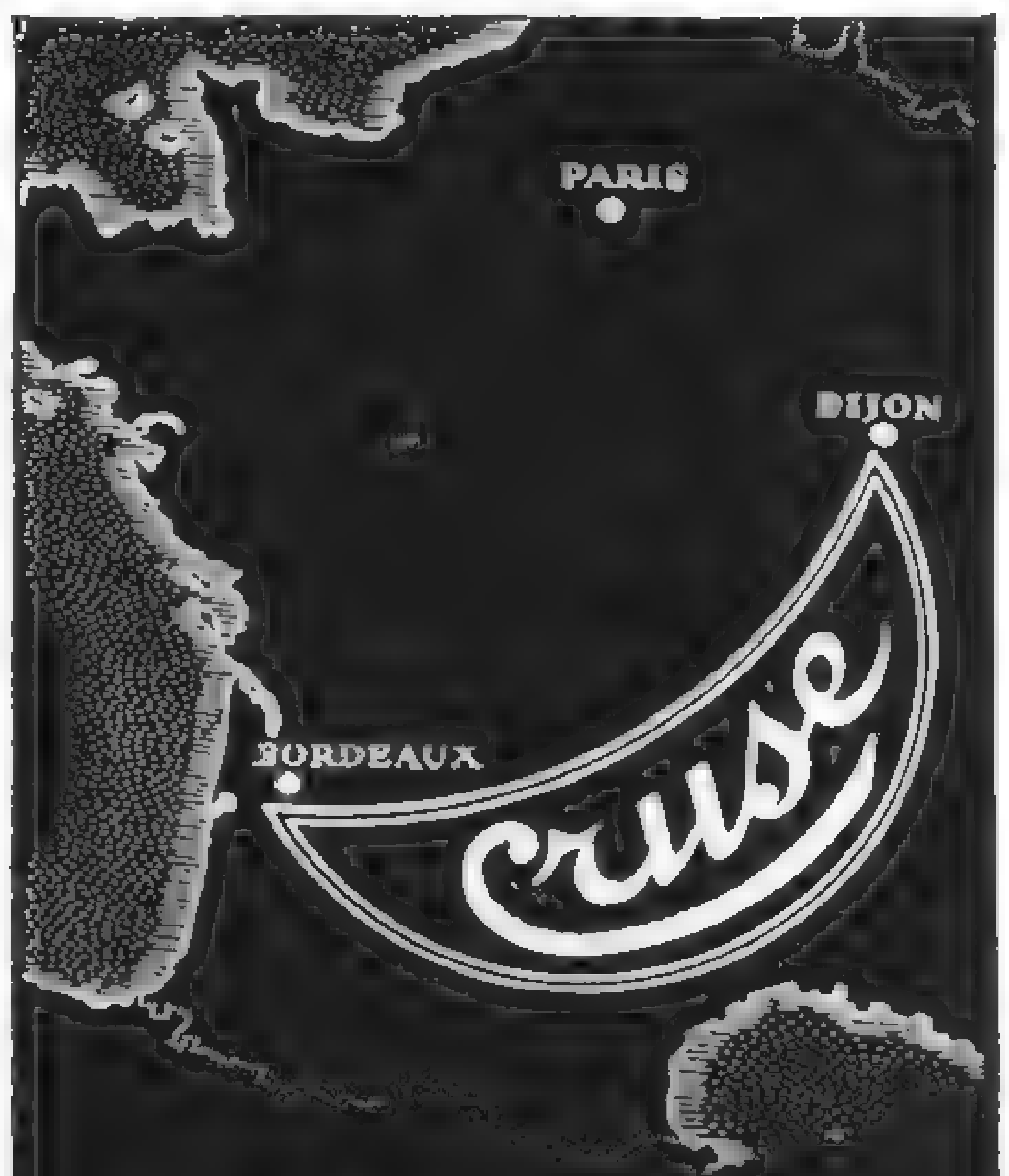
London, England. If you are one of those men with foresight you booked early for your passage to the Coronation. However, if you didn't make your plans until late there are still chances of cancellations and even if you have to take more modest accommodations there are compensations. There's still the best food in the world on the Paris unless the Normandie manages to outstrip her. The old Berengaria has comforts of the solid sort and the Aquitania hates to give up her ribbons to the Queen Mary. Any trip for us could be made by the round bar of the Bremen or the brass band of the Europa with the military atmosphere predominant. Between now and the time when it is too late, we check off for your further guidance the following, all worthy in their own way: Statendam, Kungsholm, Washington, Pilsudski.

First thing a man gets off the boat and trains to London he wishes to see the English shops. If he's been in London before he needs no guidance. If not, he needs plenty as the dream of any male's life (English togs) should not be spoiled by hasty investigation. Esquire's "New Guide to Old London," announced elsewhere in this issue, will give you the complete dope.

Perhaps the theatres you will wish most to attend will be the hardest for which to buy tickets. And for dining, the obvious places will be on every list. No one misses Simpsons, for the experience more than for the food. (Remember "spring greens" in London means cabbage.)

We usually start off from the Savoy as it's the New York hangout, the bartender being one of us. The swankier hotels are fun in a formal way: Ritz, Berkeley, Claridges, Mayfair, Dorchester House, Grosvenor House, Carleton. The night club factor is not as prominent or exciting as at home, due to the early closing law, but try Cafe De Paris, the Florida, Boulestin, off the Strand, boasts the most expensive food in the world. The cuisine is French as are all good places. The Dorchester House also has one of the smartest floor shows in town. The literary crowd have their own little places but the fictionized ones run to Quaglino, in Bury Street, Kapinsky's in Swallow Street, (beer and German food) Hungaria, lower Regent Street, Gennaro for Italian food on New Compton and Veeraswamy in Swallow Street for Indian food with all the trappings from curry to turbans.

Of all the ruins we can stand The Cheshire Cheese best. It's worth a look. Dickens sentiment and all, and Irish newspaper men drinking ale in the tap room. Tea of course you will have to drink at least once. Fortnum and Masons, Picadilly, is one of the correct places though it is difficult to dodge it anywhere.



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change-over now to General Dual 10's

Driving safety is usually thought of in terms of the other person. But how about your *own* safety. The General Dual 10 is the tire that provides that safety in the fullest measure. The unusual tread design makes it possible to stop a car quicker at 60 in the rain than ordinary tires stop at 50 in dry weather. If you are getting a new car you can change-over the standard tires for Generals at only a slight additional cost. The General Tire dealer has a change-over plan that makes it easy to enjoy the greater protection and carefree mileage of the General Dual 10 right from the start.

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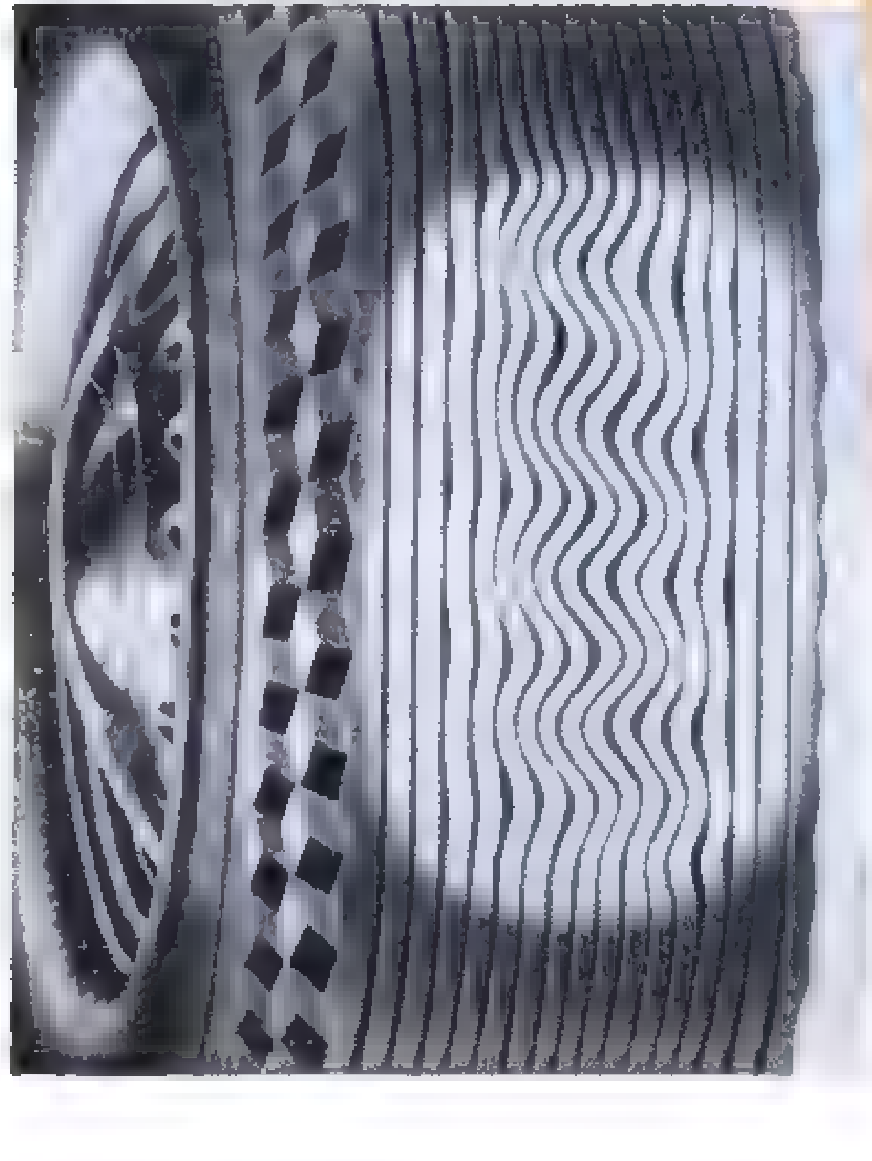
- When you apply the brakes flexible ribbons of rubber wrinkle into squeegee-like action—provide positive traction on any road, wet or dry. Stops without side swerve or tail spin.



THE GENERAL *Dual* **10**

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

We told you, in reply to all the squawks about the dearth of Petty cartoons in December and January, that George was having himself a vacation in Alaska. We also told you that the creator of the Petty girl won laurels up in the moose country. Well, here's how. He went hunting for Mulligan moose, up in the heart of the Kenai Peninsula—called Mulligan because the natives like to kill them for Mulligan stew. The day was October 16, 1936. All the members of the hunting party were discouraged at the poor showing of moose. They hadn't seen any bulls with sufficient horn spread to get excited about, and they were about to call it Ladies' Day and go home. Then Earl Olmstead, holder of the all-time world's record for moose, saw a man carrying a canoe some distance away. That was what *he* thought. It was a large bull moose, much larger than any they'd seen. So the boys had a couple of old fashioneds and decided to get within shooting distance. They had to crawl on their stomachs for twenty-five feet or so—no easy trick for our Mr. Petty who weighs over two hundred pounds, and was further hampered by a pair of water-proof "whistling" pants, oversize shoe-packs, a movie camera slung from his neck, and a Mannlicher-Schoenhauer 9.5 m. sporting rifle in his hand. George admits he was noisy, and a cow, nearer than the rest of the herd, jumped to attention. It seems that cows are intuitive about sensing danger. But the sun blinded her eyes, and the boys stood up and waited for a few seconds. Suddenly, up over a ridge a magnificent bull appeared. He was the granddaddy of them all. Several members of the herd followed—there were six bulls and three cows all told—standing within sixty feet of the hunters. George's license called for only one bull moose, and George has respect for the law'r. So he took the old granddaddy with a single shot through the shoulder. And this, children, is how George Petty bagged the largest Kenai moose taken out of Alaska in 1936; horn spread: seventy inches. The meat was too tough even for Mulligan stew. But Mr. Petty brought home the horns, and if anybody doubts his story, he has them, all nicely mounted, in his studio in Rogers Park, Chicago.

●

John Webster (*What Isn't Pacifism*, page 65) says he has been a liberal-radical since kindergarten age. He feels that the economic basis of militarism was quite as well-known to Cato, Pericles, and Shalamanassar as to current writers. He approves of Roosevelt, but belongs to no party. He has traveled about the world, gathering political and economic information for several organizations, and is rather an expert on Far East political trends. He is just past forty. Incidentally, he is an agent for plays and movie scripts.

●

We have two Discoveries this month, both from the ranks of journalism, but we can't lump them together because Discoveries are a hostile race, constantly warring among themselves, hurling epithets and interjections like mad. Taking them alphabetically, then, we have Herman Friedlander, author of *Left Shoe, Right Shoe*, page 54. He used to work for the Binghamton, New York, *Sun*, then went to New York, and got a J. D. from New York University Law School. He tried two cases, one in the Appellate Division and one in the Court of Appeals of New York State. They were both for his father, and collections were so poor that he decided to take up his pen again. Now he does editorial work for Fairchild Publications. He isn't married.

Fred M. Payne

Stephen Vincent Benét

Henri Gris

Our other Discovery of the Month is Fred M. Payne, who wrote *Desk Man's Finish*, page 95. He says: "I was quietly born and raised in a small Ontario town 28 years ago. Lured from high school by the University of Toronto, I found Life to be Serious while fighting to crowd the four-year Arts course into six. When completely educated, I joined the Toronto *Star's* staff of ace reporters, thus following Hemingway's lead, I casually mention. After three years I left to become A Great Author. Last summer was spent in filing rejection slips and I sadly took the old job back to keep body and soul together."

●

Robert Saunders Dowst leads with his chin again, *The Derby Parade*, page 59. He has written two books on betting—*Playing the Races* (two bucks) and *Profits on Horses* (three bucks). This isn't an ad, but an attempt to save the wear and tear on the stenographic department. You'll find them at all the better bookstores. Or write to Auntie Bee.

●

Stephen Vincent Benét (*We Aren't Superstitious*, page 47) tells us all about his family and little about himself, passing lightly over the fact that he is the author of *John Brown's Body*, *The Beginning of Wisdom*, and *William Shore's Daughter*. He says: "Born July 22, 1898 at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The name is Minorcan, the family originally coming to Florida while the latter was still a Spanish possession. There is still quite a Minorcan colony at St. Augustine. My great-grandfather, Pedro Benét, was once Collector of the Port and after a fashion the 'boss' of the Minorcan colony of his time. The material used in *Spanish Bayonet* is quite accurate as far as the Minorcans are concerned. My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather on my mother's side, were all officers in the United States Regular Army. My grandfather, for whom I was named, Brigadier-General Stephen Vincent Benét, was Chief of Ordinance during the last years of his military service. He was, incidentally, one of the few Southern officers not to resign his commission and secede with his state when the Civil War broke out. On my mother's side the names are Rose, Neil, Mahon—etc.—English and Scotch-Irish. My mother, Frances Neil Rose, was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, my father in Richmond, Kentucky. So I am half North and half South. Army families keep moving. We got to California in time for the San Francisco earthquake and fire and to Augusta, Georgia in time for a flood. Besides California and Georgia, I have lived in New Haven, Connecticut, Washington, D. C., New York City and a good deal in France. Began to write more or less regularly in the spring and summer of 1915 while I was tutoring for college. But I was an imitative small boy—both my brother and my sister were writing—and I had written before—fortunately things that weren't preserved. My family always understood, encouraged and helped me in every possible way. I was educated at Summerville Academy, Augusta, Georgia and Yale College, (1919)."

●

Lionel Wiggam (*A Disappointment to His Family*, page 66) sold his first short story to one of the pulps at the age of thirteen; its title was *Thick Ankles*. When he was fifteen he entered Northwestern University, and then left for three years, playing in a stock company, working on a road construction gang, modeling, hanging wallpaper and working as a janitor to pay for night school courses. He has published a book of poetry, *Landscape with Figures*, through Viking Press. Probably his novel will be out by the time this is.

●

Leslie Saalburg is another of the boys on our Fashion Staff. He has a flair for foreign relations as well as fashions. His French wife and son wait in his suburban chateau or Paris apartment while he makes annual pilgrimages to this country, painting Lincoln Zephyrs, Yardley complexions, and things. The European backgrounds he draws for our fashions are the McCoy.

Herman Friedlander

Leslie Saalburg

Arthur Davison Ficke

Henri Gris (*The More Than Royal Cianos*, page 60) says: "Ever since I first stepped on American soil in the Summer of 1932, to cover the Olympic Games for Eastern European newspapers, I have felt bound to this country by some unconscious force within myself. I returned in 1933 for a short study of the United States under the Blue Eagle, again in '34 and in '36. Meanwhile, I covered two revolts in Finland and Lithuania, the rise of Hitler, youth outbreaks in Egypt, the modernization of Turkey and trouble in Palestine. In October, 1935 I went as war correspondent to Ethiopia, from which land I emerged with new experiences and a book—*Life of a War Correspondent in Ethiopia*, published in Riga. I was studying engineering in the University of Latvia when one day, by chance, I stepped into the enchanted world of a newspaper office, and never since have I been able to shake loose from that spell."

●

John C. Emery (*Recovery Portraits*, page 70) used to work for *Railway Age*, in Chicago, first as associate editor, then handling advertising and promotion. Then, shades of Gilbert and Sullivan, he was director of passenger and merchandise service for the Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation in Washington. He says he's written short humorous articles and stories on a sporadic, avocational basis for twelve years—for *Life*, *Judge*, the *New Yorker* and the *Post*. He's married, has three sons and lives in Highland Park, Illinois.

●

Eugene Joffe (*Manhattan Rendezvous*, page 75) was born in New Jersey in 1912, and later lived in Brooklyn. He has been to college but doesn't remember it; has lived in various cities in New York and New Jersey and remembers them well. Now he lives and works in Manhattan. He has contributed to several magazines, college writing textbooks, and O'Brien's Anthologies.

●

Claude Gower came dangerously near being another Discovery. *Respect for the Aged*, page 90, is his first short story to be in a national publication. He was born 26 years ago on a farm in southern Illinois. When he was eighteen he forsook the plow and wandered here and there, working in an oil field, milking cows in a dairy in New Mexico and climbing trees for the Davey Tree Expert Company. When he was in Commonwealth College one of the co-eds drew a nasty caricature of him. He married her. At the moment, he's working on a novel.

●

Jerome Weidman (*Everybody Wants To Be A Lady*, page 63) was born twenty-four years ago on New York's East Side. He attended the public schools and evening sessions of the College of the City of New York. At present he works as an accountant during the day, studies law at night, and writes while he's resting. His stories have appeared in various magazines, including *Story* and *The American Mercury*, and his first novel, *Yours Is The Earth*, has just been accepted by Simon and Schuster.

●

Arthur Davison Ficke insists that everything he writes is poetry of the purest water. So you'll find his current poem on page 83. It's called *The Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones*, and we labeled it satire in our rude, untutored way. He was pretty upset about the last picture of him we ran, claiming that it made him look like an Italian gunman with a belly-ache. He thinks this one is Okeh.

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

By Appointment To His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

As enjoyed in the home of

MR. HENDRICK VANDERBILT DURYEA

Mr. Hendrick Vanderbilt Duryea, descendant of the old Long Island Dutch family, makes a hobby of foreign cars and is head of the studios which produce the famous photo-murals under the name of Drix Duryea.

"*You can relax with "V.O."*"

Says MR. DURYEA

A truly relaxing whisky, Seagram's "V.O." is aged for six full years in charred oak casks. You are invited to enjoy the unique delicacy and mildness of this 90 proof rare old Canadian whisky.

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Jobs . . .

but not on trees

The country went back to work long ago. It didn't always go back to the work it wanted to do. It rarely went back to the money it had hoped to earn. But it invariably went back for work that had to be done. And took what it could get. And on the whole, rested content.

Meanwhile, by the eternal paradox that is democracy, by the humanly imperfect system which permits starvation amid plenty, jobs go begging in New York—and out of it, too—while the jobless keep their endless vigil.

Jobs can be had for the asking, providing the asker knows where to look and has what it takes. The provisos are stiff but not impossible.

Jobs can be had . . . one thousand of them every Sunday. And if you question it, buy next Sunday's—or for that matter, any weekday's New York Herald Tribune where there are very nearly a thousand a day. Buy it and you'll discover an age-old truth . . . that the right employer is on the eternal watch for the right employee and vice versa, that each has a preferred place for looking for the other, and that those who know the ropes persistently resort to that preferred place.

Jobs can be had. But not on trees. Or silver platters. Or by letters introducing an unknown Mr. Somebody to a very much known Mr. So-and-So. Or at the bidding of people with pull. They don't put those jobs in the papers.

These Herald Tribune-featured jobs almost invariably demand special abilities. Not necessarily extraordinary gifts. And certainly not geniuses. But always men (and women, too) who have some idea of what nature meant them to do usefully, who know the world doesn't owe them a living and that no prospective employer owes them a hearing.

These jobs are Herald Tribune-listed, regularly, by the firms and agencies most concerned with filling the right hole with the right peg. Experience (after years and years of it, you can't help learning) . . . experience has told them where they will most surely *get their man.* That, and nothing else, explains why that leading morning newspaper known as the New York Herald Tribune so persistently carries more agency advertising looking for trained personnel.

By test over a long period, the spot used by the better class employer looking for a better man, by the better type employee looking for a better job, by executives looking for other executives—that spot continues to be the New York Herald Tribune.

It is the place where specialized abilities and specialized jobs go to meet each other. It is the place where untrained men with high potential ability go job-shopping. This isn't theory. The nation knows too well that better newspapers exist solely by their abilities to sell—and buy—better goods and services and men, for better advertisers.

In tomorrow's, and next Sunday's New York Herald Tribune hundreds of these advertisers will be looking for thousands of men like you. The place to go and meet them is the Employment Opportunities page. The way to be sure not to miss meeting them is to subscribe to the paper that offers them. The coupon below is for that purpose.

And if you are among the blessed not now looking for a job, or a better one, the subscribe-to-the-Herald Tribune argument still holds: namely, that the way to know the news of the nation's cultural capital—and all the world news that filters through it—is to read that New York morning newspaper that is easier on the eye, faster on the mind, complete, accurate, terse . . . and better written.

Circulation Department
New York Herald Tribune
230 West 41st Street, New York City

Please send the New York Herald Tribune to the address below for the period of..

☐ Weekdays and Sunday ☐ Weekday ☐ Sunday

Name..

Address...

City..................................*State*....................................

RATES by mail, including postage, U. S., possessions and territories:	1 Year	6 Months	3 Months
Weekdays and Sunday	$15.00	$7.50	$3.75
Weekdays only	10.00	5.00	2.55
Sunday only	5.00	2.60	1.40

Home Sweet Home ...Equipped for Comfort on the AMERICAN PLAN

THERE'S going to be an oil-burner in the cellar . . . an end of furnace-tending . . . controlled, even temperature all winter to help avert the annual crop of croup and sniffles.

It isn't going to require any big outlay of money. This is not a pay-as-you-enter home. It will be equipped on the "pay-as-you-live and enjoy plan", typical of millions in America where buying on deferred payments out of budgeted income has become the golden rule of good living.

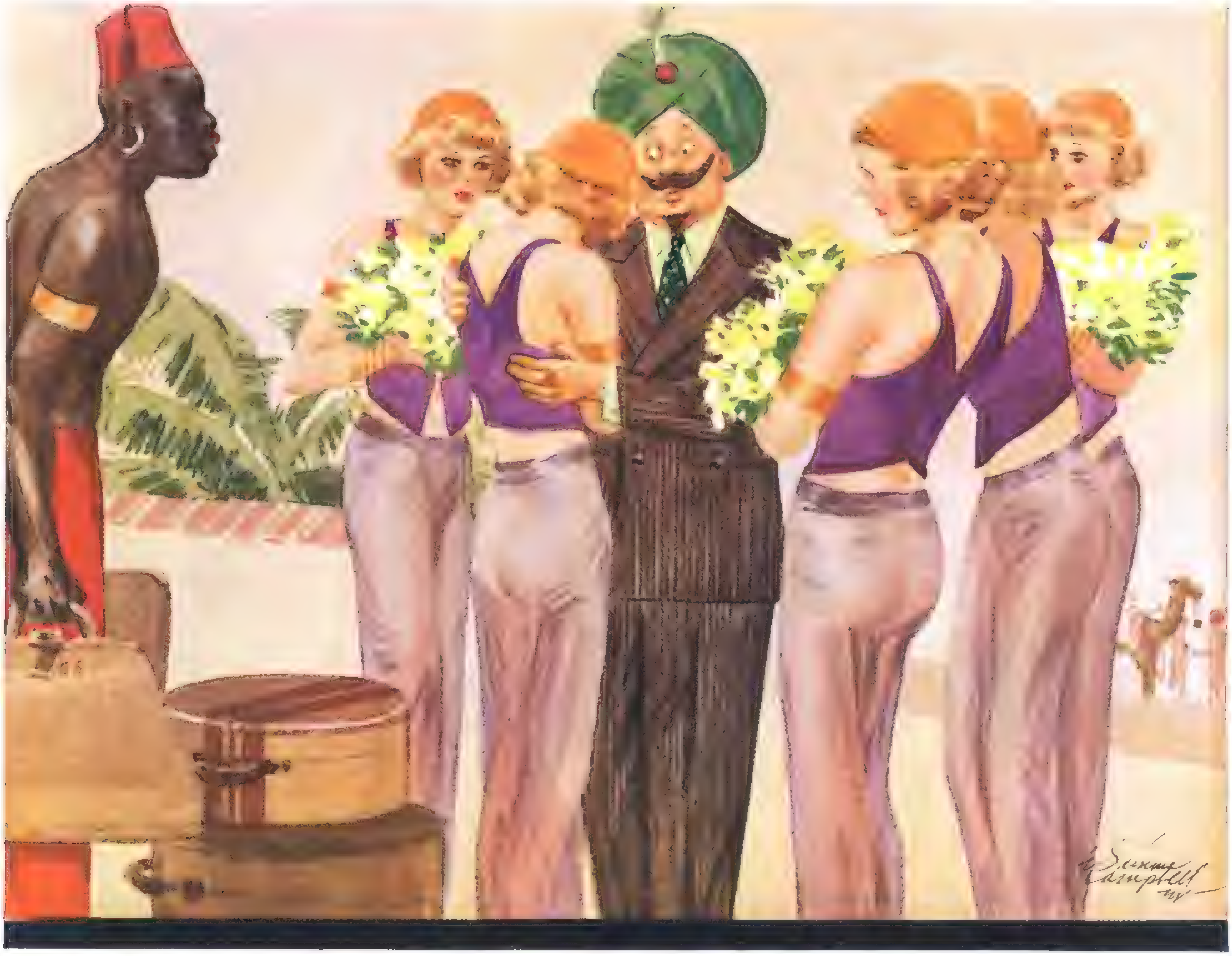
There'll be other things, too, to make home sweeter . . . and life cheerier. An automatic refrigerator in the bright new kitchen . . . a washing machine . . . a vacuum cleaner in the closet . . . a radio in the living room . . . a snappy new car . . . magic carpet of a nation that goes places and gets things.

Commercial Credit Company can aid you in the equipment of your home and the promotion of your family welfare. Simply tell your dealer, "I want to buy on the Commercial Credit Company time-payment plan". It is the safe, American plan of time financing at low cost.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

SERVING MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 179 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA



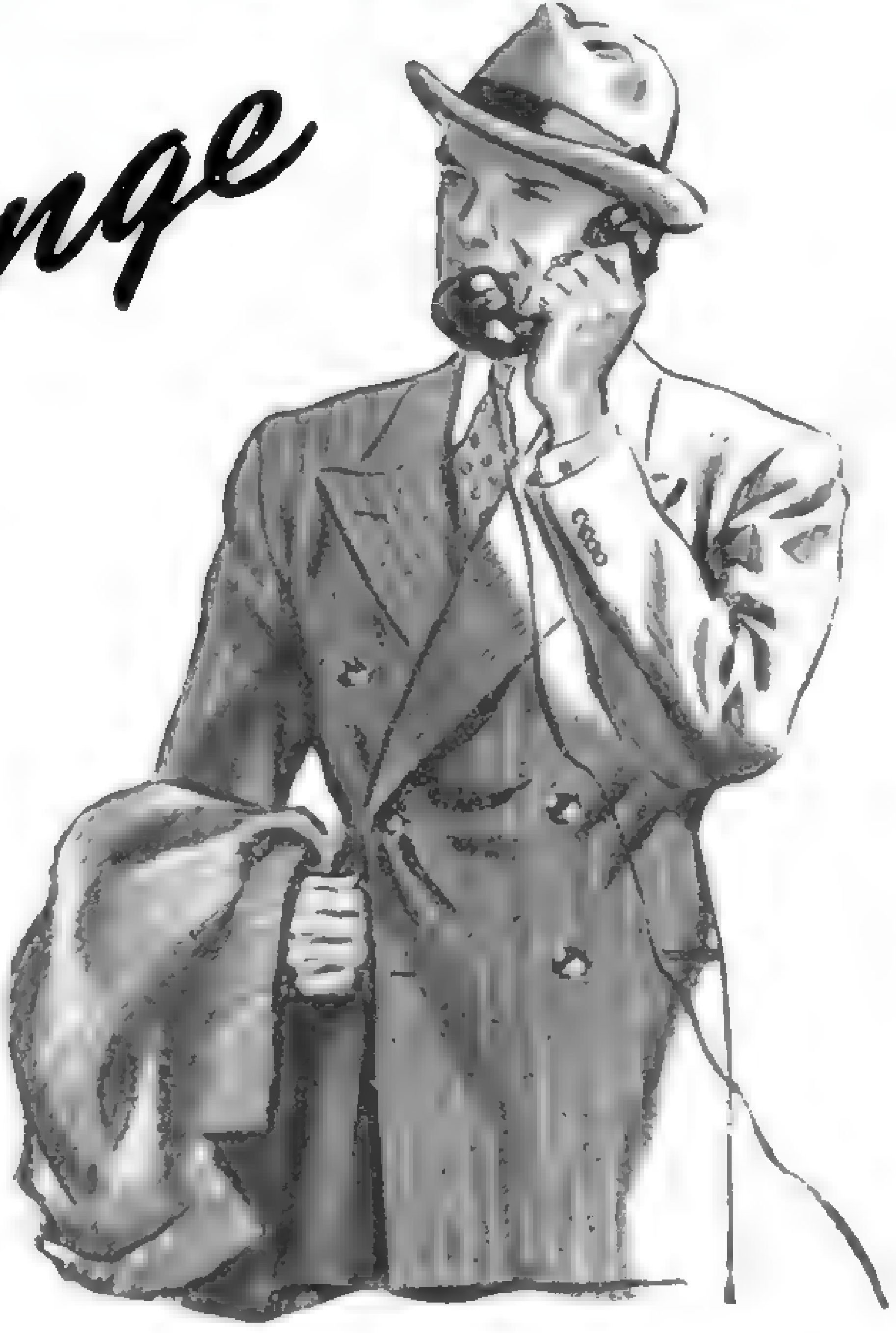
"I sure hate to let you go as the down payment on my new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit"

THE Sultan really doesn't seem to be too greatly perturbed, however, over the loss of little Salomé! Undoubtedly she's been a great comfort—but perhaps our short, fat friend realizes that, with what this new suit adds to his already magnetic charm, he'll have no trouble in replacing her by sundown.

And if Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes can do this for the Sultan's personality, you can be sure they'll do as much, and more, for you. For the smooth flow and drape achieved by Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring can take even the most difficult male figure and make it definitely smart. Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer is ready to show you scores of smart new, Hart Schaffner & Marx Styles—stop in tomorrow!

Savile Lounge

Well-dressed Englishmen are famous for the "easy" full-chested type of clothing which they wear. Now, this *new* Savile Lounge, as conceived and tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx, gives you a comfortable, broad-shouldered (but not exaggerated) lounge coat which follows the lines of those created by London's smartest tailors. In a wide variety of patterns.



WIN A COMPLETE HART SCHAFFNER & MARX WARDROBE
—or any one of dozens of other prizes

All you have to do is to write the winning caption for one of these famous Hart Schaffner & Marx cartoons! See your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for details! You don't have to buy a thing to enter!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Essay on Jiggling

Ode to the most pleasing of feminine charms, long unmentioned and unsung

by GEORGE A. McNAMARA

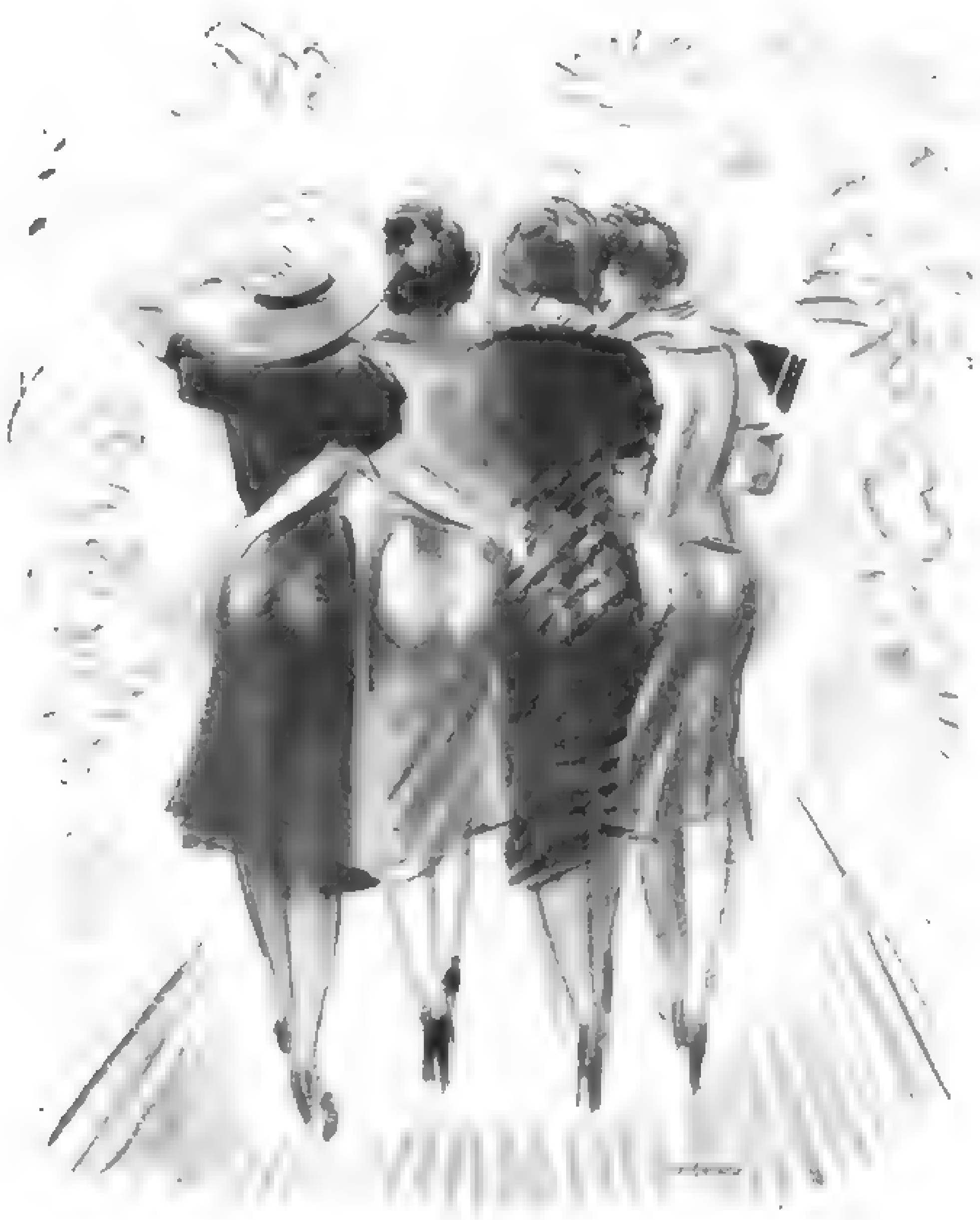
• ARTICLE •

Spring is here. The girls have emerged from their winter cocoons of cloth and fur and the jiggle is once more abroad in the land. All winter long the jiggle, that gayest decoration of the public scene, that champagne of movement which can be accomplished only by the human female, has been obscured from the public gaze by heavy fabrics and voluminous draperies. With the coming of spring, it has blossomed forth once more, lightly clothed in gay prints, to charm and adorn a drab and care-worn world. It gets more delighted attention than all of Mother Earth's new-born and colorful horticultural display. It inspires more of the bubbly, electric feeling of well-being than all of the conventional, publicized harbingers of spring together. Everybody sees the jiggling and each one is charmed by it. But no one has a kind word to say for it. It is treated as an infirmity, partly physical and partly moral and better not spoken of at all. Even the poets ignore it. They twang their lyres to the birds and the bees, the sunshine and the trees, they make grateful mention of the maiden herself, her eyes and her sighs, her dresses and her tresses but they say nothing at all about her pleasingly complicated mode of locomotion. They, like everyone else, avoid jiggling, in words, if not in the flesh.

This graceless convention has penetrated even to the irresponsible and carefree as I learned one day when I made, to a very young lady, a light and passing allusion to the girls' jiggling. She looked concerned for a moment. Then she leaned closer to me and in a confidential voice she implied a mild reproof. "They can't help it," she whispered. She sat back with such a pleased air of having been helpful and informative upon a delicate subject that only a brute could have said he thanked God they couldn't help.

This hypocritical shushing of something everyone sees and enjoys is a vestige of puritanism still successfully murdering the esthetic and charming. A lovely girl makes pleasant and cheerful any scene at all and she confers a favor upon each person who sees her. People look at her and after her because the sight of her pleases them. And she pleases them with no cold and static beauty.

The museums are full of classic marble compositions but their aisles are empty except for a few nearsighted grinds hunting for culture. She offers living beauty, youth in motion, cheerful and hopeful and gay. However serious her errand she proceeds to its discharge by a series of complicated evolutions which make everybody who sees her feel better. She jiggles. And in spite of all the shushing, in spite of her own earnest endeavors to proceed in only one direction at one time, various portions of her persist in swinging along on their own harmonic lines of motion. And the faster she hurries, the faster she jiggles. Even the Board of Education which has ruined more young women than any other force or agency is helpless before the jiggle and its young teachers are as entertaining as they are instructive. Advancing years, of course, take away their entertaining qualities and their cheerfulness but advancing years would do that almost as quickly without any help from the Board. The essential point is that all the girls, however admonished or instructed, continue to jiggle for the delight of the common people without any sanction from society or any intention of their own. Everybody sees it and enjoys it but only God approves of it.



In view of the conspiracy of silence on the subject, it is remarkable that we have such a word as jiggle. The meaning of the word is definite and widely understood—jiggling is what happens when a young woman walks. Or turns or bends or reaches or stamps her foot. And she approaches the absolutely ultimate in jiggling when she runs. Hers is a purely human achievement in this machine age. Machines may shake, they may vibrate or oscillate but they can never, never jiggle.

Although the meaning of the word is clear and definite, it is difficult to describe the jiggle because it is an integral part of the intricate succession of exercises by which women propel themselves from one spot to another. Of course women wiggle and the wiggling causes jiggling but the wiggling is beside the point. Wiggling is neither here nor there, we will confine ourselves to jiggling. A jiggle occurs when some portion of the body, having been left behind when the major portion was in motion and wishing to catch up, gives a sprightly bounce. In its anxiety not to be left alone, it overleaps its proper position and finding itself without support from the main body, it quickly retires too far, whereupon a secondary jiggle ensues. It is all liveliness and eagerness and gaiety. And as some parts are sliding back while others are catching up, each in its own tempo and arc, yet all somehow holding to the central movement, the effect is indescribably spirited and jolly. It is a symphony of motion *allegretto*, a symphony of joy and hope, a symphony with a message. It says in the language of the emotions, which is the proper language of a symphony, that it is not good for man to use all his energies in the grubby business of acquiring goods or to give all his thought to the injustices of society or to the dour contemplation of the future of his race. It presents, most appealingly, the lovely and the lively. And it makes plain that these things, with the good nature inherent in them, can give more happiness than all the efficiency and forethought in the world. Everybody sees the girls walking along and everybody is pleased and cheered up.

And the remarkable part of it is that the girls themselves have little to do with the cheer and good feeling they disseminate. Young ladies are essentially serious creatures. They lay deep plans for the most trifling adventures and they worry enormously over the most trivial eventualities. It is only their bodies which are lively and irresponsible and which, by their antics, keep them smiling and gay. And all the attractiveness they bring to the public scene is due to their brightness and eagerness and their general effect of uncontrollable but charming activity.

Consider Lois as she hurries to the office at a canter. She is all anxiety at what the boss will have to say if she is late. She is possessed of one idea. She is feverish with haste and concern. But does she present a picture of harassed distraction? Not at all,

Continued in center of page 245

Fast-Train Ike

When he took one of his spells and started hollerin, it scared all the women almost to death

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"OOOOOOOO—OOOUH—UH," the whistle screams. The black smoke rolls in great puffs—clouds with their sides puffing out and bursting into ash-colored and cream-colored swirls. "Ooooooooooo—ooouh," and the smoke falls in a stream back across the engine top like a rabbit laying its ears back and taking through the brush—back from the tall stack like smoke sucking groundward from the rock chimney at home when there's going to be fallen-weather. See the engine coming like a bench-legged bull—stout as a bull, mad as a bull, and charging against the wind—right down the track—two streaks of rust—red in the sunlight of August among the ragweeds and the rotted crossties. "Ooooooo—oooouh," and huffety-huffety-puffety-puffety and the bench-legged bull slows down for Fast-Train Ike's red handkerchief. Any bull will stop for red. People stick their heads out the window and look—look at the hills on each side the track—the old worn-out Kentucky hills and the sprouts and briars and the cinders along the track—the piles of rotted crossties—the dewberry briars among them—vining and crawling and running around over the company's premises without their permission.

"Ah," says Conductor Harry. (Everybody knows Conductor Harry on the O. L. S., The Old Line Special. He's been on this train for forty-nine years.) "I thought you wasn't going to ride this train any more. The way you've been acting ever since I've been on this road—w'y you've given us more trouble than any man that's ever gone to town with us. Keep the passengers scared to death the way you go on—" And Conductor Harry helps Fast-Train Ike on the train—a tall man with a long nose—with curly locks of uncut hair—hair that is going to seed—a man with a slow walk—a take-your-time walk—a man with big hands that dangle from pipe-stem arms. A mouth that is always about to say something and seldom ever does. Fast-Train walks into the last coach and takes his seat. People on the train draw their heads in at the window and quit looking at the old worn-out Kentucky hills, the saw-briars, the dewberries—and the sassafras sprouts on the hills. Women sitting by their men whisper in their ears and point to Fast-Train Ike. He is something for them all to look at—not a man in forty miles dressed like him. "Got the old time dress that man has. Big high stiff collar and the necktie outside. Tie pin big as a goose egg. That hat was the kind Grandpa wore—look at that suit won't you—wrinkled and old-fashioned—" And the train starts just as Fast-Train Ike sits down and picks up the paper. It leaves the station like a bench-legged bull. Mad because it had to stop for old Fast-Train Ike. Goes out huffety-puffety-huffety-puffety—mad, pawing and scraping—scraping and pawing—and belching hot cinders from his belly—mad as a bull right down the two streaks of rust. "Ooooooooo—oooooooo—woooo—woooooooooouh—uh—woooooo—uh—uh." And the clouds of smoke boil from the long stack—the big bull's-eye right up in front looks through the long dark tunnel ahead—one tunnel and then another—right down two streaks of rust over the rotted oak ties and the burnt-top ragweeds—down, down, down—down the grade. People on the train going somewhere. Going from the hills to the town—laughing, laughing—talking and looking out at the windows at the worn-out hills with sulphur blood streaming from their pierced sides where the railroad gets its coal—stumps on the hills where the railroad hauls its logs.

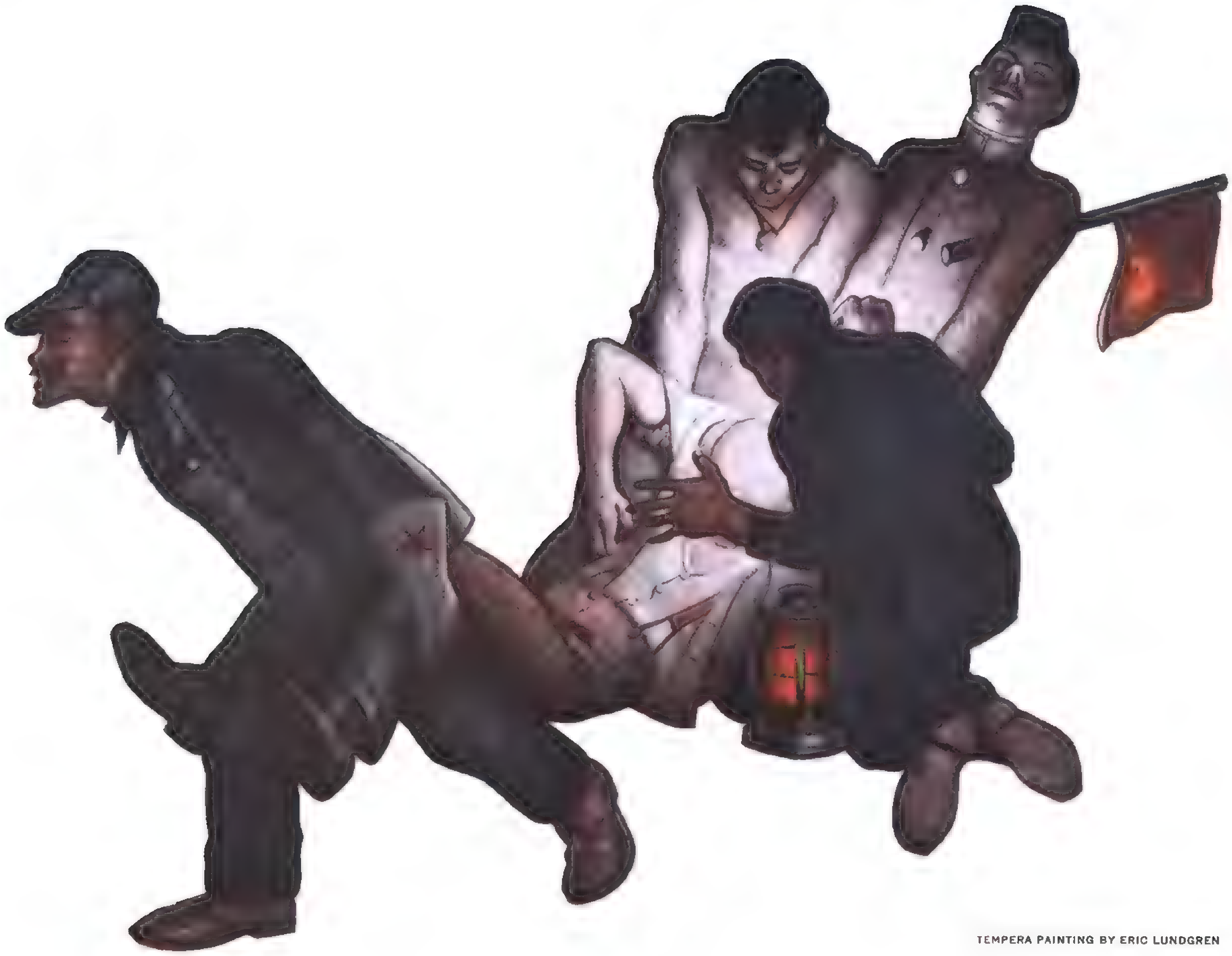
"W'y," says Conductor Harry, "we got that crazy old bachelor Fast-Train Ike back there on the train. Never was a man in this country like him. Have trouble every time he gets on the train. Raises cane and gets all the women scared. Says the train is going to wreck and kill him. Yet he's rid this train ever since I have been here—forty-nine years last April—seems to me like he's never changed his suit—I know he's always wore that big tie pin and read the paper. People know him for miles around. That's why they call him Fast-Train Ike. Just because he's afraid of the train. Brakeman Charlie keep your eye on him. Watch for him to take one of his tantrums. When he does—warn me. He'll have one when the sun goes down and it starts getting dark."

"Mama will that old Fast-Train Ike hurt you? I heard he would Mama—he's so ugly. Mama I'm afraid of him—" "Honey, Fast-Train Ike won't hurt you. He's been riding this train ever since I have. That's been thirty years. He's never hurt anybody yet." And the train moves on—a little bench-legged, one-eyed bull, with its square eye in the top of its head—right down the track a charging over the ragweeds—over the rotted crossties and the two streaks of rust—charging against the wind—going to town down the grade—down the grade to town. Sunset, but the one-eyed engine looks straight ahead for a tunnel—a dark hole in the earth and under—under the big rocks and the hills—one eye to see the bridges and there are so many of them across the rivers—bridges and trestles where the sawbriars climb all over the company's premises.

Ah, babies crying on the train. Men talking about coal in these hills, gold in the hills that the Indians left and silver among these hills—men talking about women—and women taking care of their babies and their men—women talking to each other about other women—getting acquainted on the train—laughing—laughing—talking as the wind blows past the coaches outside—the three passenger coaches and the mail car. Over the hills to a destiny—and the wind zooms in the rusty telephone wires and through the sawbriars along the right-of-way—along the track—coaches lumbering, lumbering, lumbering over the two streaks of rust—train going into the night following two streaks of rust—into holes under the hills and across rivers. See the sunset against an August Kentucky hill—a great blotch of blood above the trees. A blotch of blood that is growing darker—and the night is coming—night in Kentucky and the whippoorwills in the oaks—the zoom of the night winds among the rusted wires and the sawbriars—the people talking to each other—the laugh, the cry, the endless chatter—and all going to some destiny and some end.

"W'y they tell me that old Fast-Train Ike's got a whole pot full of money. W'y I've heard he wasn't crazy only on some things. Just afraid of a train. You know you've seen people crazy in some ways. There's a lot of ways to be crazy now—you know that. He can't be crazy and make all the money he's made. W'y the man has to be smart—" "Sssssssssss—he'll hear you talking about him. Leave him alone," says Conductor Harry, "long as he's contented with the paper. About the time he finishes reading the paper and sees dark against the window—and feels the train plunging into the darkness—then he takes his spell—God, and a lot of people on this train won't know about him. It takes too much time to go around and whisper it to people about him. It takes too long to explain to people. And when he starts hollering it'll scare all the women to death. They'll be lunging and plunging through these coaches like rabbits in front of a ferret in a hole. Maybe we'll have to stop the train. I'll run for representative next time myself and get to Frankfort to pass a law that no nut can ride a train. We need more laws about fools and nuts. I'll tell you the world is crazy or that man is one. We need more laws against men like him. I can't tell him to stay off the train. If I could have he'd not have been on this train in the past forty-nine years. So, sssssssshhhhhhhhh—don't bother him. For God's sake. Let him read the paper."

Fast-Train Ike turns the pages slowly and scans the grey pages—up and down and his eyes peep over the big-rimmed spectacles that cover his eyes. His Adam's apple moves in and out as he works his head. He reads the paper—and the train still huffety-puffety-huffety-puffety like a bench-legged bull



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

a running over to the other side of the pasture to fight another bull—right down the two streaks of rust now—plunging and lunging into the night. Kentucky's night winds try to follow the train. Hear them zoom among the rusted wires and the sawbriars—Hear them sweep across the hills—Hear them sweep into the night—mocking the voices inside the coaches—voices of women talking to each other and about their children, their loved ones, their homes, husbands and the women about them. Men meeting on the train and drinking—smoking together the fragrant weed—getting to be friends the first night. "I tell you if you never saw a fellow and you take a drink together—or a good smoke on a train—you'll wake up friends the next day. That's why Kentucky is one of the best states in this United States. We furnish the good whiskey to drink—Government booze—or mountain white mule. Just about anything you want. And it brings friendship between men and tides men over sorrows, trials and tribulations. It's a tonic—a medicine. And the fragrant weed is good to partake of—good to see the swirls of clouds go away from your lips when you are riding over the hills on a train—sitting on a good seat—riding a train into the night. And Kentucky grows the fragrant weed—great fields of it under the Kentucky sun—great fields of burley—great broad leaves flapping for men on the train to partake of in their pipes of peace—riding, riding, riding over two streaks of rust to some certain destiny with a nut on the train and only a few people knowing he is a nut when it comes to riding a train. And if you could hear the endless chatter here—if you could see the red moon on the low hills and hear the rumble and the tumble of the coaches in the night—the zoom of the wind in the rusted wires and the briars—and the moan of the engine's whistle—ah, if you were only here as we speed over the rough earth on a one-eyed train to some destiny—over the rivers, under the hills, over the hills and around the hills and up the valleys—speeding, speeding behind a mad bench-legged bull that stops for a red handkerchief and to get a drink of water—a bull mad and hot and blowing cinders from his belly into the night—red hot lumps into the night—when over our heads the red moon rides and the stars twinkle over the Kentucky earth.

"I told you," says Fast-Train Ike—"I told you didn't I—what the world is the matter you put me on this tail-end coach—Didn't I walk back there on the little porch—didn't I walk back there—come nigh as a pea walking off the train—and what do you think would have happened to me the way this train is going—tearing out down over these hills. Didn't I tell you once I didn't want to ride on the last coach. I want to be safer—ah, if I had any other way to get out of these hills—I'd never ride your train—ah, you low-down scamp of a conductor. You ought to be fired—think no more of your passengers than you do. Put me on the last coach—W'y this train is going to kill me. I am going to die on a train. How many times have I told you—how many times have you listened? Have you ever once believed me? Listen you will believe me—when I die you'll see that I die in a train wreck. Take my suitcase in another car. Get it—don't wait for someone else—carry it yourself. It's not going to hurt your hands."

"Stay off'n this train from now on," says Conductor Harry. "You have been more trouble to me than all the other passengers on this road. I've had them to get too much licker—want the winder raised—and I couldn't raise it quick enough—they've pulled their pistols and shot them out—vomited out the winders—paid me like gentlemen for the glass and said they's sorry but they were in a hurry and had to act—but you—you are the worst I ever saw—You stay off this train—I'd have this train stopped for a minute and put you off into the night—" "What's the matter Conductor—what's the matter—something wrong with the train—" "Oh, no my good woman—just this nut here—He's afraid of a train. Says he's going to die on a train—" "Yes, but I had a dream last night—a bad dream about a train. I dreamed it wrecked—yes, I did—honest—and it all comes back—a train wreck—God, but I can see it all now—I can see it—a train wreck." And she screams. "Oh, it's going to happen," says Fast-Train Ike, "it's going to happen. I've been forewarned fifty years ago. People think I'm crazy but it's going to happen. You all get prepared for we've got several more rivers to cross before we get to town—" "What did you say?" says the big red-faced woman with the little girl on her lap—" "I said," says Fast-Train Ike, "that this train is going to wreck. Get prepared for we've just a few more rivers to cross before we get to town. That is what I said Lady." "Why don't you get prepared yourself if you know the train is going to wreck?" "Lady I've been prepared for fifty years. Ever since I've had the dream—ever since I got the vision—ever since I've been forewarned. I've always taken my time about things. That's why I never married. I

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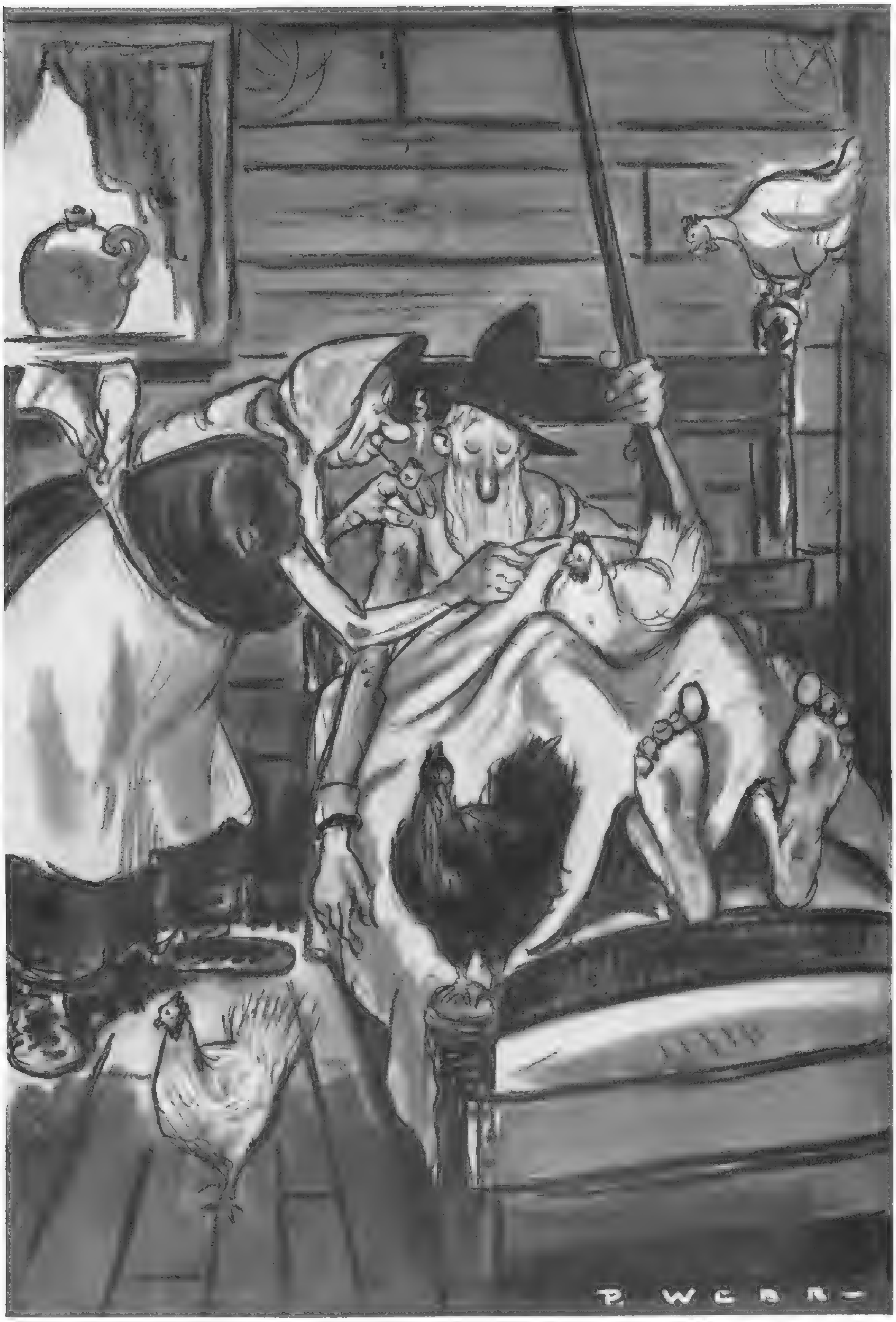


"Wake up, Toomer—hit's Spring—an' be keerful of tha eggs—these hens is settin'"

We Aren't Superstitious

How a few hysterical women incited the folk of Salem to a frantic lust for blood

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

■ ARTICLE ■

USUALLY, our little superstitious rituals and propitiations don't hurt our daily lives. Usually. And then, on occasion, a superstition—a belief—flares into crowd-madness and kills and kills again before it has run its course. As it did in Salem Village, in 1692.

That story is worth retelling, as a very typical example of what wild belief and crowd hysteria can do to an average community. For Salem Village, in 1691, was no different in any way, from any one of a dozen little New England hamlets. It didn't expect celebrity or notoriety and its citizens were the average people of their day and age. There was the main road and the parsonage and the meeting house, the block house, the Ingersoll house where travelers put up for the night, the eight or nine other houses that made up the village. Beyond, lay the outlying farms with their hard working farmers—a few miles away lay Salem Town itself—fifteen miles away, the overgrown village that was Boston. King Philip's War had been over for some fourteen years and the Colony recovering from the shock of it—there were still individual slayings by Indians but the real power of the Indian was very largely broken. Men might look forward, with hope, to peace and thriving for a time.

And, as for the men and women of Salem Village—they were tough and knotty stock, if you like, not widely lettered, not particularly tolerant, especially in religion—but no different from their neighbors at Andover and Topsfield or in Boston itself. There were sensible men and stupid men among them, model housewives and slatterns, trouble makers and more peaceable folk. The names were the Puritan names that we are accustomed to reverence—Mercy and Abigail and Deborah, Nathaniel and Samuel and John. They lived a life of hard work and long winters, drank rum on occasion, took their religion with that mixture of grimness and enthusiasm that marked the Puritan, and intended, under God's providence, to beat wilderness and Indian, and wax and increase in the land. They were a great deal more human, crotchety and colorful than the schoolbook pictures of dour-faced men in steeple-crowned hats would suggest. In fact, if you want to find out how human they were, you have only to read Judge Sewall's diary. He was one of the judges at the Salem witch trials—and heartily sorry for it, later. But his Pepysian account of his own unsuccessful courtship of Madam Winthrop, and how he brought her gloves and sweets, is in the purest vein of unconscious farce.

This be a Witche

And yet, to this ordinary community in the early Spring of 1692, came a madness that was to shake all Massachusetts before its fever was burned out. We are wiser, now. We do not believe in witches. But if, say, three cases of Asiatic cholera were discovered in your own home-town, and certified as such by the local board of health—and if your local newspaper promptly ran a boxed warning to all citizens on the front page—you would have some faint idea of how the average Salem Villager felt, when the "afflicted children" denounced their first victims.

For witchcraft, to almost all the New Englanders of 1692, was as definite, diagnosable and dangerous an evil as bubonic plague. It had its symptoms, its prognosis and its appalling results. Belief in it was as firmly fixed in most people's minds as belief in the germ theory of disease is in ours. Cotton Mather was one of the most able and promising young ministers of his day. But when, in 1688, in Boston, an eleven-year-old girl named Martha Goodwin accused an unhappy Irish Catholic laundress of bewitching her, Cotton Mather believed the eleven-year-old girl. In fact, he took the precocious brat into his own house, to study her symptoms and cure them by fasting and prayer, and wrote and published an elaborate, scientific account of his treatment of the case—which doubtless played its own part in preparing men's minds for the Salem madness.

True, there had been only some twenty witch trials in New England up to the Salem affair—compared to the hundreds and thousands of hangings, burnings, duckings, drownings, that had gone on in Europe and the British Isles during the last few centuries. But people believed in witches—why should they not? They were in the Bible—even the Bible itself said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." They were in every old wives' tale that was whispered about the winter fires. And, in 1692, they were in Salem Village.

Three years before, Salem Village had got a new minister—the Reverend Samuel Parris, ex-merchant in the West Indies. He seems to have been a self-willed, self-important man with a great sense of his own and the church's dignity, and, no sooner were he and his family well settled in the parsonage, than a dispute began as to whether the parsonage property belonged to him or to the congregation. But there was nothing unusual about that—Salem Village was a rather troublesome parish and two, at least, of the three previous ministers had had salary and other difficulties with the good folk of Salem. The quarrel dragged on like the old boundary dispute between Salem and Topsfield, creating faction and hard feeling, a typically New England affair. But there were boundary disputes elsewhere and other congregations divided in mind about their ministers.

But the most important thing about Samuel Parris was neither his self-importance nor his attempt to get hold of the parsonage property. It was the fact that he brought with him to Salem Village, two West Indian servants—a man known as John Indian and a woman named Tituba. And when he bought those two or their services in the West Indies, he was buying a rope that was to hang nineteen men and women of New England—so odd are the links in the circumstantial chain.

Perhaps the nine-year-old Elizabeth Parris, the daughter of the parsonage, boasted to her new friends of the odd stories Tituba told and the queer things she could do. Perhaps Tituba herself let the report of her magic powers be spread about the village. She must have been as odd and imagination-stirring a figure as a parrot or a tame monkey in the small New England town. And the winters were long and white—and any diversion a godsend.

In any case, during the winter of 1691-92, a group of girls and women began to meet nightly at the parsonage, with Tituba and her fortune-telling as the chief attraction. Elizabeth Parris, at nine, was the youngest—then came Abigail Williams, eleven and Ann Putnam, twelve. The rest were older—Mercy Lewis, Mary Wolcott and Elizabeth Hubbard were seventeen, Elizabeth Booth and Susan Sheldon, eighteen, and Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill, twenty. Three were servants—Mercy Lewis had been employed by the Reverend George Burroughs, a previous minister of Salem Village, and now worked for the Putnams—Mary Warren was a maid at the John Procters', Sarah

Continued in center of page 212

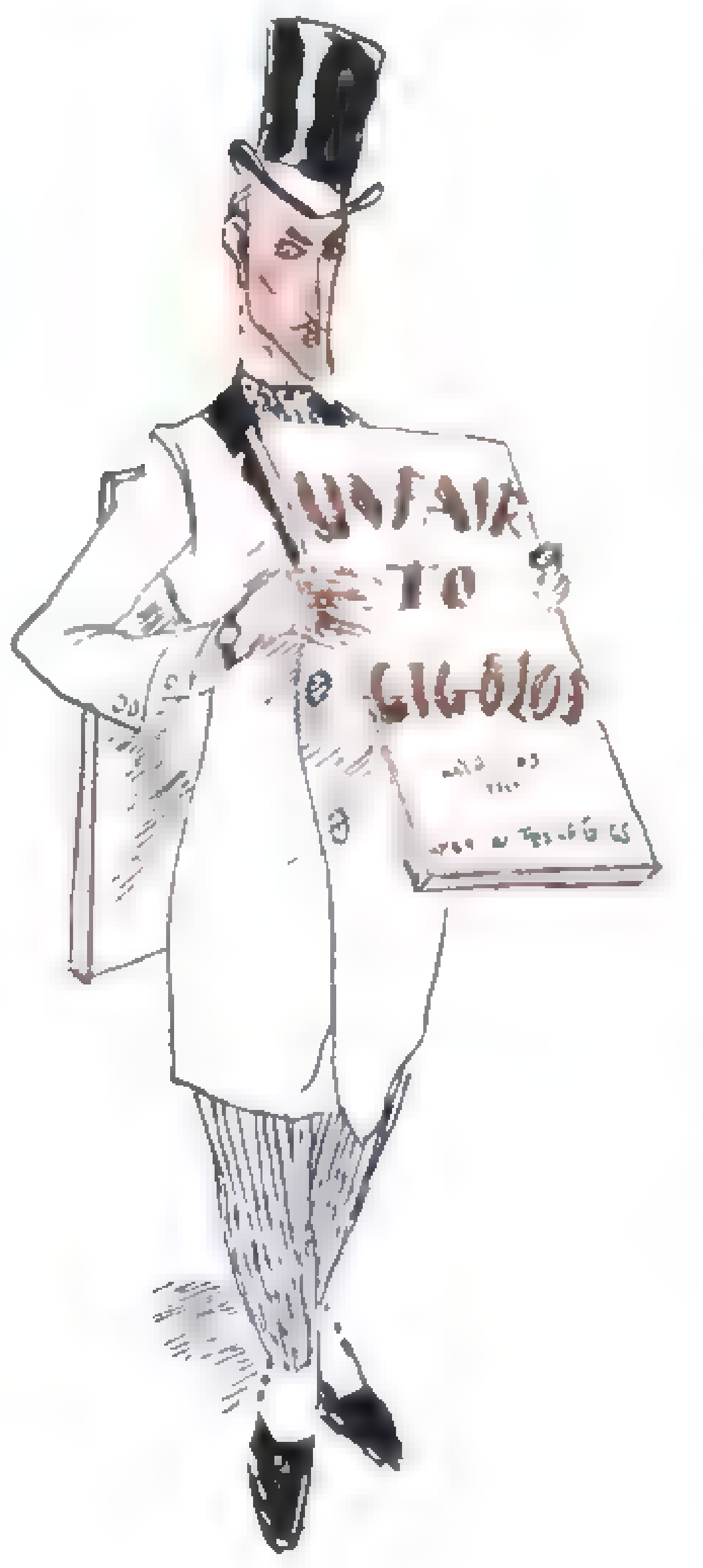
Local Boy Makes Heiress

How to marry for money with case histories of some bright young men

ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

SAY "fortune hunter" over here and it is immediately taken for granted that the reference is to some sleek, suave foreigner, either European or South American—never a citizen of these United States. American men, any chauvinist will tell you, don't marry for money. Just love. When a native son does happen to beat the foreigners in a race to snatch a matrimonial prize package off the altar, the press and public go to town with loud cries of, "Goody, goody! No fortune hunter got *her!*" The bridegroom may be no less impecunious than any Russian prince who came over here steerage to make the return trip in the royal suite with a rich bride, but that fact is overlooked. Or, perhaps, it is never taken into consideration for, as an upright, redblooded American it is quite out of the question that Rollo could possibly have been swayed in any way in his choice by any pecuniary considerations.



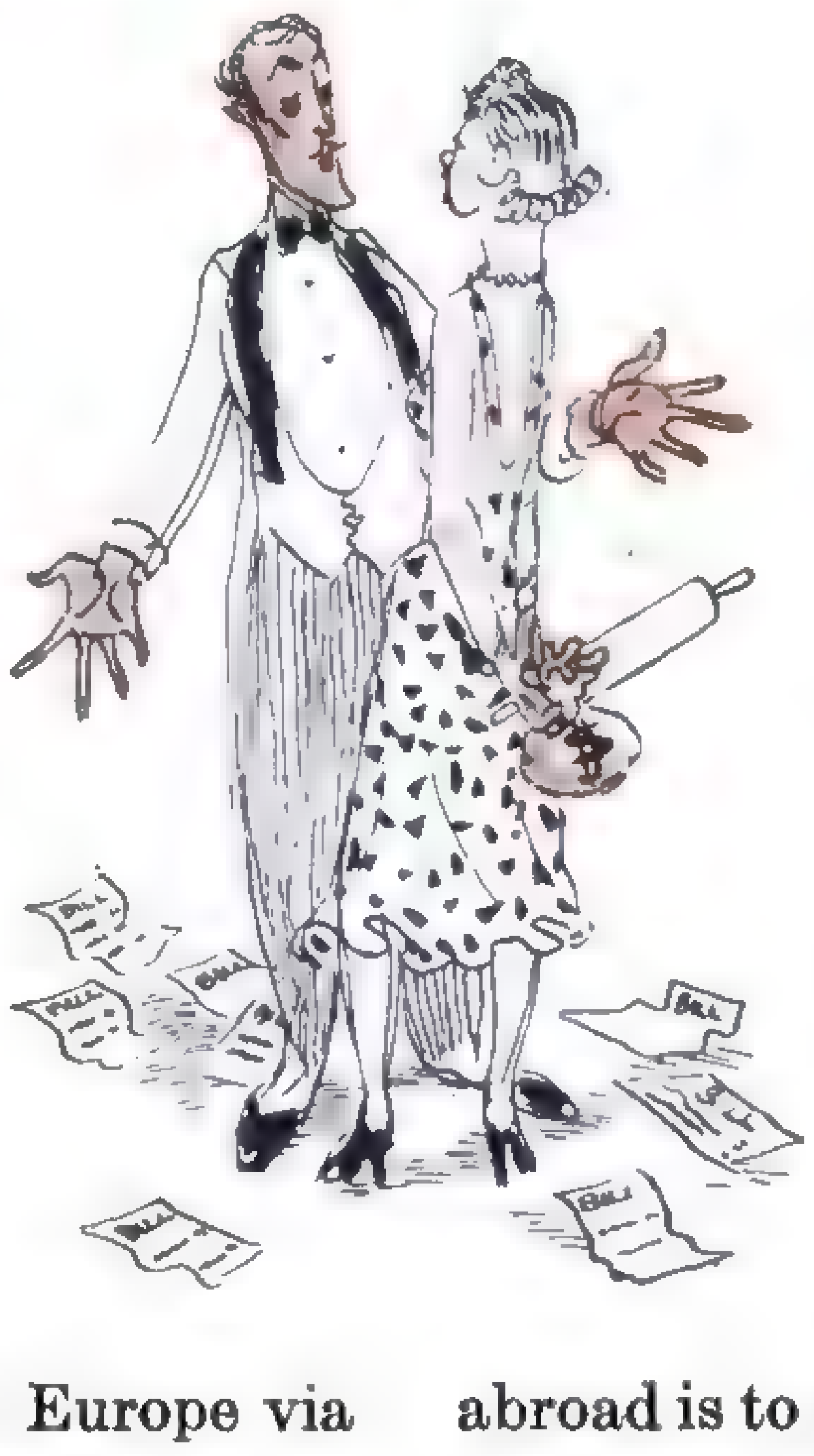
A woman may marry for money; there has never been any stigma attached to that. In fact, it is practically taken for granted that she will if she can. Where abroad a girl of the middle classes dreams of marrying a prince or a duke, over here, Cinderella's Prince is a Whitney or a Vanderbilt. A man, however, has always been expected to find lucre particularly filthy when connected with the girl of his dreams. That, at least, has been the American attitude until very recently and remains so with the general public. But, aside from the fact that several local boys have grabbed off heiresses before they could be borne overseas by greedy Latins, there are many straws showing very definitely the direction of a wind blowing away our national prejudice against men marrying money bags.

Right at this moment there are two serials running in magazines with a national circulation in which the heroes deliberately set out to get a wealthy girl. During the past year we have read some ten short stories with the same motif. Recently a questionnaire with the answers wrung from twenty-one-year-old boys of all walks of life throughout the country, revealed that these youthful idealists saw no objection to saying "I do" to a rich miss. A few dreamers did qualify it by adding that she must not be too unattractive. We have heard of a famous doctor in an important middle-western city who gives his internes fight talks the gist of which is the old saw about not marrying for money but marrying where it is.

An even more arresting sign of the trend of the times is to be found in advertising, that unfailing barometer of public opinion. We have been vastly interested in several of the little tales told in cartoons in which a young man having, with the aid of the particular product advertised, overcome such social handicaps as, shall we say warts, false teeth or a hairless chest, has won the love of a millionaire's offspring. In the final picture we see him setting off debonairely with tennis racquet or golf clubs, leaving a despondent friend who hasn't gone in for modern panaceas to sweat at a desk. "Since I've become engaged to Betty," murmurs our hero negligently over one shoulder, "I haven't had to work. Through her old man I sold enough insurance in one week to keep me going for a year."

Seeing that a national slogan is about to be paraphrased to, "Local boy makes heiress," and American men are going to bring their far-famed competitive spirit to bear on winning wealthy brides, we feel that it is about time someone warned them that marrying an heiress isn't all champagne and caviar. It won't even solve life's major problems for them. Usually it means working harder than ever before; sometimes it is even more expensive in terms of cash than endowing a poor girl with all their worldly goods.

Ordinarily, when a young man sets forth full of energy and ambition to make his fortune he does so with the idea of scraping together his million dollars as quickly as possible and promptly retiring. When he marries the fortune, he figures he has taken a short cut and that his working days are over right then and there. But he figures without American women and their papas who have definite theories as to man's place being in the office. If he read the papers with any care he would know better, since they are always filled with sad stories about disgruntled noblemen returning to Europe via Reno after discovering the peculiar prejudices held in this "so unceeveelized" land of opportunity. All we have to say is he had better read our warning with considerably more attention than he gives the tabloids and heed our words of wisdom if he wants to get anywhere, matrimonially speaking.



Our first bit of motherly advice to youths equipping themselves to take the so-called easy way would be to engage in one of three businesses—brokerage, travel agency or liquor. That would prepare them for the worst, because those are the three businesses that the husbands of ladies paying an eighty per cent income tax are inevitably set up in. It is seldom that an affluent wife demands that her pet make a great success of his work but work he must. So long as he has a desk she is satisfied; he is conforming to a code and, in an office, is supposedly more or less out of harm's way. In her eyes, secretaries, even of the Faith Baldwin type, seem to present fewer dangers than her own best friends.

Probably these particular three commercial enterprises are so much in favor because they depend on having the right connections. After all, the least that Mary's friends and family can do is let George buy a stock for them once in a while, or permit him to bring his great abilities to bear on reserving a suite on the *Queen Mary* or sending around a case of Napoleon brandy.

Of course, insurance has its points too. A good, old-fashioned spirit of *noblesse oblige* will cause Aunt Sally to turn to George when she wishes to safeguard her emeralds and there are such lucrative side lines as selling rain insurance to friends giving elaborate summer parties which would be flops were the bushes to be wet.

These careers, however, depend on the bride having the kind of social position that provides those oh-so-necessary connections.

But a lad who is content to seek his fate in an obscure mid-western town cannot do better than to enter the diplomatic service. Serving his country as third secretary will lend him the necessary glamor to attract a small-town girl who will be willing to spend father's farming implement millions to move in exalted diplomatic circles abroad. Anyway, she's pretty sure to want to get away from home and travel. This same diplomatic rating wouldn't get him anywhere with a New York heiress who prefers to remain on her own beat and whose idea of going abroad is to go off with five other New Yorkers to stay with New York friends who have taken a house in London for the season or a castle in Austria for the shooting.

Whatever the choice of career, it all adds up to the same thing: he will have to do some kind of work. These are the days when only a genius like a Mdivani can get an out and out settlement which permits him to spend his leisure and his wife's money on travel and polo. It is going too far, however, to be really successful at any job. We knew an ambitious boy who did that and lived to regret his zeal. He was so smart that, soon after reaching New York from a New England village he picked off one of the town's most important heiresses before she had even made her debut. (Aside to the wise: the time to catch a solvent bride is before she gets to be twenty and gun-shy or after she is forty, when she has been so often married and divorced that marriage is a habit.) He went into her father's brokerage firm where, impelled either by a New England habit of industry or an ambition to get rich on his own, he worked very hard indeed and soon graduated from looking after old ladies' investments to representing the firm on the floor of the Stock Exchange. This meant standing on his feet all day long, which would have been sufficiently wearing without getting up every morning to school the horses he had developed a capitalist's passion for. By seven in the evening he was so worn out that he fell asleep at the dinner table whether at home or in company. A dullish habit which eventually produced a divorce. Close attention to his job not only cost him his wife—it resulted in more trouble, for he has had to keep right on working to support the expensive tastes he developed in his luxurious surroundings.

It isn't only with long office hours that a boy has to pay and pay for the privilege of being a rich woman's darling. He often has to pay in cash too. At a dinner some time ago one of these lucky fellows, forgetting himself after a generous go at his father-in-law's excellent wine, turned to us while we were toying with a bit of grouse. "It's an impressive dinner, isn't it?" he remarked. "And do you know that I couldn't even pay for the silver bowl those flowers are in?" But, he went on to tell us, there was plenty that he was expected to pay for out of the small salary he earned in the inevitable broker's office. His troubles, it seems, had started right at the very beginning. He had borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars, more money than he had ever seen all at once, for the honeymoon. What looked like a very vast sum to a boy who had started out as a grocery clerk didn't last three days. He hadn't counted on the de luxe travel his bride took as a matter of course. She had never been anywhere without a maid so Marie went along; a hotel room, to her, meant a suite and a suite filled with dozens of roses; a dinner, particularly on a honeymoon, was incomplete without champagne; if they were going anywhere a car had to be hired for the day. And, after the first day when she went out alone for half an hour and returned with what seemed to him the entire contents of every shop in the place, our hero earned the reputation of the world's most devoted bridegroom for he was careful never, never to let her out of his sight again during the hours when the stores might be open.

In less than a fortnight they returned home, but only after he had borrowed another five hundred dollars as well as running up innumerable bills on the credit extended him on the strength of his wife's maiden name. It was only a year later that her family finally faced the fact that their daughter had married no great business genius and agreed to give her an allowance. Even that didn't help him much for she soon divorced him. Strangely enough, for the same reason the other girl left the go-getter: he fell asleep every evening at nine o'clock. The moral would seem to be: Marry an heiress and cure insomnia!

Several years ago the great *cause célèbre* of a Palm Beach season was the elopement of the most gilded of the Gold Coast debutantes with a man who, though a complete "unknown" to her family and friends, had just made a reputation in the literary world as the author of a fantastically successful novel. After the marriage her parents pulled the time-worn "Never darken my doors again" line and the couple went abroad to live without financial aid from papa until that gentleman's wrath cooled. The bridegroom felt that it didn't really matter if the cooling process took several years since, what with movie rights, etc., he had cleaned up about a hundred thousand dollars on his book. But even in Paris with the exchange in their favor, it didn't take his love much more than a year to spend his all. One afternoon, for instance, she went out and bought ten thousand francs worth of lingerie. It was hopeless trying to explain that people didn't usually buy panties in five hundred dollar lots. That was the way she was accustomed to shopping and that's the way she went right on shopping. When she returned to the parental roof to sue for divorce, the husband went back to work with the resolution that next time he would marry a poor girl. It would be less costly.

If the husband of a wealthy girl is going to keep any of his own money he has to show extraordinary firmness right from the start or he is lost. We do know of one such man who tolerates no nonsense. There is a definite line drawn between what he considers his obligations and what he considers his father-in-law's. On one occasion he was overheard to say to his wife who was convalescing from the measles, "If your father thinks that I'm going to pay the bills for all those doctors and nurses he's crazy. They are his lookout. Measles is a disease you should have had when you were a child!"

Sometimes it isn't only keeping a girl in lingerie, Paris frocks, flowers and so on that makes marrying an heiress expensive. It is the sudden outcropping of old debts such as made life and honeymooning a very grim business for a playboy who had had a gay time without bothering to pay cash for it. When, after sowing his wild oats he found himself without credit or oats, so to speak, he thought to solve his problems by conferring his name on a moneyed maiden. No sooner was the marriage announced than his creditors, who had quite given up hope of getting blood out of what had proved to be so patently a turnip, cracked down on him as one man with demands for immediate payment and lawsuits. Thinking that it might be demanding too much of a young girl to learn all the facts of life at once he hastened to take his wife abroad to await a more tactful moment than the honeymoon for mentioning large cash sums.

There is more to this paying and paying business than the merely worldly and practical side. Apparently it is vaguely humiliating to be known exclusively as Mr. Richpot's son-in-law, particularly for a man who has made a success in some unpublicized field such as science. That seems to be the kind of thing no man can bring his sense of humor to bear on. We have seen several try to be funny about their position in the household but their little jokes don't quite come off. One realizes that if they did not resent the situation so bitterly they wouldn't bring it up at all. The only time that we ever heard one of these forgotten men raise a real laugh was at a cocktail party when his wife was trying to get him home in time to dress for dinner. Each time she got him to the front door he would elude her grasp and run back to the drawing room. Finally, about the fifth time he had escaped and been caught again, he turned as he was going through the door and called to the other guests, "You've got to say that for a man who married for money I have more spirit than anyone you've ever seen!"

At that, he was probably right since it doesn't take an heiress long to break whatever spirit her husband may have had when he married her. Any American woman can do that in one year to a man who is supporting her—there's nothing to it when the money is hers!

And the money always is hers. In prewar days when a title meant so much that it could command big prices, hard-headed American business men were willing to conform to the European custom of making a marriage settlement for the use of the exalted personage about to become a part of the family. Since then, however, Alexis Mdivani stands alone in a long list of men who have made brilliant "matches"—he actually succeeded in getting a slice of Woolworth money outright. In all other cases that have come to our attention, the wife holds the purse strings in her own thin little hands. Even when her family presents the romantic young things with an allowance it goes to the girl to dole out as she sees fit.

The one heiress of our acquaintance who would be only too willing to turn her money and the spending of it over to her Latin

Continued in center of page 232

The Painted Mirror

There was something strangely terrifying in the land that lay beyond the looking glass

by DONALD WANDREI

• FICTION •

When Papa Khevi moved to a new city and began again in another old shop that he had bought, Nicholas knew before he saw them that three faded golden balls would hang outside the door. It had been so nearly as long as he could remember. A year here—sell and move. Two years there—sell and move on to another shop, a different town.

It had not been so when Mama Khevi lived. But of her little Nicholas had only a vague dream that grew fainter each year. Then, long past, the three of them had dwelt in the place of strange, curious things, had always dwelt there; but after Mama Khevi died, a change came. Not many months later, Papa Khevi grew restless. He took the lad westward. And westward they went, from year to year, while Papa Khevi seemed ever more silent, with the odd, puzzled expression that troubled Nicholas showing more often in his eyes.

Like the others, this shop flaunted an array of objects that enthralled Nicholas for days—marvelous watches, magic cameras, guns, musical instruments, a rack of clothing, rings and bracelets, medals, paper currency and golden foreign coins, tarnished silver plate, oil-cracked paintings, an immense array of articles ranging from small treasure to junk.

But Nicholas saw it all as treasure-trove. Each piece told a tale of adventure among the inhabitants of far places. Nicholas learned every story merely by looking at the object. It was as simple as imagination.

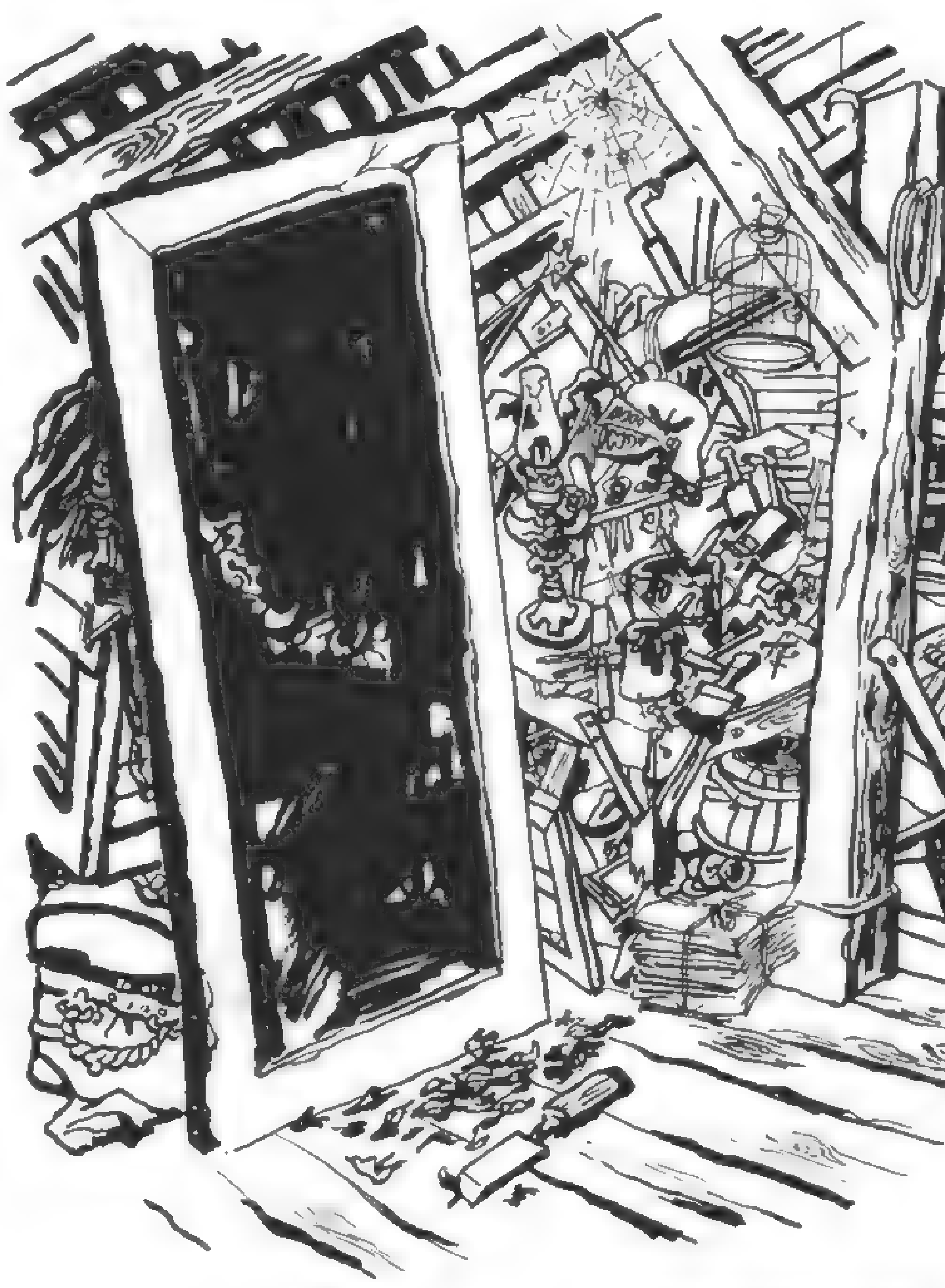
While Papa Khevi puttered around the shop, straightening the showcases, dusting shelves, polishing a vase, or picking odds and ends for removal, Nicholas would take himself to a corner with his latest find. Nicholas had a knack of unobtrusively fading into the dark, shadowy spots where no one noticed him.

Not that there were many intruders. Papa Khevi was always gruff, or surly, with clients who came to buy. He put ridiculously high prices, which he refused to lower, upon even the most tawdry jewelry. He discouraged sales. Once in a while, despite his efforts, a purchaser met his asking price without quibble and walked away with the loot. Then Papa Khevi was cross the rest of the day. But he welcomed those who brought however little to pawn. He appraised the article, appraised the victim, estimated the need, and offered a trifle more.

Sometimes the police came, searching for stolen goods. Then Papa Khevi was all smiles. But at such times Nicholas stayed out of sight, because his father hated police, he never knew why, and after they had gone went around mumbling to himself.

It was on one of those occasions, when the measured tread of the police sounded through the opening door, that Nicholas discovered the mirror.

He scampered to the back of the store and the two tiny rooms that they lived in. He usually remained there until the police left, but he thought that the heavy steps followed him. He dashed to the stairway, forgetting that Papa Khevi kept it locked, and that he had yet to find the door open. It opened readily this time. He was up the first flight before he remembered that it should have been locked. He listened, listened, his heart a-flutter, but the heavy tread died out far away.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

At the top of the second flight there was a single window. He peered through its grimy glass, and rubbed it hard with his hand. He cleaned an oval spot. The soot outside kept him from seeing more than the outline of one- and two-story buildings, brick rows, beyond them the bluffs, and below them the river.

The gloomy light that filtered in showed him, when he turned, an attic crammed with bundles. Yellowed papers wrapped them and covered the barrels standing around. There were boxes filled to the brim. A whole new wonderland of stacked books, picture-frames, trunks, hanging shrouded wraps, bureaus, tin cartons, and scattered unsorted heaps of stuff lay before him. He came across rolls of wallpaper, streaked cans of paint, brushes whose bristles had dried into a tightly cemented mass. A workbench was littered with dull, rusty tools.

Nicholas poked among these heaps of new treasure. It would take weeks to explore the attic thoroughly. It must have been accumulating its hoard from the day that the building was finished. The successive owners must have added to the collection without disturbing it. What few cobwebs he found sagged with the dust of years.

The roof, from its apex over the exact middle of the attic, slanted down to make an acute angle with the floor on all four sides. Uncovered beams, dry and fissured, formed the ribs of the roof. Resting on the floor, and tipped against these beams in one corner, stood a thick pile of screens and windows. At the very back of the pile, however, leaned an object of a different sort. It seemed to be a large, heavy pane of glass, a mirror.

Nicholas patiently dragged the screens and windows aside in order to get at the mirror. It must be a very special mirror or it would not have been so well concealed.

With the last of the frames removed, he felt a pang of disappointment.

A coat of black paint covered the entire face of the mirror.

Nicholas remembered that a can of black paint, partly used, and a brush caked with black paint lay in another part of the attic. Some previous occupant, then, had taken pains to render the mirror useless. Why? It would have been much simpler to shatter the glass. Why had someone avoided breaking the mirror, but at the same time destroyed its value?

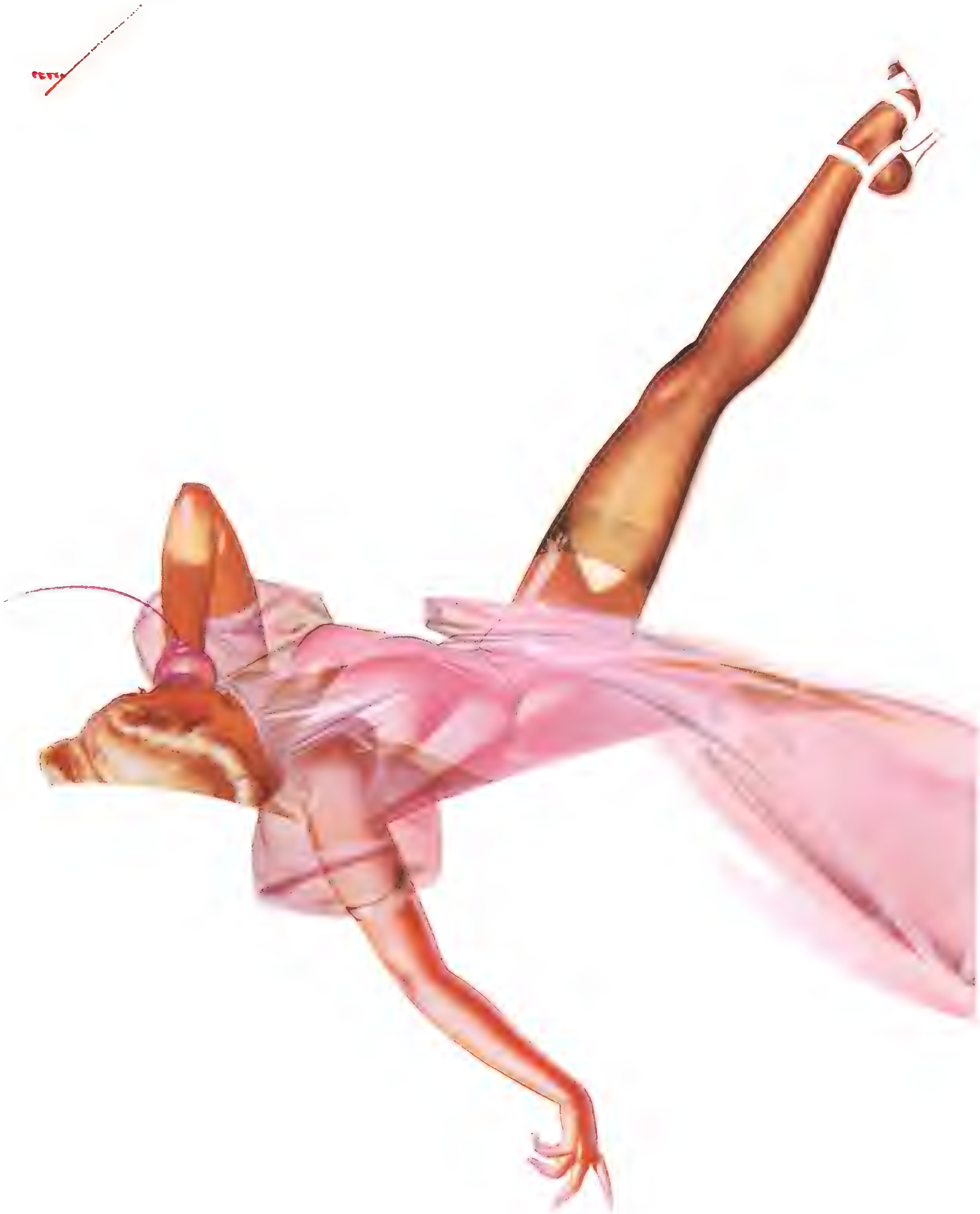
Here was mystery, adventure, beckoning him. He went back to the workbench and picked out a chisel. The chisel had an almost blunt edge, but it served well enough for scraping the paint off the mirror.

The black coating cracked away in tiny flakes. At the end of an hour's hard work, he had cleaned an area somewhat larger than his two hands. He toiled for another hour before his arms grew tired.

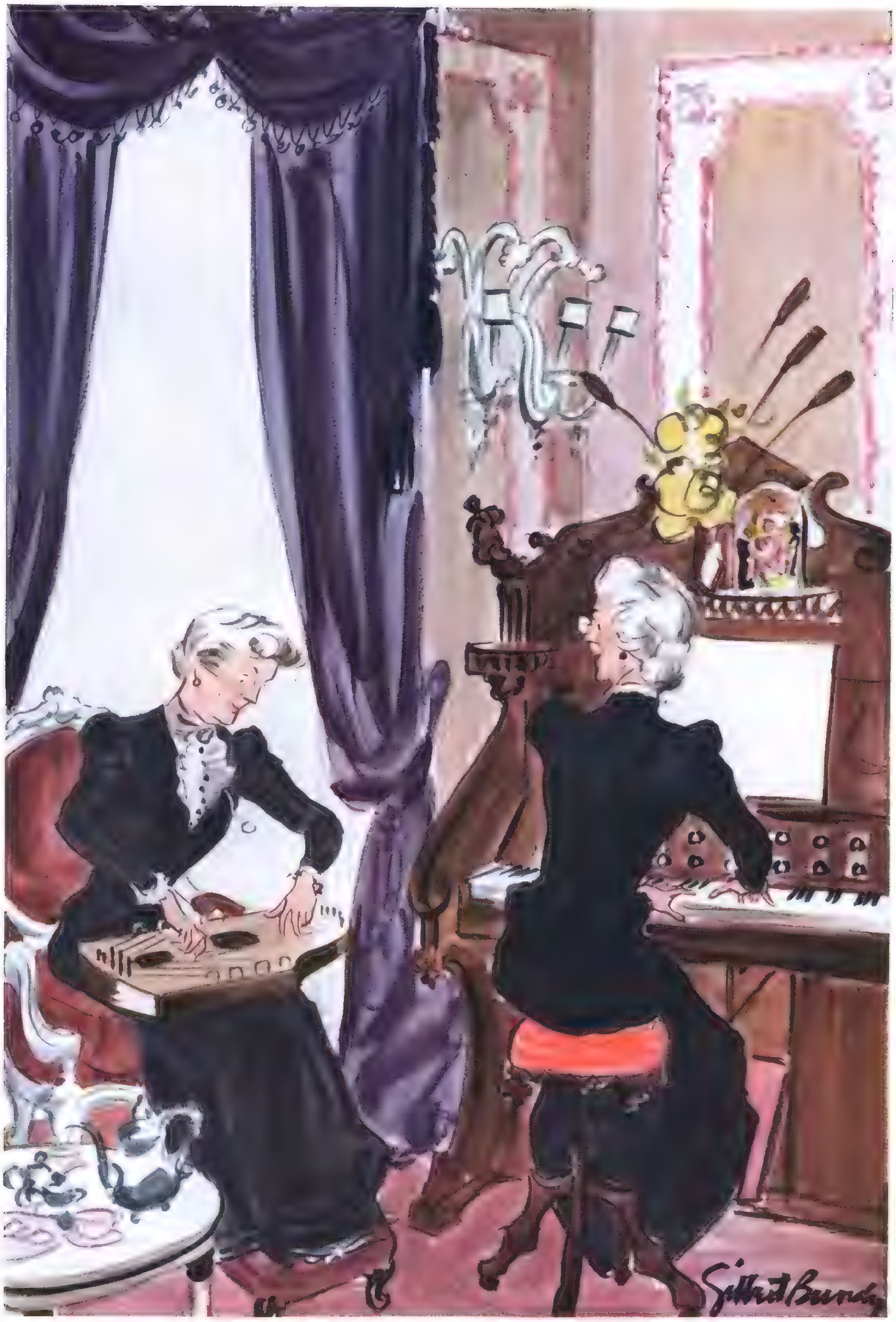
A feeling of excitement had come over him, for this was, indeed, a magic mirror. He knew that already by the surface he had exposed, now as big around as a plate.

The mirror, as all mirrors should, reflected an image. But that image was not Nicholas, nor any object in the attic, nor any part of the attic! He could not make

Continued on page 118



"I'm not worried about that—I've got a share the wealth plan that really works"


Gilbert Bundy

"You're in the groove, Daisy—ride on down!"

Sporting and Mufti Tailor

It isn't British to barge in and order a suit, cold—you must be properly introduced

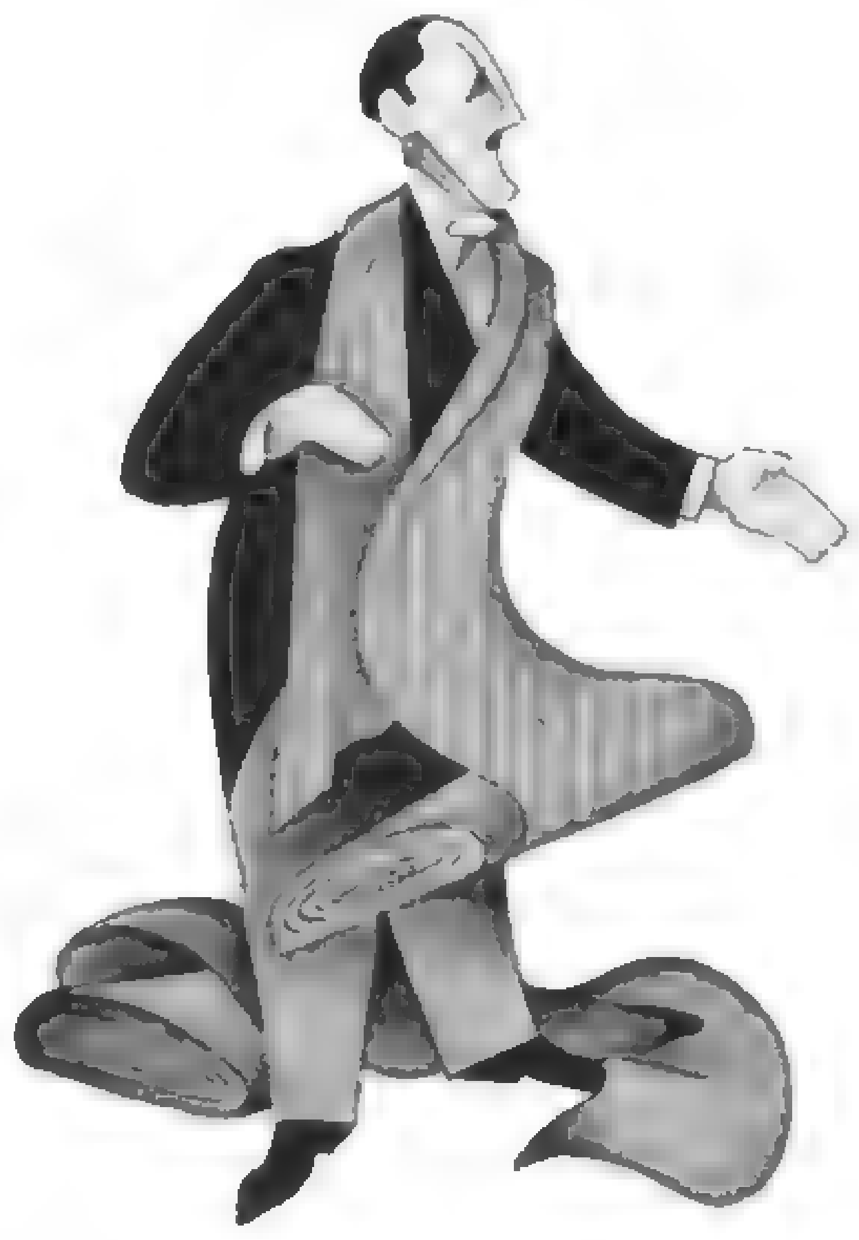
by JOHN R. TUNIS

ARTICLE

IT WAS my first experience with English tailors. And with English salesmanship. "That's a pretty good piece of cloth. It'll wear pretty well, won't it?"

He didn't answer. Instead he took the bolt of heavy brown cheviot, unrolled several folds and draped them over his extended leg. After admiring it for a minute he tossed it back on the counter.

"It will do, sir."



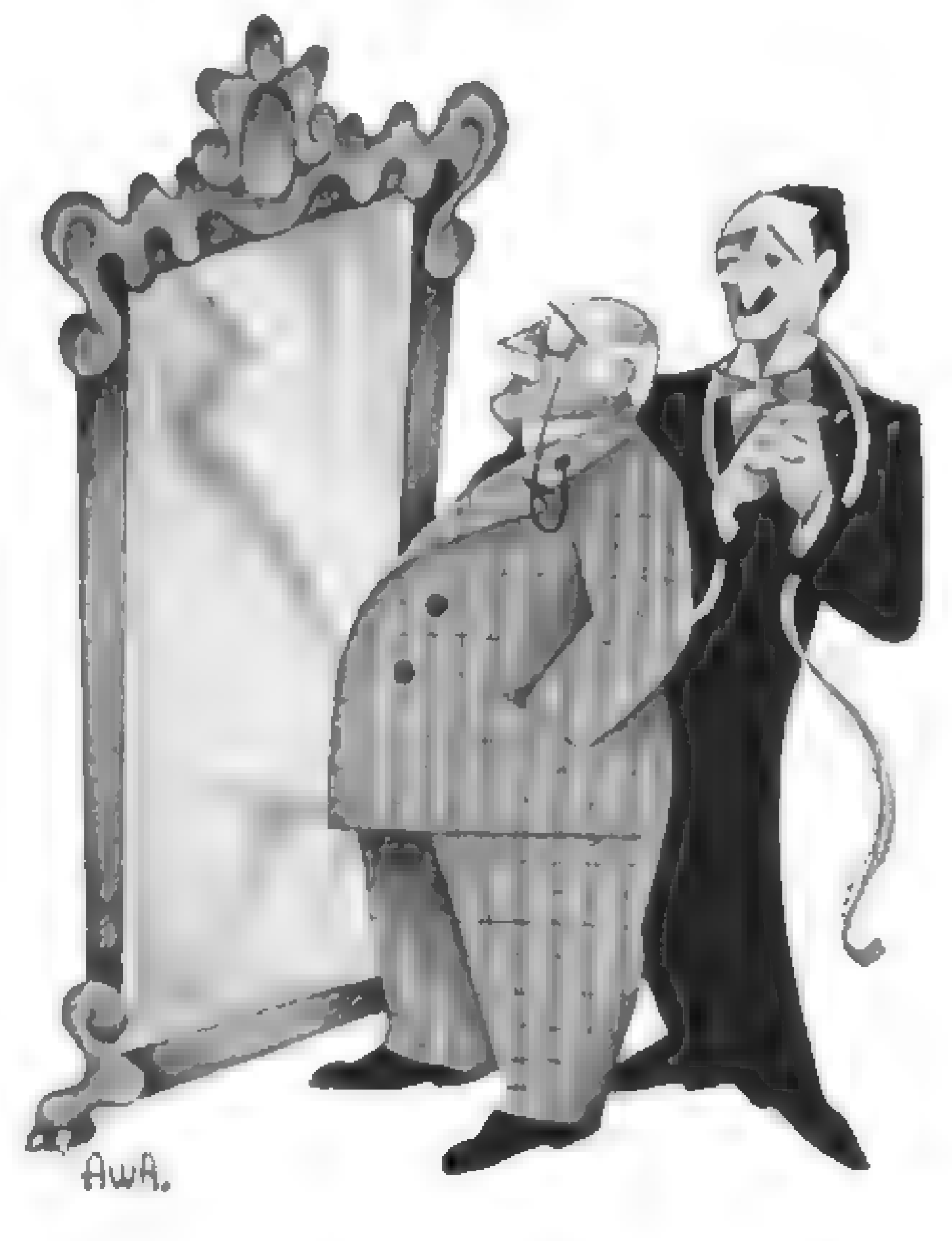
"But—isn't it—isn't it really a first-class piece of goods?" As one accustomed to American methods of selling, this was shocking. By rights he should have asserted that it was the finest suiting on Jermyn Street. If not the finest in London. Or possibly the best in the world. No, he replied in a quiet tone.

"It will give you good service, sir." Nothing more. No use selling that English tailor his own stuff. That was all I could get out of him. It would give me good service. So it did. A suit and an overcoat of that material lasted for several years. Then it was thrown into moth balls while the owner went to war. Afterward it was hauled out, worn three or four years more, and eventually when everyone concerned was heartily sick of it, given to the Salvation Army. Someone somewhere is still wearing it. Of course that was pre-war suiting. The man who waited on me, in 1911, is now the Managing Director of the firm. Clients, even old clients of twenty-six years' standing, don't see him often. But last summer I was reminding him of that suit. "Ah, they don't make material like that nowadays."

No more they do. Yet if English materials have changed in a quarter of a century, English salesmanship has not. Nor have English tailors and their shops. The little establishment in the West End of London, just a few doors from the place where King Edward VII housed his mistress at the turn of the century, is exactly the same as it was twenty-six years ago. The same bolts of cloth on shelves reaching to the ceiling. The same frosted front preventing the profane passer-by on Jermyn Street from gazing into the interior. The same tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of the bell over the door as you enter. The same brisk step from the cutting room in the rear. There are changes in the world, but not among the Guild of Merchant Tailors in the town of London, of which the Managing Director of this firm who cut my suit in Nineteen Eleven is now President.

Tailor shops typify the country in which they are situated. In Germany tailors are military in tone. There's much clicking of heels, bowing from the waist, uniforms of various kinds are in evidence on the dummies, there are designs for uniforms on the wall. In Germany the tailor's shop is a guard room. In the United States it's a business office. There is a general air of brisk efficiency. Small squares of materials are placed in scrapbooks so you can look them over quickly. Hard stiff-backed chairs don't invite you to linger. This is a business outfit. It's run like an office. No time to waste here.

The English tailor isn't in the least interested in the army as a rule. Nor is he running a business on production lines. His place is a club for men and the members are his clients. Along the front of the shop runs a wide counter with bolts of cloth spread out. There are two huge leather armchairs before a coal fire and a table on which is *Sketch, Tatler* and the *Bystander*. The table also holds an opened box of fifty Benson and Hedges cigarettes, several boxes of matches and a copy of this morning's *Times*. The atmosphere of the place invites you to stay. Buying a suit here is a rite. The Britisher doesn't expect to do it in a hurry. He'll spend an hour or more and the tailor wants him to. This place isn't an office, it's a club.



A club that anyone can join? Not at all. This place is a club and run like a club. You don't just go into a club and say you'd like to buy a meal, and you don't walk into John Walls or any West End tailor and say you'd like to order a suit of clothes. If you did, the senior member of the firm would advance from the rear and tell you firmly he was sorry but he couldn't oblige you. Believe me, that's that. Even one's own tailor takes no nonsense. In twenty-six years I've never opposed his wishes. When he says a certain suiting is not for me because it doesn't wear well enough, he is saying he won't make it up for me. No use arguing.

You're introduced to a good London tailor just as you are to a club. You may laugh at this way of doing business, but you have to admit that three generations of one family have been in the firm, carried along the business, and prospered. So there must be something in their methods. Naturally they see no reason for changing, although the head of the firm assured me last summer that things weren't what they used to be. The bookkeeper who sat in the tiny office leaning over the three-foot ledgers from which he sent out bills on Lady Day (March 25) and Michaelmas (September 29) had died. Now there's a new bookkeeper and a typewriter in the office. Imagine, a typewriter!

Yes, the English tailor runs a club and the Englishman looks on it with an air of proprietorship. He talks of his tailor as "my man," and says, "Why don't you come to my man, he'll do you for a guinea less." When a Britisher says that, take it as a compliment. He means he is willing to introduce you to his tailor. You are going to be proposed for membership in his club.

At this club you pay in guineas. In the olden days the current coin was a golden guinea, worth one pound and one shilling. There are no guineas in circulation today, but the tradition still persists and the London tailor gets five per cent extra on all purchases. As a rule you pay from twelve to seventeen guineas, (sixty to seventy-five dollars) for a lounge suit, and from fifteen to twenty-two guineas (seventy-five to a hundred and ten dollars) for a dress suit. Besides this, you have other privileges at this club, because the average London tailor performs various confidential services for his client that no American tailor would think of rendering.

Thus he receives, holds, forwards or destroys mail. He is willing to get them anything within reason at any time. A client wires from Kenya Colony where he has been stationed three years, that he is coming to London to be best man at a wedding the afternoon that he arrives. He wants a complete outfit ready. It is; cutaway, striped trousers, waistcoat, necktie, shirt, socks, shoes and silk hat. Everything fits perfectly, too.

The West End tailor is a combination of banker, secretary, confidential adviser, and even bartender. In London you commonly drink at certain hours, during lunch, dinner, or after the theatre. So a Bond Street tailor runs a regular speakeasy for his customers. You take an elevator to the third floor where there is a completely equipped cocktail lounge with bar. There's only one rule here. You can drink as much as you like, but you

Continued on page 208

Left Shoe, Right Shoe

John was the dullest of plodders, so she thought till the thunderbolt fell

by HERMAN FRIEDLANDER

• FICTION •

Ethel felt that she must scream if John ever said that again.

Yet what had he really said? "It's a bit warm tonight," he had remarked as he draped his shirt over the back of the chair. Surely no harm in that; surely the obvious thing to say on a warm May night.

That was the crux of the whole matter. John, the considerate and loving husband, but also John, the obvious, John, the repetitious. John the obvious to the point where everything that he said and did was gauged by what he said and did yesterday for so many yesterdays that it was maddening, that it was slowly driving Ethel insane.

It mattered not that John said it was a warm night so much as did the reiteration over the years, his comment on the weather night after night, month after month, year after year. In the spring it was, "It's a bit warm tonight." In the summer, "It's a bit hot tonight." In the fall, "It's a bit chilly tonight." In the winter, "It's a bit cold tonight."

That was just like John, always the same thing in the same place. John the immutable always wore his clothes the same way; John always liked his breakfast eggs done the same way; John always caught the same train to the city; John always returned on the same train in the evening; John always sat in the same chair; John always read the same newspaper; John always went to sleep at precisely the same time.

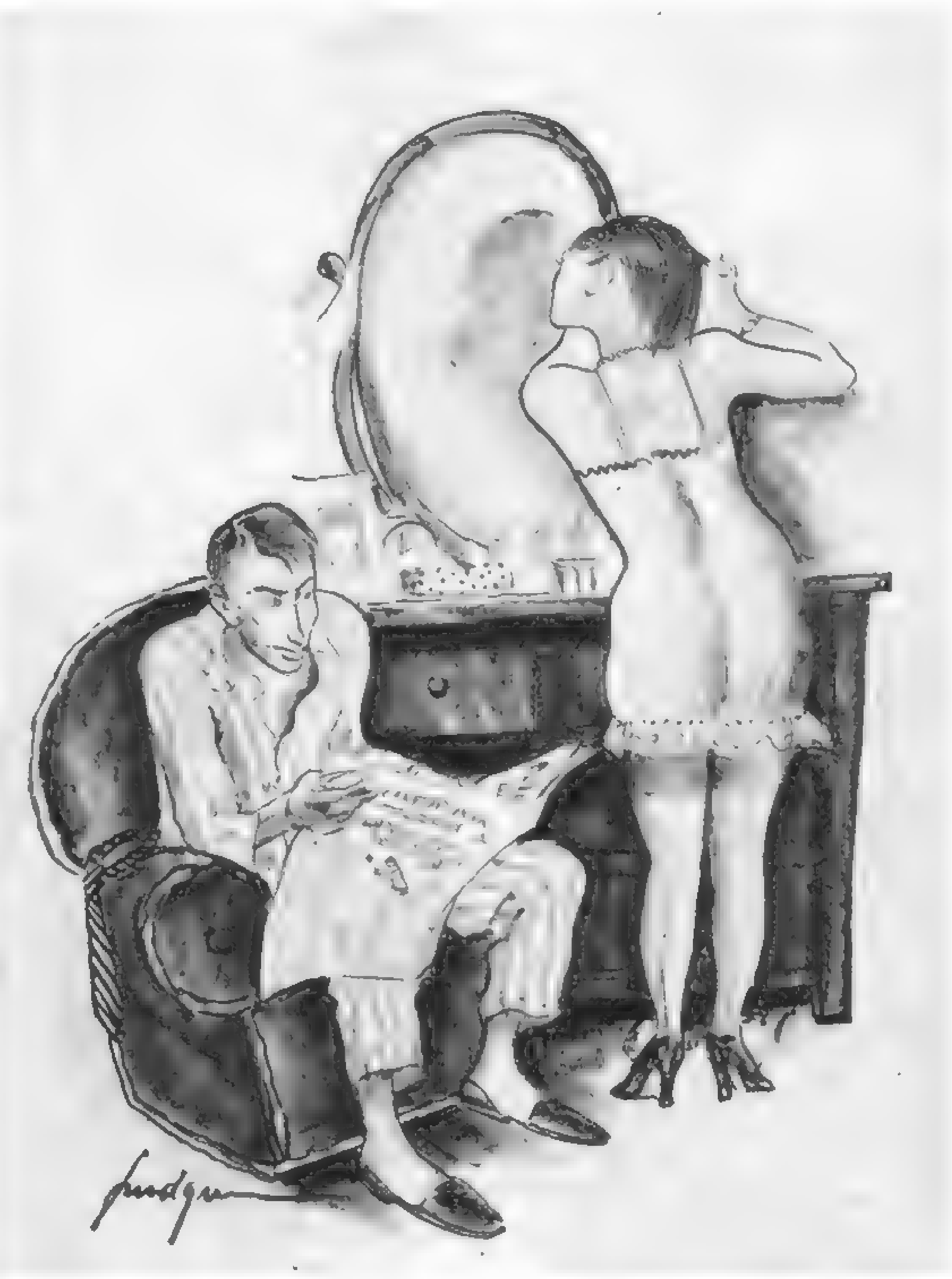
At the same hour every night he turned off the light over his reading chair and sat in the darkness for a few minutes before going upstairs to bed. He always waited for Ethel to say, "I think I'll go to sleep, dear," and then he tried the doors and windows and prepared for bed himself.

There were evenings when they went visiting, or had people in, or went to the theatre or the movies, but there were patterns for those nights, too. Marriages, births, deaths, rain, hail, snow, clouds, sunshine, fire—all called for stereotyped comment and action.

Years ago Ethel had tried to vary the conversation by asking John what had happened in the office during the day, but he was not interested in telling her and she really was not interested in hearing about it. When he replied, it sounded pretty much like a form letter which read,

"Dear Madam: In reply to your query of the 15th inst., I must inform you that the situation is unchanged. There are no immediate prospects that it will change, and I hope to God that it never does. Yours sincerely, John Patton."

Yours sincerely, John Patton. Or perhaps, yours obviously, John Patton. She read that in his every action; she knew what each movement was to be before he made it, and perhaps before he himself knew what it was to be, because he did everything as he did it yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, back, back, through so many years that Ethel hesitated to count them. She often felt that she could keep her eyes closed and commence to count, and at any given number she would know not only what John was doing, but the exact position of his body and arms and legs at that time. Sometimes she tried it in bed at night, as she lay there waiting for John to come upstairs after locking the doors and windows.



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

She heard his step upon the stairs and she counted. One, two, three, four, five, and in her mind she accompanied him along the hallway into the bedroom. He always sat in the same chair, crossed his left foot over the right knee, bent over, and loosened the bow on the left shoe. Then the palm of his right hand rested against the back of the left shoe and slid it off so that its fall was muffled on the carpet. That was twenty-three.

Twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six . . . he was slowly putting his left foot on the ground and sliding his right foot over the left knee, where he repeated what he had done to the right shoe. Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, and the right shoe was in mid-air and hit the carpet before she finished saying thirty-five. It was that way every night.

Sometimes she wondered if he turned in bed with the same regularity while he slept. She often thought she might stay awake to watch him, but somehow she never did, being lulled to sleep by the steadiness of his breathing.

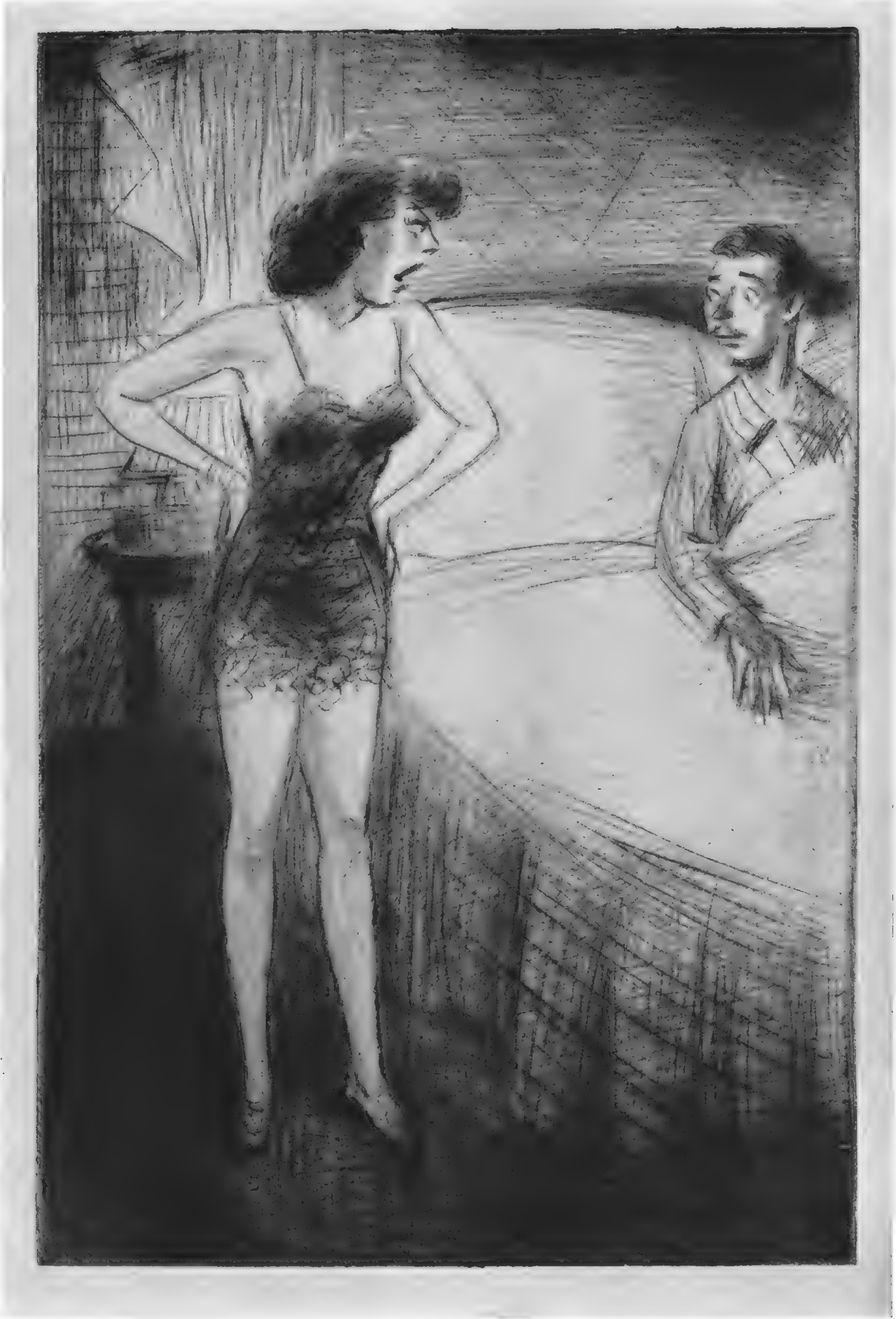
The Pattons never owned an alarm clock. Once Edith had considered buying one, but she realized that it would only set her ways in even a more wearisome pattern. It would only help out in that mad scheme to drive her insane, to make her crazy. She never bought the clock.

Each morning as she awakened the bright day heightened her spirits for a few seconds, but she was always chilled by the thought that at that particular moment John was drawing his razor over his left cheek at a point midway between his ear and nose. In a little while he would wash his face and place the towel back on the rack. She had never seen him do this, but she was as certain of his every movement as if he had written down the schedule to which he rigidly adhered.

She used to ask herself why she did not take those soft-boiled eggs some morning and throw them across the room, why she did not stand up in bed some night and scream at the top of her lungs. Or she might try something less obvious, like awakening in the morning before John and leaving the house before he came down for breakfast. Or not being home to greet him in the evening. Yet she never did anything about it, and every morning when she heard the whistle of the 8:10 as it rounded the curve out of the station and she knew that John was safely on his way to the city, she fell upon the sofa and cried. Then the spell upon her was lifted, and she berated herself for not having thrown the eggs and vowed to do something that very night, something to bring about a change in this monotonous sequence. But even as she was saying that she would do these things, in the back of her mind she knew that she would do nothing when night came, for her lips were always powerless to move and her tongue was like a leaden weight and uttered no sounds except those which she had been saying year after year.

It was so strange, she thought each morn-

Continued on page 234



ETCHING BY HOWARD BAER

"Must you gawk like that? You'd think we were married only yesterday!"

Don't Laugh Now

If you're so highly evolved you're slightly screwy, you may get a kick out of these

by J. C. FURNAS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE majority of any given group of people are probably all too sane. One of the more sporting ways of finding out which ones are not is to try shaggy-dog stories on them. Take the story of the cake as a sample:

One morning a morning-coated, top-hatted man came into a famous New York confectioner's, ordered a special cake to be made in the shape of an S—and said he would call in to inspect it the next day. Expense was obviously no object, so the confectioner had a special S-shaped pan made up at the tinsmith's and baked a beautiful cake, lavishly decorated. When the customer arrived next morning, however, he was not at all satisfied: "This is a block S," he said; "I wanted a script S." The confectioner apologized, ordered another pan and baked another cake. In the morning the customer was still unhappy about it: "No, this won't do," he said. "The curlicue is cut off. I want a large and graceful curlicue, do you understand?" The confectioner, tactful and patient through it all, ordered another pan with an elaborate curlicue and baked another cake. This time the customer was delighted—the cake was perfect. "I'm so glad, sir," said the confectioner. "Where shall we send it, sir?" "Never mind," said the customer, "I'll eat it here."

When confronted with that one, two of a job lot of listeners will laugh hollowly and briefly, unmistakably bewildered and yet trying to be polite. Two more, probably forthright young women, will say, frowning attractively: "But I don't see anything to laugh at." Certain kinds of middle-aged men will turn away in silent contempt. But those members of the party who are sufficiently matured spiritually to be slightly nuts will double up and whoop, regardless of the feelings of the uninitiate.

So, if you don't think the story of the cake is funny, you might as well congratulate yourself on being thoroughly well-balanced mentally and stop reading here, because there's more and giddier underneath. This tradition has something in common with a certain kind of revue blackout, a little of the screwily logical Alice-in-Wonderland dream quality, a good deal of the modern tradition in comic cartooning. If you liked James Thurber's story of the horse who had gone to college with the narrator, you are probably fair game. About the best of them, however, there is concision, a sudden flicker of comic lightning with no apparent right to be comic, which puts them in a separate class. The closest cousins crop up in the Marx Brothers' high spots. When Groucho and Chico in *Animal Crackers* were discussing the whereabouts of the missing painting, guessing that it was probably in the house next door, remembering that there was no house next door and deciding: "Then we'll have to build one," they were getting very warm indeed.

The story of the brass cannon is, in fact, almost pure Marx. In a park on top of a high bluff in a certain small town was a brass cannon as a decorative relic. The town paid a small salary to one of its citizens to climb the bluff every day and polish the cannon. After forty years on the job, the polisher returned home one day and told his wife he was going to quit. When she asked why: "I can't see any future in it," he said, "I've got a little money saved up—I'm going to take it and buy another cannon and go in business for myself."

Perhaps the core of it is this kind of success in suddenly slapping you in the face with a strict application of an outlandish premise. That element comes out very clearly in the briefer specimens, which are often little more than momentary flashes of lunacy:

The old gentleman who advertised for a young man with a college education to accompany him on a European tour and was called to the phone at 5 a.m. to hear: "My name is Robinson and I'm a Yale graduate —I thought I'd better call and tell you I'm very sorry, but I won't be able to go to Europe with you." . . . The tourist guide who explained to the returning vacationist that nobody had fallen over Lover's Leap since they put up a "Danger" sign, so they took it down as useless . . . The well-known soda-jerker who, faced with an order for a banana split without the chopped walnuts, said he was out of walnuts so he'd have to make it without chopped peanuts . . . The harassed mother who dressed her little girl up in her best white dress and let her go out to play, saying: "Now if you come home with your dress dirty, I'll strangle you." The little girl fell in a puddle and came home very dirty indeed, so her mother strangled her . . .

But there are meatier items, foursquare classics which, once heard, stick in the mind like taffy in a dog's jaws and are beautifully calculated to outrage people who can see nothing funny in them at all. When General Tom Thumb, Barnum's famous dwarf, was playing a certain town, the local paper sent a reporter round to his hotel to interview him. The reporter got the room number and knocked at the right door. It was opened by a towering giant, who filled the doorway from threshold to lintel and jamb to jamb. "I'm from the *Argus*," says the reporter, "I want to interview General Tom Thumb." "Glad to see you," says the giant, "I'm General Tom Thumb. Come right in." "You're crazy," says the reporter, peering up at the giant, "General Tom Thumb's a dwarf." "Well," says the giant, "this is my day off."

Although that has every earmark of antiquity, the writer has never yet found a victim who had ever heard it before. The mongoose story is another item from the dim past which has been neglected in modern times. The mongoose probably needs a couple of good vaudeville character actors to do it justice, but the dialogue without the business is still first-class. There is a sour-faced old farmer in a day coach with an animal-box on the seat beside him, obviously containing something alive. The traditionally flashy drummer, incurably loquacious and inquisitive as usual, gets in and sits down opposite. After studying the box for a while he leans over and asks: "What you got in that box, stranger?" "Mongoose," says the farmer, tersely enough to close the conversation. The traveling man shuts up for ten minutes or so, then: "Say, what's a mongoose?" "Little animal that kills snakes." The traveling man ponders that one for a few minutes. "Whatcha want to kill snakes for?" . . . "I got a brother . . ." "What's your brother got to do with snakes?" . . . "Wal, he drinks . . . " "But those ain't real snakes, brother." . . . "This ain't a real mongoose."

Matters can get screwier at will. There is always the horse that sat on grapefruit. At this point the listener is apt to say that you might as well stop right there, and there's probably something to it. This is a matter of a man's going to a county fair to look for a good horse, finding one at a ridiculously low price and asking suspiciously what's wrong with him: "Well, we never could break him of one bad habit," says the dealer. "He sits on grapefruit. Whenever he sees a grapefruit he sits on it and won't get up." The man figures that isn't much of a drawback in an otherwise valuable animal, so he pays the price and starts to ride the new horse home by a road which crosses a ford. Right in the middle of the ford the horse sits down, and refuses to budge. The man gets off his back, looks round carefully for grapefruit, finds none, wades ashore and goes back to the fair to protest to the dealer: "Hey," he says, "that horse you sold me sat down

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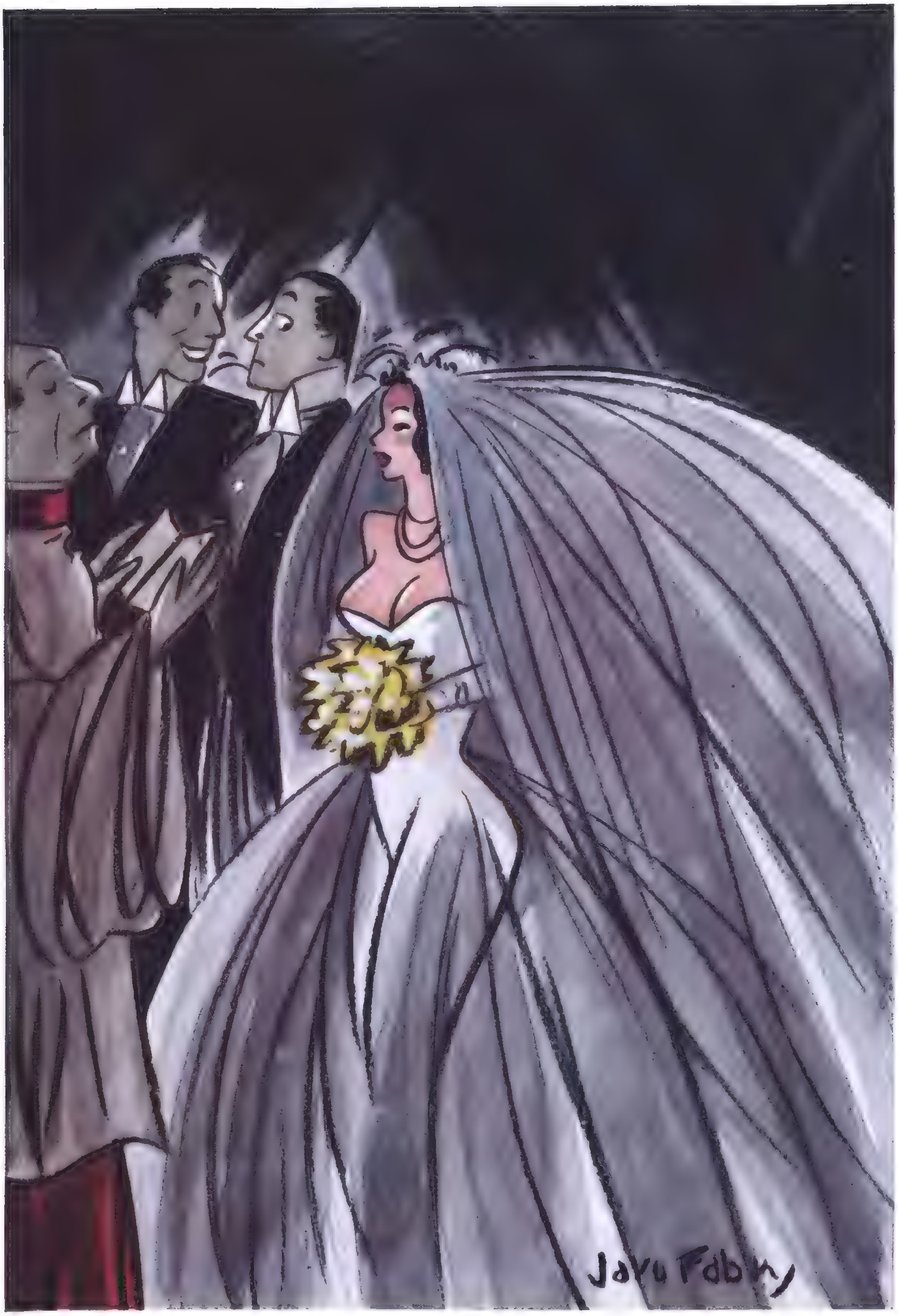
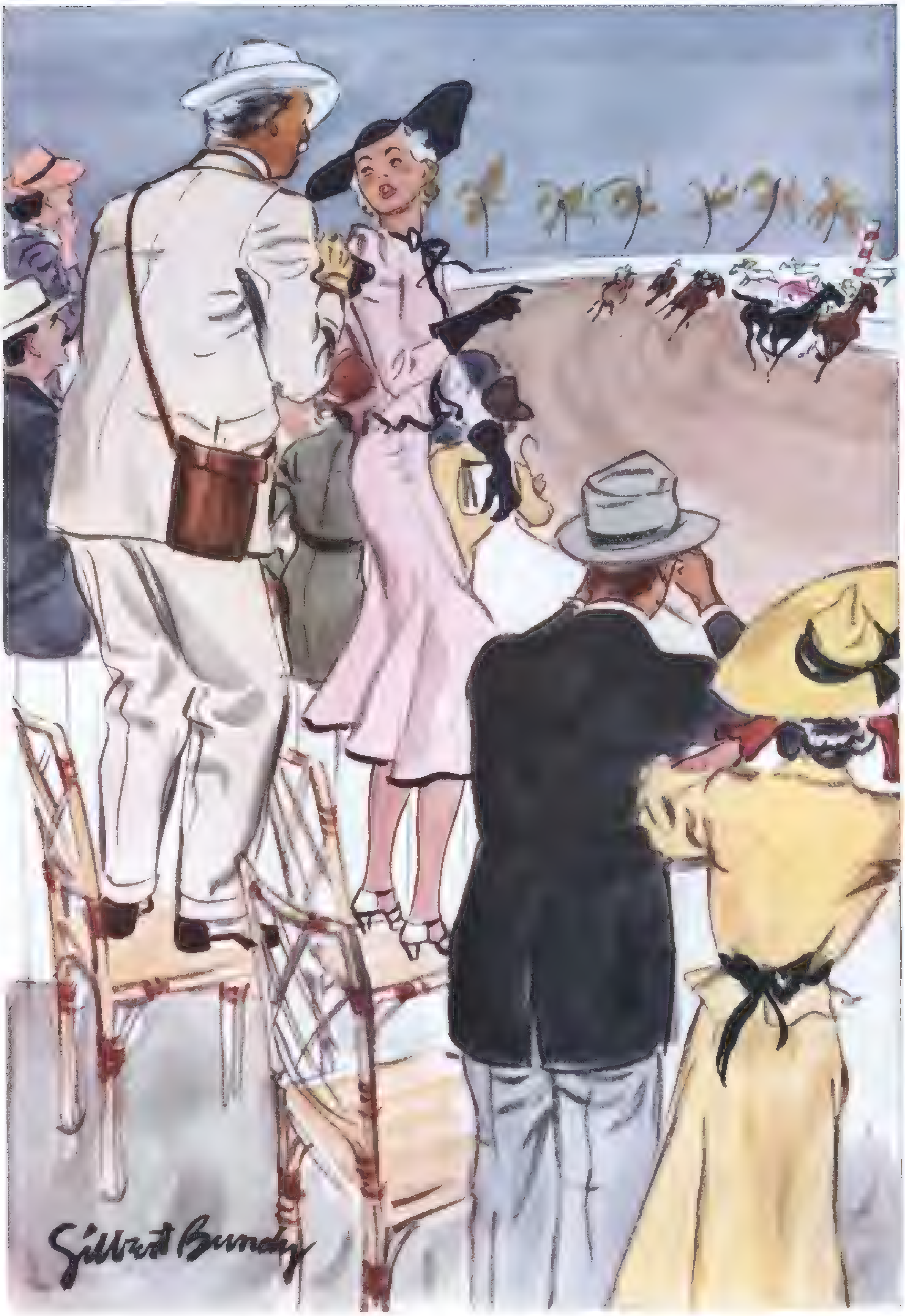


"Boy! You're certainly getting a swell cook!"


Gilbert Bundy

"I bet all our money on that horse with eyes like Robert Taylor's."

The Derby Parade

Predicting Pompoon will win; he runs like a route horse, and he's bred to run all day

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

A SMALL group of two-year-old colts of great promise for the 1937 Kentucky Derby and other stake-races for three-year-olds over distances emerged from fall racing in the 1936 season to threaten the primacy—as apparent prospective Derby winner—of Pompoon, record-breaking victor in the Belmont Futurity and the undisputed two-year-old champion of 1936 in sprints.

Reaping Reward, owned by the Milky Way Farm Stable of Mrs. Ethel V. Mars, necked out Pompoon in the New England Futurity of a mile and seventy yards at Narragansett Park, and later beat out the Calumet Farm's Privileged in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at a mile.

Privileged himself finished first in the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth but was disqualified as winner to give the race to Walter M. Jefford's Man o' War colt, Matey—a disqualification which moved the E. R. Bradley entry of Brooklyn and Billionaire into second and third places respectively. Privileged had finished second to Pompoon in the Belmont Futurity.

Matey not only took the Pimlico Futurity by disqualification of Privileged but also had won in Maryland at a mile and seventy yards.

E. R. Bradley's Blue Larkspur colt Brooklyn—the best Derby prospect the Colonel has had in three years, and one whose ability to win he already has affirmed—won the Walden in Maryland at a mile and a sixteenth in addition to taking second-money in the Pimlico Futurity at the same distance.

Other good ones proved themselves in fall racing over fairly extended distances, but Reaping Reward, Privileged, Matey and Brooklyn on their records are tops of the late-season stars, and it is a fairly certain thing that the 1937 Derby winner will be one of them if Pompoon fails to carry his blinding speed over routes.

Owned by J. H. Loucheim, Philadelphia stockbroker, Pompoon is by Pompey out of the mare Oonagh, she by Friar Rock. He was bred by W. R. Coe and acquired by Mr. Loucheim at the Saratoga auctions as a yearling. On his sire's side he might be considered bred purely to sprint; Pompey, by Sun Briar, a miler, was not himself a distance-runner.

On the other hand, a few years ago Pompey sent up a real route-horse in Ladysman. Unsound in front, that bad-kneed colt was good enough to beat Equipoise once at a mile and a quarter when getting a twenty-pound weight-concession—and anything that could go a mile and a quarter with "Ekky" at any weights was sufficient certification of his sire's capacity to get distance-running quality as well as speed. Pompoon will do for the Derby if he has as much routing quality as had Ladysman.

On the side of his dam, Oonagh, a Friar Rock mare, Pompoon is bred to run all day.

Pompey had a most rough, uncouth manner or style of going. It may be that his gait prevented his negotiating distances intrinsically within his capacity. Pompoon, on the contrary, runs easily and without effort, and his smooth gait will assist him materially in carrying his speed over routes.

As a Derby prospect the colt has two most important points in his favor.

He possesses the high early speed necessary to take and keep him out of trouble in an overcrowded Derby field. He won the six and a half furlong Belmont Futurity in 1:16 2/5—track-record time—and overcame early interference to do it. Speed of this blazing order is assurance that nothing will outfoot him to the three-quarters or mile at Churchill Downs next May 8 if his rider elects to let him run or needs to call on him to do so. The second point in Pompoon's favor is that he is entirely sound. He possesses as fine a pair of forelegs as ever were seen on a thoroughbred, showing not a blemish or sign of infirmity in tendons or knees, with straight, flat bones and excellent feet.

He carried one hundred and twenty-seven pounds effortlessly in the Belmont Futurity. That race, of course, was only a sprint of six and a half furlongs, but no one who saw him come like a bullet out of the pack and open up a four or five length lead on so good a colt as Privileged can doubt his real class or question the probability that he will go on. He was beaten narrowly in the New England Futurity at a mile and seventy yards by Reaping Reward, to which he was conceding five pounds, but Jockey Workman had given him an ill-judged ride in that he made his move and took the lead too early in the race. Pompoon, after being caught in the stretch, came again, reduced Reaping Reward's lead from a half-length to a neck (at the finish) and was gaining slowly. Time for the mile and seventy yards was fast—1:41 3/5—and Pompoon carried one hundred and twenty-two pounds to Reaping Reward's one hundred and seventeen. The winner administered no five-pound beating.

Pompoon will winter and undergo preliminary training at Hot Springs, Arkansas. He is my first choice to win the 1937 renewal of the Kentucky stake, and his backers can ask no more than that he run as well as my other Derby selections for this magazine—Omaha, winner in 1935, and Brevity, second by a snoot to Bold Venture in 1936. Omaha won on his merits as preliminary to a brilliant stakes campaign here in 1935 and sparkling efforts in England in 1936. Brevity was knocked about, interfered with and probably outlucked at Churchill Downs in 1936. If Pompoon comes over, giving me two winners and one outlucked horse—beaten by a shade only—out of three selections made three months or more in advance of a race like the Derby, then I ought to retire with my fingers, legs and eyes crossed, but undoubtedly won't. No horse-picker or player quits until they bury him.

Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, the Derby-winningest gentleman in the United States, will be right in it this year. His colt Brooklyn, by Blue Larkspur out of the mare Knockaney Bridge, she by Bridge of Earn, shows every sign of being a route horse of quality. He is a handsome fellow, an Idle Hour Stock Farm home-bred, bid in for $20,000 in Colonel Bradley's interest when offered for sale at Saratoga as a yearling in 1935. As intimated above, Bradley already has come out with a flat statement that Brooklyn will win the 1937 Derby, and the assertion obviously is supported by something more than hope.

Blue Larkspur, Brooklyn's sire, undoubtedly is the best horse that Bradley ever bred. At two he won the National Stallion Stakes and Saratoga Special; at three he won the Belmont Stakes, Stars and Stripes Handicap and Arlington Classic; and at four, after he had broken down for the second time and recovered, won the Stars and Stripes Handicap again as well as the Arlington Cup. His purse-earnings totaled over a quarter of a million dollars, and at stud he has sired colts like Boxthorn, with which the Colonel hoped to win a Derby in 1935, and fillies like Myrtlewood, the best of her sex to appear in this country since Tred Avon.

Continued in center of page 235

The More Than Royal Cianos

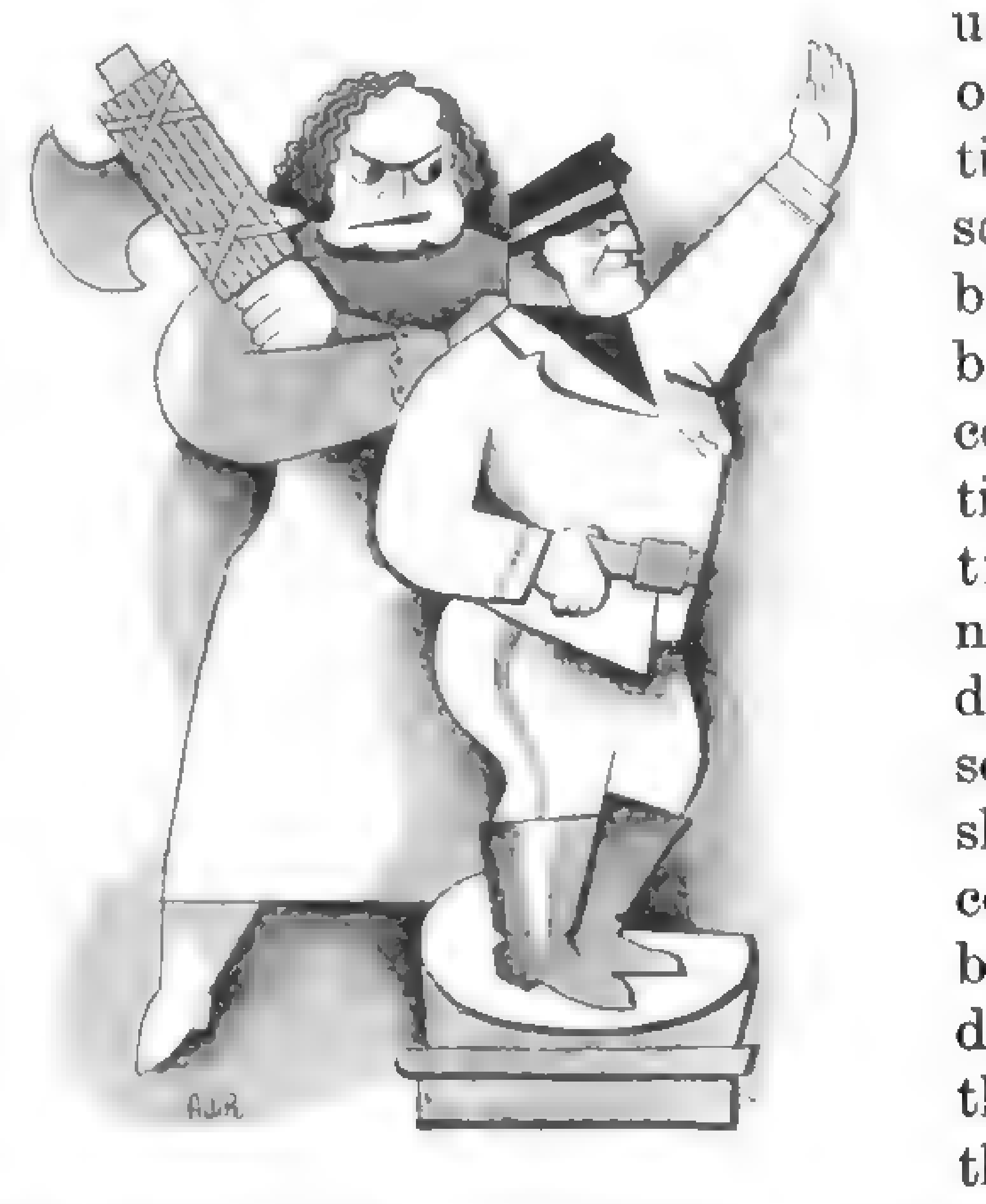
They've groomed Count Ciano to be Italy's next Duce but Her Highness wears the pants

by HENRI GRIS

ARTICLE

On the wall of my cabinet facing Central Park hangs the gold-framed portrait of a young man. He sits at a desk looking angry and disgusted. When I raise my eyes from my typewriter I usually meet his. I smile at him and often shake my head. Sometimes I address him with a long speech. "Galeazzo," I say, "be careful. Your meteoric career frightens me. Don't you think that you aren't ripe yet for wise statesmanship? Look at yourself. You conceal your weakness with this disgusted frown. You studied it before the mirror, but don't be so sure you can fool everybody. Better take it easy, Galeazzo."

My remarks usually follow some news I have read about him in the papers. His name is in the headlines more than ever. It is the name he signed under his portrait: "*A Henri Gris, cordialemente Galeazzo Ciano, Roma, Gennaio 1936, XIV.*" It is Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, Italy's thirty-three year old Foreign Minister and future Dictator. I met him in Eritrea during the war, when he was head of the famous air squadron *La Disperata*. There for a couple of months I saw him almost daily. I watched and studied him. I must admit that at that time, one year ago, I did not think that this portrait he gave me then would serve later as a souvenir from a European Strong Man in the making. When I brought the picture home, my mother asked: "Who is this young man? He looks as if he would like to frighten the whole world." When I said "Ciano" she said: "Ah . ." But she still did not know who it was. Today not only she but almost everyone in the civilized world knows about Galeazzo Ciano.



Very pleasing and very nasty words have been said about him during the last period of his rise to glory. It had been said that he is the first representative of the new governing class provided by the new Fascist generation, and that he has the three main qualities demanded of a Fascist: enterprise, youth, courage. He is a faithful and loyal follower of the Duce, is kind, simple, devoted to duty, warm, generous and possesses quick intelligence. He is frank, good-humored and good-looking, ready and a witty speaker, a general favorite. . . . He possesses all the characteristics required of Il Duce's successor.

On the other hand it has been said that he is a typical careerist, ruthless and egoistic—a cheap carbon copy of the Dictator, who had difficulties in acquiring the mien of his father-in-law, but has learned it at last—to shout the short-clipped sentences and words with a punch in them, to throw his head back and his chin out in the manner of the present Duce, of the future Duce. His only merit is that he is the husband of Mussolini's beloved daughter Edda, and rather than return the power to the House of Savoy when in fullness of time he himself must lay down the cares of Dictatorship, or transfer it to Dino Grandi, Italo Balbo or Guiseppe Bottai, Mussolini would give the ruling power to his strong-willed daughter's good-looking and not too dumb husband.

It is because of these contradicting opinions and the fact that Galeazzo Ciano has already done his utmost to step into the limelight of the world's modern turning stage, that an eyewitness steps forward and exclaims:

"Wait a moment. I know the man."

* * *

Mortimer Durand, do you remember the evening when you were sitting at your typewriter in Asmara typing your orderly dispatch to the London *Daily Telegraph?* You were sitting at the big table in one of the four partitions of the big hall of our *palazzino de la stampa*. As usual the electricity went out at six and you were sitting in darkness using the scant light of an oil lamp brought by one of the askari boy servants. Some jovial company was having a good time in the neighboring partition where the Italian newspapermen usually dined. They were singing songs and were driving you slowly crazy because you could not concentrate and because you were at your duty in the pressroom, and they should have known that, as they heard you working. So you were struggling along undecided whether or not to get up and ask the Italians to sing lower, when suddenly one of them appeared in front of you and shouted:

"Captain Ciano requests you to stop pounding your typewriter. You disturb his singing."

Proud as all you Englishmen are, and you as a retired naval officer in particular, you wanted to call the singing Count to order, because the right was on your side. But then the wisdom of the newspaperman, who is compelled to take everything, counseled you, and you calmly took your typewriter and walked out into the African night to our barracks.

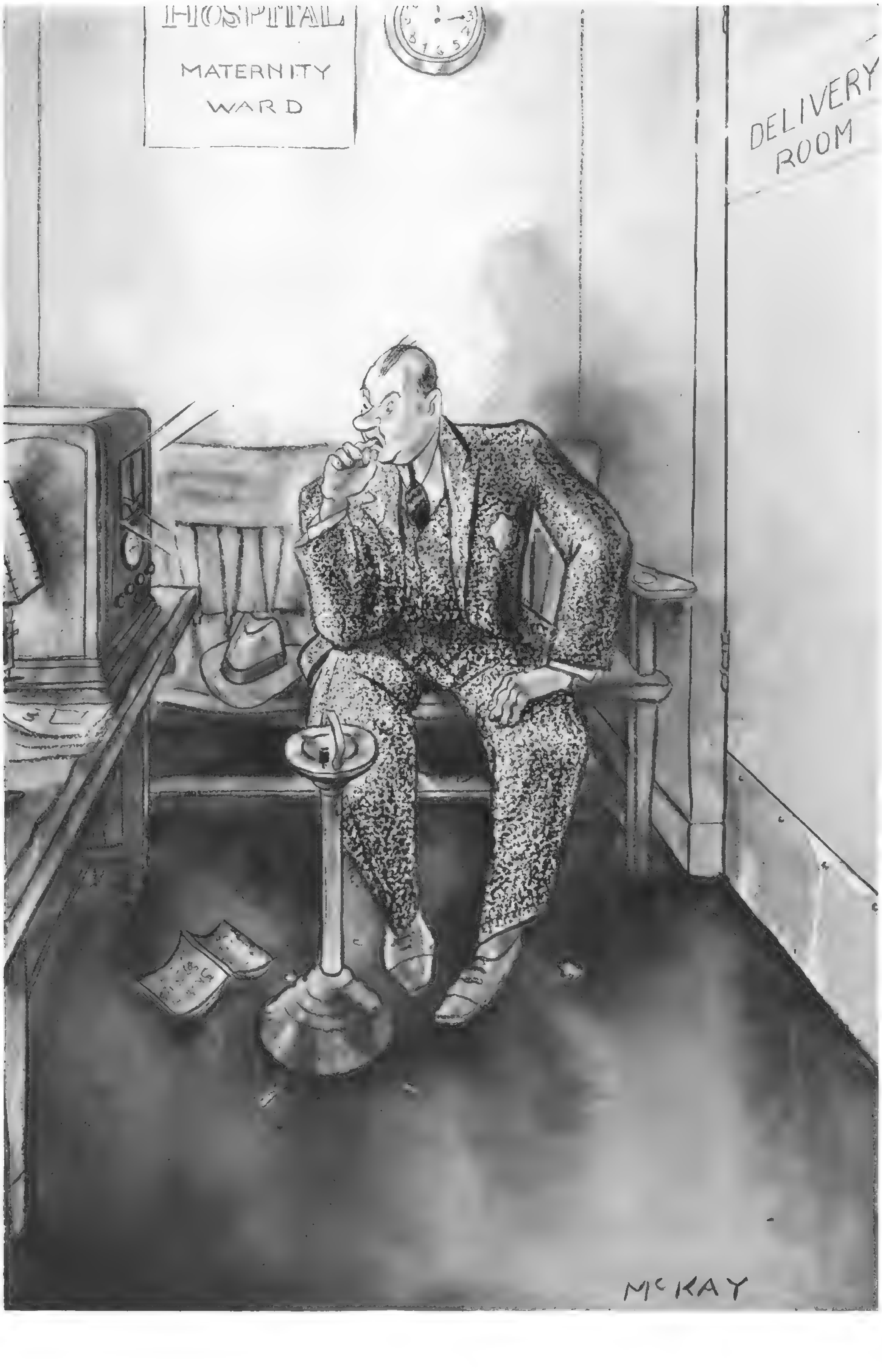
And dear old Frazer, ace-war corresponddent of the London *Times* ever since the Boer war, do you remember the evening when Captain Ciano, the flying Press Minister, dashed in and announced to newspapermen the marvelous air raid on Mai Meshik? We stood in the *foye* and Ciano was proudly telling us how the twenty planes of the Disperata and Teste di Leone bombed and destroyed an Ethiopian camp with at least 20,000 armed men. You shook your old head:

"Why should the Ethiopians make a camp in a narrow gorge knowing that there are only two ways of escape from an Italian air raid?" you said to me. "Something is wrong. I shouldn't be surprised if this was a trap and if our dear Count came alive out of a very bad mess. . . ."

Your words were prophetic and true. It was a trap, as we found out later, with aircraft guns hidden on both hills, to destroy the prodigious Count, Mussolini's sons, and all the planes when they came flashing down for the bombardment of a fake camp. Reckless Ciano had unconsciously led the planes to a disaster, but this was nothing to compare with the bravado he produced, when after dashing through hell safely, he once again turned into the gorge, leading the planes to face for the second time the firing squad. Sergeant Birago died, wounded in this flight, but Captain Ciano had the bullet holes to produce proudly the next day—in the body, wings and tail of his plane. He ordered the holes to be marked with colored circles, and there were more circles in his plane than in any other. Bruno Mussolini's plane was struck seven times, Vittorio's nine times, but his had marks of three anti-aircraft shells and thirty-six gun and rifle bullets. . . .

Count Galeazzo Ciano was playing the hero, a hero with adequate publicity. The hero Ciano had to be first everywhere, and he was: he was first to bomb Adowa in the beginning of the war, first to alight in Addis Ababa, first in every important air raid, first to get the military decoration in this war. Four days before old General de Bono left Massawa to transfer the power to Marshal Badoglio there was a ceremony at the airport near Asmara. There we watched the old General kiss Hero Ciano on his both cheeks and attach the silver medal on a blue ribbon to Ciano's chest. Eight other flyers were decorated after Ciano, but neither Bruno nor Vittorio was among them. These were left out at their father's request who

Continued on page 246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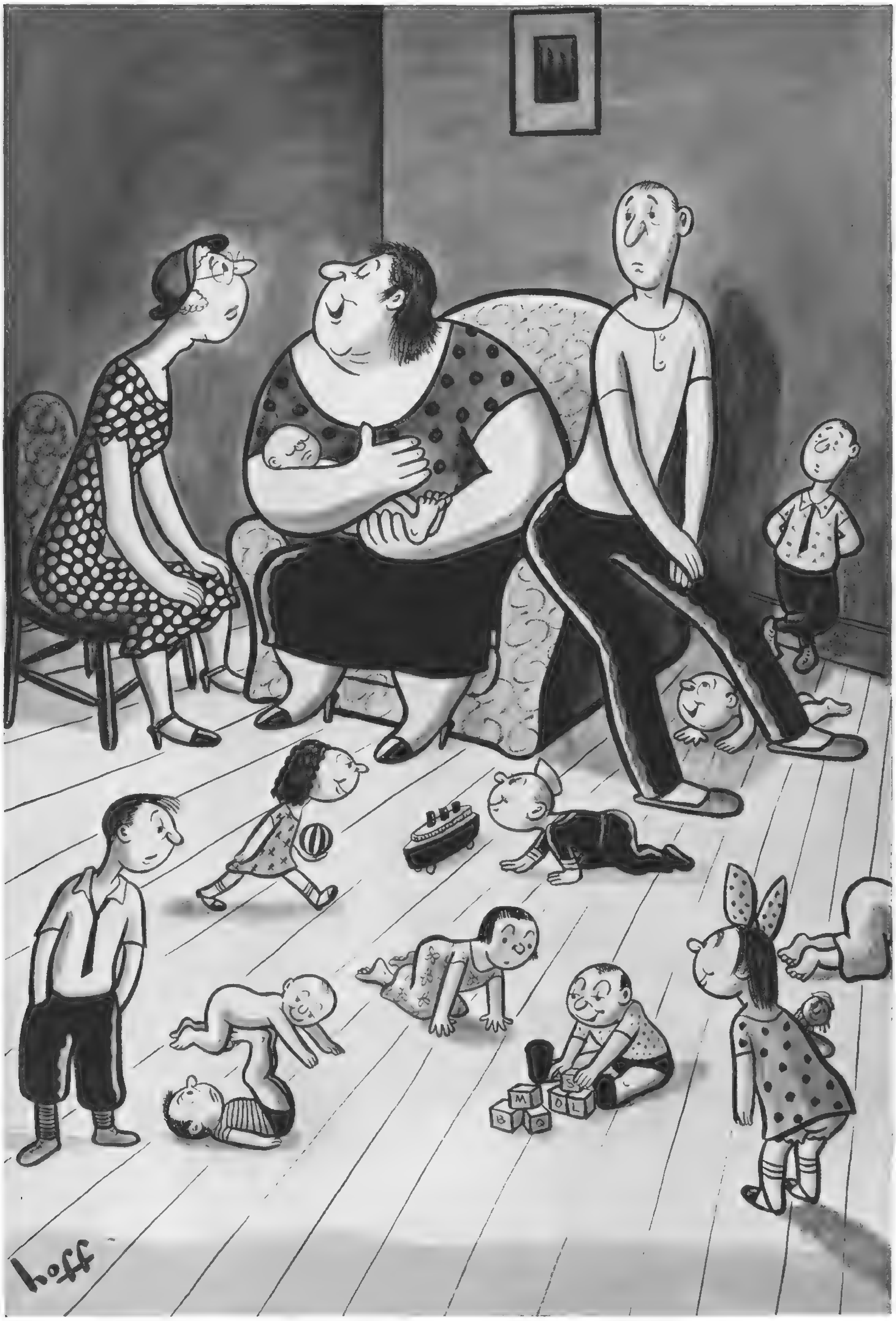
"Time! Marches on!!"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"Henry and I have always looked upon marriage as a 50-50 proposition"

Everybody Wants To Be a Lady

She's not an ordinary person —should have brains, she's fancy, she's a college girl!

by JEROME WEIDMAN

• FICTION •

WHO is *she* to talk, anyway? The way she goes around with that big mouth of hers, a person, a stranger, they could think I was her worst enemy or something. That's the *college* girl for you, the high class lady, you know, with her books and her music and her God alone knows what. With the way she's treated *me* yet, *she's* the one that's got all the complaints to make!

If she wasn't my own sister-in-law, and if I only wanted to open my mouth the way she does, I could do a little talking myself, believe me. What's the matter, wasn't it on account of her that Mac and I, we hadda wait four years, nearly five, before we got married? All right, his mother, she should rest in peace, she was alive then, too, and he hadda support her. But Mac, he makes a good salary there in the post office; he could've supported his mother *and* a wife. And he'd've done it, too. But he's no millionaire, or anything like that. And if on top of his mother, he's gotta send a sister to *college* yet, too, so how can you expect he should get married? Another girl, you know, she's got a little sense, she sees the way things are, she figures she's old enough already, her brother wants to get married, so she quits school and she goes out and gets herself a job. What's wrong with that? Twenty-two years old, isn't that long enough a person should go to school? But not by that sister-in-law of mine, not by Ethel! She's the fancy lady, you know, the college girl! She don't *have* to have sense! She's high-class, you know! She's gotta stay in college, so her brother should have to support her and he shouldn't be able to get married!

The things I've had to stand from that girl—honest to God, I think I must be made of iron. Last year, when Mac's mother, she should rest in peace, she died all of a sudden, I figured for sure now everything would be all right. The only thing left now was Ethel, but I talked to Mac for a little while to put a little sense in his head, and we decided how to take care of it. After all, she was a girl over twenty-two already; she was no baby. A girl that age still going to school; what did she think she was, Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughter or something?

As soon as she saw Mac wasn't going to keep on being a dope *all* his life, she quit school and went out and got herself some kind of a job in a department store. I don't know what they paid her, but whatever it was, it was enough for a girl like that, especially her aunt she said she could come and live with her. So Mac and I, we went out to get the license.

Just to show you what a little mean one that sister of his is, she kept quiet and didn't say a word until we came back home. Then, all of a sudden, she sticks her nose up in the air, you know, after we thought everything was all right already, too, and she says she's not gonna live with her aunt. If she can't live with her own brother, she says, she don't want to live with any aunts, and she's gonna go out and get a room and live by herself. Go do her something!

Well, I'm telling you, the way I felt, I could've done I don't know *what* to her. I mean, here it was we'd been held up for nearly four years—maybe even more—and now we got a chance to get married, so the whole thing's gotta be spoiled by her. Because after all she's his own sister, you know, and how would it look his own sister should have to go out and live by herself with strangers some place? Mac didn't know *what* to do and for a while it looked like he was gonna give up the whole thing *again*. But I figured nothing doing. She wasn't gonna stop me this time with any of those high-class tricks of hers. I just took Mac on one side and talked to him for a while, and then we went out and got an apartment with an extra room and we got married and the three of us moved in.

Mac, he didn't exactly like the idea, and I'll tell you the truth I didn't blame him, either. I mean, you know how those things are; a young married couple, just married and all, and in the same house with them a third person, it, well, you know, it wasn't exactly, well, *you* know. Another person, a person with a little brains, an ordinary person like you or me, would see a thing like that right away and get out. But not that sister-in-law of mine. She's too fancy, too high-class, you know, she should be able to understand those things!

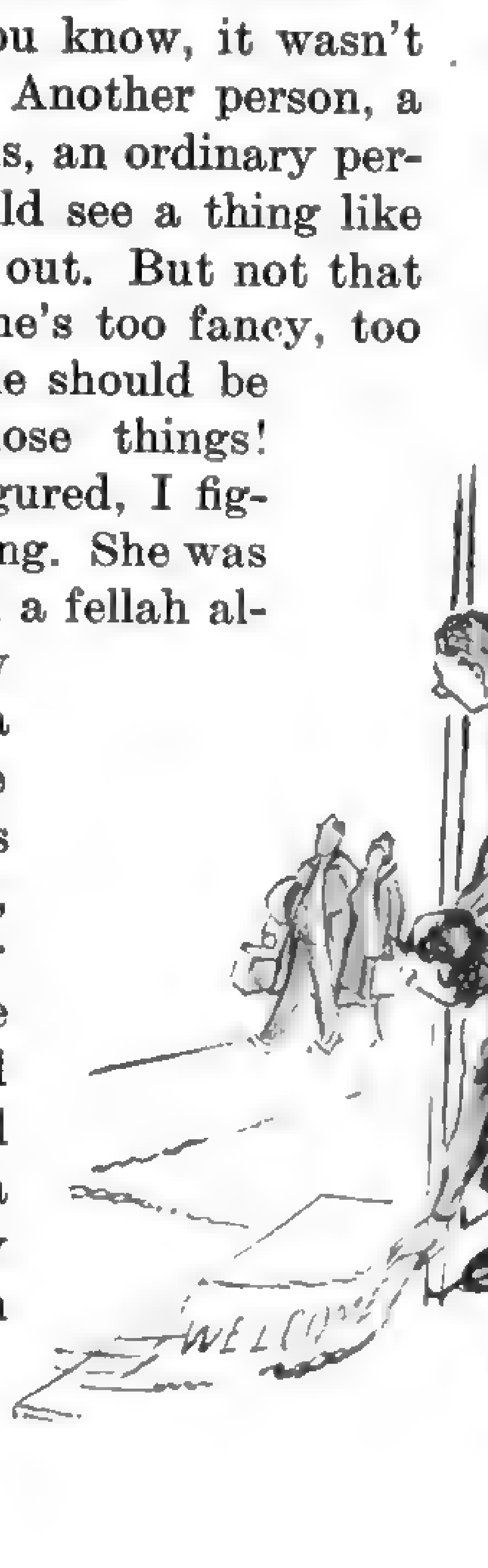
But me, the way *I* figured, I figured it wouldn't be for long. She was going pretty steady with a fellah already, a fellah we knew was all right, he had a good steady job in the post office the same as Mac, so I figured all right, so it'll be for another coupla months. What've we got to lose? We waited so long already, so we'll wait another coupla months. I mean, the way it looked like this fellah Joe—his name was Joe—it looked like he meant business, you know, he was serious. I figured another coupla months they'll be married, so everything'll be all right.

But not by that sister-in-law of mine! It wasn't enough she held us back from getting married for over four years—maybe even more, maybe five—and it wasn't enough she hadda move in with us when we already *did* get married, so on top of all that, when she's gone out steady with this fellah Joe, and it looks like he's getting all set to propose, you know, so on top of all that, what does she do; she all of a sudden starts running around with a little college boy, a little —you should excuse the expression—a little snot-nose; and when Joe calls up or comes around to see her, she tells him she's busy, or she tells me to tell him she hadda go some place, or she isn't home at all when he comes because she's running around God knows where with that college boy of hers.

First I didn't say nothing; I figured maybe it wouldn't last long and maybe everything would be all right yet. But a coupla weeks go by, you know, and Joe isn't coming around so much any more because he's getting a little sore already, which, to tell you the truth, you can't blame him, and she's all the time out with this little nothing, this college boy, he hasn't got no job, no nothing, not even enough money to take her to the *movies* he hasn't got, only for walks they go or they sit in the park or by us in the living room and all the time they're talking—all night long it's talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk—about books and music and this and that and God alone knows what; only how he should make a living, he should some day be able to get married, about *that* they don't talk!

The way things were going, I saw right away if I didn't do something, this Joe would stop coming around altogether, and she'd be left with her college boy. Not that it wouldn't've served her right, but if Mac and I, we hadda wait till *he* was able to marry her, with him not even through with going to school yet, it began to look like she would be living with us for don't ask *how* many years. And by that time, honest, I'd had enough of her already to last me the rest of my life.

So the way I figured, I figured I'd start giving a lot of little bridges, little gatherings sort of, just for the four of us, Mac and I and Ethel and Joe, and maybe, between *that* and a little plain talk from Mac, maybe she'd get a little



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Bit-Reader's Complaint

by **RICHARD ADAMSON**

▪ SATIRE ▪

DR. NUFREE
PSYCHIATRIST
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(*Office of Dr. Nufree, psychiatrist. Patient enters, a Mr. Duffill.*)

NUFREE: Good afternoon, Sir. And what's the trouble? Or shall I tell *you?*

DUFFILL: I know what's wrong all right. I read aloud to people. I read them little bits I run across in the papers.

NUFREE: Serious items, bits of information? Or funny things?

DUFFILL: Funny things. Things I think are funny but . . .

NUFREE: Nobody laughs?

DUFFILL: Nobody but me. Then I feel silly and wonder about myself.

NUFREE: You can't stop?

DUFFILL: No. I always think they're sure to laugh this time.

NUFREE: Do you sometimes laugh yourself before you read these items aloud?

DUFFILL: Sometimes I laugh a little and then wait for them to ask what's so funny.

NUFREE: And then?

DUFFILL: They just look at me and don't say anything. Or they ask what's so funny and when I read it they don't laugh. Then I feel sillier than if I'd read it aloud in the first place. It's awful, Doctor. It makes me wonder about myself.

NUFREE: Ever wonder about these other people? Maybe they have no sense of humor?

DUFFILL: I think that sometimes. And sometimes I think they're just stubborn or don't like me. But mostly I wonder about myself and decide I'm silly.

NUFREE: Well now, Mr. . . . I don't believe I caught the name.

DUFFILL: Duffill.

NUFREE: Perhaps, Mr. Duffill, if you would give us an idea of what you read to people, we might be better able to analyze your case. I see you have a paper . . .

DUFFILL: As a matter of fact, there is a little item here I thought was kind of funny. (*He snickers and reads.*) "Chicago—Alleging that *she* publicly boasted of his affairs with other women, Myrtle C. Wallover was today granted a divorce from George A. Wallover." (*He laughs and Dr. Nufree laughs.*)

NUFREE: Say, that's rich! Alleging that *she* boasted of his affairs! (*Nufree keeps laughing.*)

DUFFILL: I thought it was sort of comical.

NUFREE: Miss Snider! Will you come here, please? (*He continues to laugh as his assistant enters.*) Read that to Miss Snider will you, Duffill, old man.

DUFFILL: (*Reads the item again.*) It's just a typographical error, of course.

MISS SNIDER: That's a hot one! (*She laughs.*) Can you imagine it! *She* boasted of *his* affairs. (*Miss Snider and the Doctor fall into each other's arms, quaking with mirth.*)

DUFFILL: Oh, come now. It's really not so funny as all *that!* Stop being silly.

NUFREE: Read that again won't you, Duffill. Oh, I've never heard anything so ridiculous! (*Miss Snider and the Doctor are now rolling on the floor in hysterics.*) Read it again.

DUFFILL: I won't do any such thing. I don't think it's funny any more. I don't think it ever was funny. You two people are just silly, that's all. (*He starts for the door.*) You're very very silly people and I'm going.

NUFREE: (*From the floor.*) Where shall I send the bill?

What Isn't Pacifism

Painting the lurid details of war, far from promoting peace, tends to provoke a sadistic kind of pleasure

by JOHN WEBSTER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

There are two kinds of pacifism, one of which is a practical ideal, and the other a neurotic illusion.

With the world in the initial stages of the second round of the World War which began in 1914, and called time out for rest in 1918, it is apparent that the attempts to abolish war have been absolutely ineffectual. All the sententious phrases which statesmen and politicians dish out regularly for the consumption of the public have had no basis in fact. Had such a basis existed, these phrases should have born fruit in action.

According to the late Lincoln Steffens, Clemenceau, at the Versailles Conference, laid down the only possible basis for a lasting peace, and was ignored. Clemenceau's plan, in brief, called for an economic conference between all the powers of the world, at which all the raw materials in the world should be carefully charted, as well as all potential markets and trade facilities. An equal division of all of these on a per capita basis was to be made, and provision made for economic adjustments from generation to generation. Unless this was done, Clemenceau declared, twenty years was the limit of the time which might elapse until the struggle would break out again. Not seventeen years had elapsed until the Fascist-sympathizing cabinet of Great Britain miscalculated its control over the British public to the extent of secretly supporting the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, and secretly condoning the rearmament of Nazi Germany. The spontaneous reaction of the British people, and their repudiation of the so-called Hoare-Laval Pact (which had lain unnamed, in the Italian archives for a year and a half), threw Italy forcibly into the arms of Germany, and thus set the line-up for the second phase of this struggle.

Many persons could not, or would not, realize the implications of this development; but a short time later, when Italy and Germany invaded Spain, under the cloak of Franco's little Fascist revolution, in a desperate attempt to build a base athwart England's life-line, and at France's back door, there were few persons conversant with international politics who did not know that the second World War had already begun. That this fact has not been widely publicized is due entirely to England's strategic position—due partly to a strong emotional pacifistic movement, and partly to the fact that Eden and his fellow Fascist-sympathizers were willing to risk the welfare of the British Empire in their attempt to line England up with the reactionary forces of Europe. The nation was not rearmed in time to meet the threat. At present the military experts of every country are aware that England is rearming with desperate haste, and that her open challenge is being withheld only in the hope that the Anti-Fascist forces can hold out in Spain long enough to prevent the establishment of this projected Anti-British base (which would entirely nullify Gibraltar) until such time as England can possess, to a more satisfactory degree, the sinews of war.

An interesting little sidelight is apparent in an A.P. dispatch emanating from Hamilton, Ontario, November 19:

"Receipt of an order for shells from the British Government by the National Steel Car Company was announced today by R. S. Hart, vice-president of the company. 'It is just a small order to enable us to get ready,' Mr. Hart said, 'to get tooled up.'"

Now that the World War has begun in a series of guerilla outbreaks, from Vladivostock across Asia and Europe to Gibraltar, it would be well to consider our own position, in view of the peace talk with which we are being flooded. It is the contention of the writer that the purely emotional pacifistic movement is always encouraged by governments on the eve of an outbreak, on the theory that the public should be lulled into a sense of false security lest their nervous systems be too greatly deranged by the suspense, and also lest some spontaneous mass movement interfere with the brass hats' plans, as happened in the case of the Hoare-Laval Pact. What other reason there should be for concealing our preparations for participation in the current World War is not apparent. Certainly we are not deceiving the Japanese strategists, whose agents no doubt hand in daily detailed reports which closely approximate those on file in Washington.

At the present time Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull are engaged in cementing a Pan-American League of Nations. We are told that the one great aim of this new organization will be peace—peace—and more peace. It is extremely edifying to see the representatives of these South American republics, many of which are quite definitely militaristic and Fascistic, flocking around the banner of universal brotherhood—if one might accept the press statements at their face value. However, Mr. William Philip Simms, Scripps-Howard foreign editor, in the third of six articles discussing the objectives and potentialities of the Inter-American Conference, has this to say:

"Accordingly, he (President Roosevelt) is attempting to organize the Western Hemisphere in such a way that another World War will not destroy the economic life of either North or South America. Should Europe and Asia tangle in another great conflict, commerce between the Americas and those areas would not go by the boards. . . . An alternative would be a common inter-American understanding with regard to the rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents, and the course to pursue *when war comes*. By trading among themselves they could lessen the hardship caused by loss of commerce with other countries. . . . Such is one of the objectives of the Inter-American Conference."

While Europe and Asia are engaged in the preliminary clash of scouts and advance guards, and while we have still a few months left before our active participation will be inevitable, let those of us who are desirous of abolishing war analyze our feeble and ineffectual attempts to turn the recent truce into a permanent peace. Since the thing which we strove to prevent is upon us, it is quite evident that our efforts were futile. During this brief breathing spell, before the boom of the guns drowns out our voices, let us take stock of our past tactics, in the hope that after the next armistice is signed we will be able to profit by our mistakes.

As I have indicated, there are two types of pacifism—one which faces the material facts which are the underlying factors of all wars, and the other which is a purely emotional reaction to the horrors of war. The pacifistic organizations (so-called) have almost entirely confined themselves to the latter type. It is my contention that they have been led by, and chiefly composed of persons who are not healthy males between the ages of 18 and 35, which group supplies the bulk of the active military and naval force of our nation in time of war. In other words, they are composed, in the main, of women, and of men, who do not ordinarily go to war. They operate on the assumption that by speaking against war as moral crime, and detailing its physical inconveniences, they will be able to arouse public sentiment to a point where the youth of their country will, individually and collectively, refuse to join any military organization at any time. They seem to believe that

Continued on page 224

A Disappointment to His Family

Donald hoped he could grow up to be a Black Sheep like Uncle Bert

by LIONEL WIGGAM

▪ FICTION ▪

On that morning, the beach was forsaken except for the birds. It was too cold for wading, and the waves were implacable fists till they hit the sand; then, in a sighing explosion, they would soften and uncurl as languid as a woman's finger. Charlie, who was seven, sat on the middle planks of the pier where only the breath of the spray could blow, and whittled at a piece of wood. But Donald ran like a sandpiper over the hills. The wind, pushing against his mouth, was so savage that it choked him, and he had conceived some secret game that made the ascent of each dune a victory.

When Donald saw his mother and Uncle Bert, he came darting out on the boards to squat beside his brother. Uncle Bert was a stranger, and both boys were shy. They huddled on the planks with their thin, childish shoulders drawn together, and stared and stared at this strange man. "Hello!" shouted Uncle Bert. "Don't you lads have a kiss for your uncle?"

Mother came, holding up her skirts with one hand and resting the other on Uncle Bert's arm, choosing her way delicately as a cat while her heels bit fine holes into the sand. But Uncle Bert's feet plunged deep and remorseless, and his long bones rose beside her like a tower.

"Shake hands," murmured Mother. "Shake hands with your uncle, boys!"

Father's brother stood with his fingers on his hips, laughing down at them so merrily that they both smiled before they gazed in an agony of embarrassment at their feet.

"They're self-conscious," apologized Mother; "impossible to teach them manners! Either they stare, or else they won't look up at all."

"You must leave us here," commanded Uncle Bert. "We will see you at lunch time."

When they looked up again Mother had gone. Uncle Bert flung himself down on his stomach against the planks, and picked up Charlie's stick. "What's this?" he said in his big merry voice, and whittled so skillfully that in a moment the stick had turned into a fat black man with a round skull and a little navel notched into his belly. "Nebuchadnezzar!" Uncle Bert said, and the boys giggled and forgot to blush or be shy.

Then he told them stories of his adventures at sea, and presently they had fallen in love with him. His face was brown as a nut, and his hair grew in tight shells all across his head. He had a throat that was long and shapely and muscles that rippled like an arch of steel across his shoulders. When he looked into the water, they saw that his collar was ragged and his coat too small for him, so that it crowded the big arms and exposed the whorls of hair on his wrists. But the sunshine fell like a garland around his forehead.

Donald, who was six, slid his fingers into Uncle Bert's hand. "Why," he whispered, "have you never come to see us before?"

"Because," Uncle Bert replied joyously, "I am a black sheep!"

Charlie was puzzled, but Donald stared with the dazzled eyes of love. "How long," he persisted, "are you going to stay at our house?" For an instant the polished teeth were concealed, and the wide mouth grew sober. "If I win," said Uncle Bert, "I may stay a long while, perhaps a week. But if I lose, I must go away tomorrow."

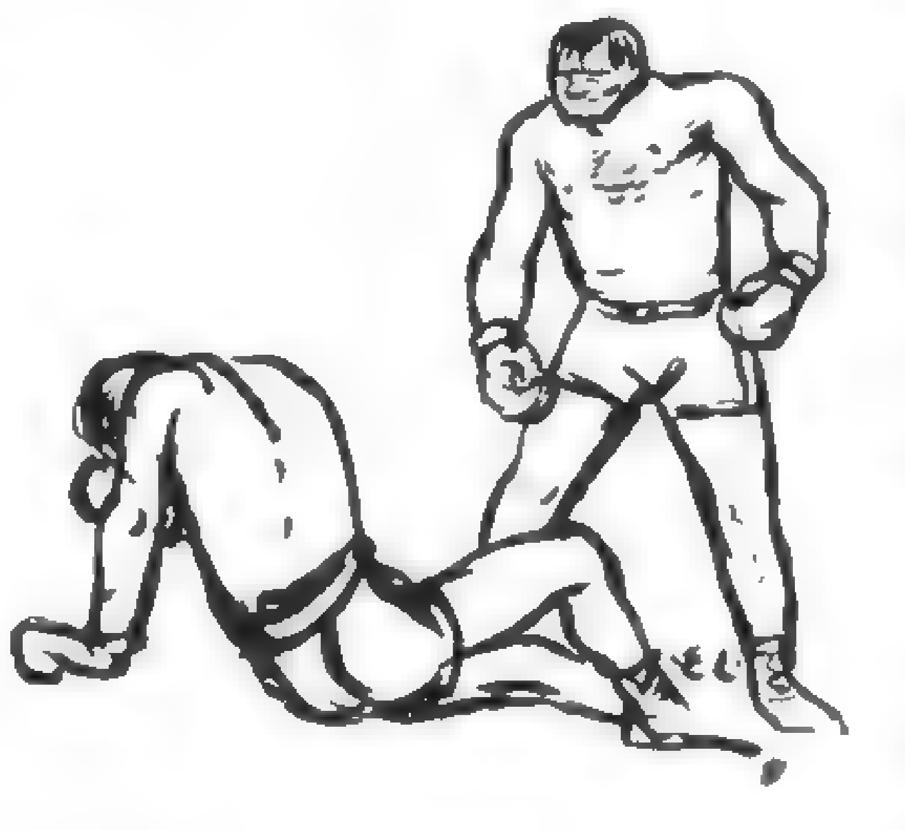
"If you lose *what?*" said Charlie, baffled.

"If I lose the fight, you dunce!" roared Uncle Bert; and Donald laughed back at him, but Charlie grew anxious.

"You're going to fight somebody?" he inquired in a hoarse whisper; and for a moment he supposed—he was confident—that for some reason Uncle Bert was going to fight Father.

"Of course I'm going to fight somebody; that's why I'm here! I'm the welterweight champion of the whole navy, didn't you lads know that? And tonight I meet Kid Racita—the main bout!—until the best man scores a knockout."

"I shall be a black sheep," announced Donald tremulously, "when I am a man."



Uncle Bert swept them both up from the pier, and they went capering like dogs across the dunes to the house.

At luncheon Mother was more gay than they had ever seen her before. She wore her prettiest dress, and her yellow hair was folded as neat as frost all about her head. "Your mother," Uncle Bert told them imperiously, "is the most beautiful woman in the whole world!"

They all laughed. Even Charlie forgot to be anxious, and he laughed harder than he had ever dared before his father.

"You dare say that!" remarked Mother bitterly, little tears of laughter stinging her eyes. "You, with a sweetheart in every port!"

"A lie!" roared Uncle Bert. "By God, it's a lie! I've never been in love in my whole life!"

Uncle Bert did not sit at the table as the boys had been taught to do, but sidewise, with his legs sprawled out across the rug. He had changed into shabby flannels, and they were as tight as his coat had been, and betrayed the hard muscles flexing along his legs. His voice made the candles on the sideboard shiver in their sticks, and even the servant Kate had to laugh at him. When he was not laughing or talking or eating, he would break into a whistle, as clear and rapid as music from a flute.

After lunch they went into the living room, where the heavy red draperies had been drawn and the logs sent out great shafts of warmth from the fireplace. Uncle Bert told them stories about foreign lands and described strange water-fronts and jungles and mountains. Then he leaped up with a bored cry and began to dance a wild Irish jig, until presently he crashed into a table. He tumbled in a heap with a lampshade falling rakishly over one of his eyes and the lamp splintering into a thousand fragments around his feet.

"You've cut your hand!" cried Mother, and she ran to kneel beside him; when she lifted up his fingers a spot of blood lay like a crimson feather in his palm.

"I have broken your beautiful lamp," he replied, watching her sad face.

"Oh, the lamp, it is nothing, it is old. But your hand—and you must fight tonight!"

"A scratch," he said cheerfully, and folded up his fingers in a tight ball to prove it. But he winced.

"Oh!" cried Mother in distress. "Charlie, tell Kate to fetch the iodine! But if your hand is like this—" and she crouched over his fingers as tenderly as if she held a bird, "—you may lose your fight?"

"I shall tear that wop to little bits!" bragged Uncle Bert, amused and pleased at her concern. "I shall break him bone by bone!" and he made a sound with his teeth so like the cracking of bones that they forgot to be horrified about his hand, and everybody laughed again.

After Mother had washed the cut with iodine, it was time for the little boys to take their naps. Uncle Bert picked them up, one under each arm, and went striding up the stairs to drop them like puppies in their beds.

Before he left the room Charlie whispered again, "Why do you have to have a fight,

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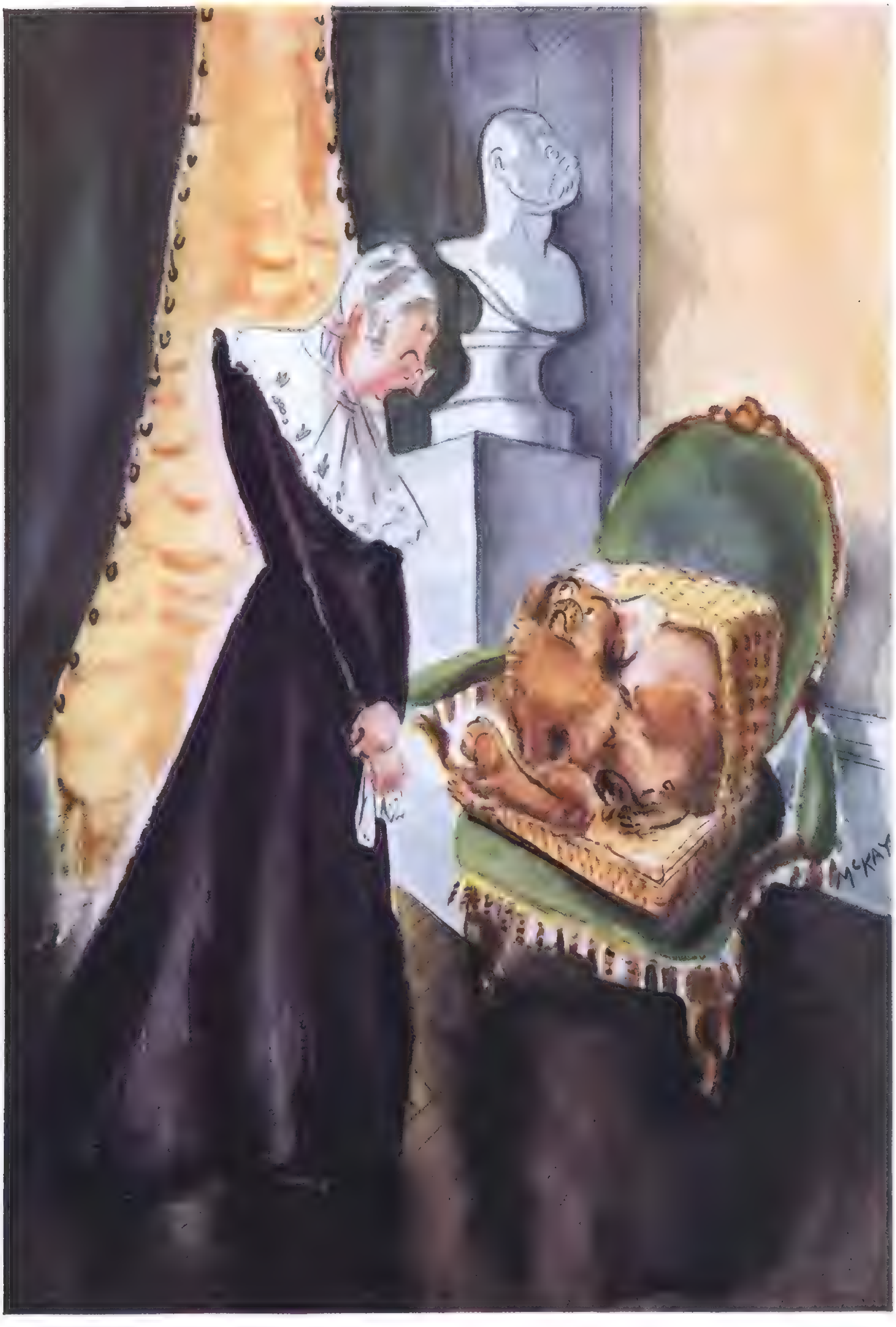
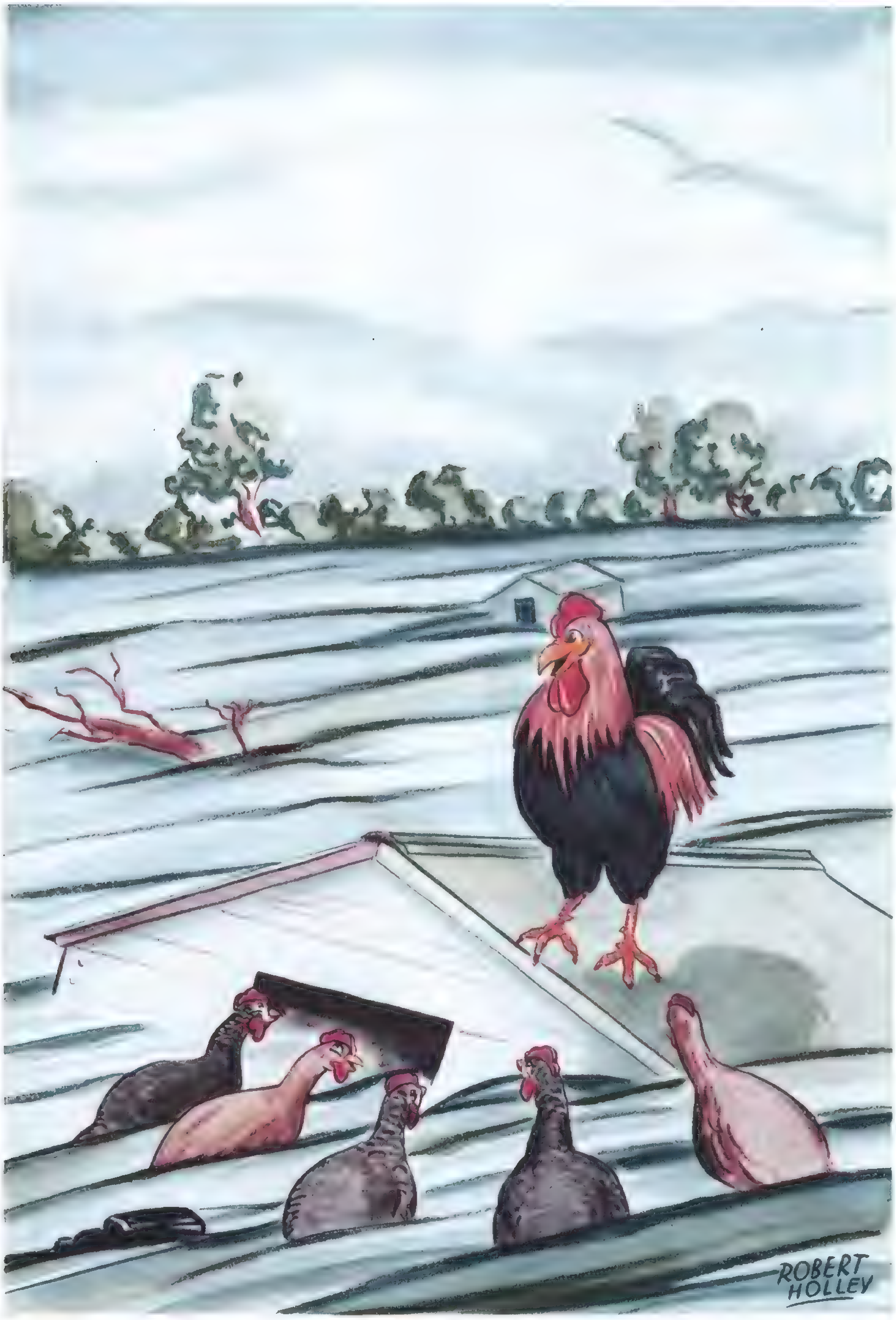


"Why, Sheilah—I'm disappointed in you. I don't think you even tried."


ROBERT HOLLEY

"All right—if any of you girls have changed your minds you can come back up"

Paul Bunyan—Golfer

Johnny Montague, Man Mountain of the links, has more glamor than all the stars of Hollywood

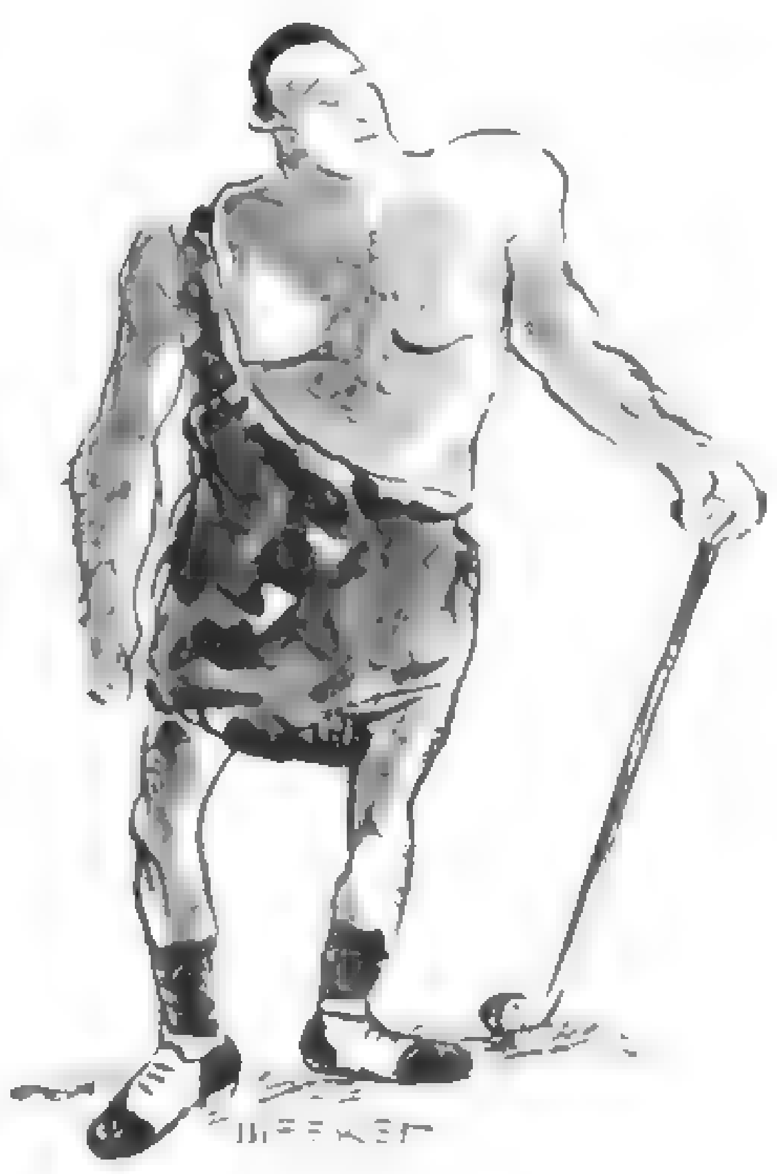
by FRANK SCULLY

• SPORTS •

JAMES STEVENS, who wrote Paul Bunyan's biography, never met Bunyan, but I have met Johnny Montague. Don't ask me if Johnny Montague is his real name. Did anybody ever ask Stevens if Bunyan was the real name of the Colossus of Log-Rollers? And whether it was or not, what bearing would a matter of billing have on the plausibility of the old logger's Olympian feats? A Hercules of the hillbillies by any other name would smell as strong.

And whether Paul Bunyan did or didn't exist, doesn't nick the fine polish off the fact that after months of pursuing him I have finally cornered the Paul Bunyan of Golf. I was as curious as anybody to find out if it were true that he made holes-in-one by teeing off one course and holing the drive on another course ten miles away. I wanted to see if he could stop dead a big wind which was bothering his putts by coughing right in its face.

Like others I had my doubts about those pitches of his out of sandtraps on a downhill lie, pitches with so much "English" on them they spin back to within a few inches of the cup. Most golfers, champions included, are glad to get out of a trap any way they can, and none I ever met will try a trick shot when in trouble, and certainly not the most difficult trick shot in golf. None, that is, except this Man Mountain Montague.



Did anybody, I wanted to know, ever *see* him hit a bull's-eye on a rifle range at four hundred yards, ten in a row, for a perfect sharpshooter's score? What was underneath these skyscrapers of legend, these sagas of a Samson shorn of his beard and reduced in his rage to playing society shinny to keep him in cocktail money?

For year I had heard these fantastic tales of Montague's prowess over California fields where once giant redwoods cracked in two when Paul Bunyan sneezed, fields now given over to the lavender game of Park Avenue shinny, or, as it's known in sissier circles, gas house hockey. I had chased him through boulevard stops, only to get tickets while he zoomed on to one more incredible feat in an incredible game. But in the end I got my man. It must be the old Southwest Unmounted Policeman in me.

I caught up with him one night as the sun was setting over the Lakeside Golf Course, which is bounded on the east by Warner Brothers' Studio, and on the south by Universal Studio, and on the north and west by the estates of Dick Powell, Amelia Earhart, George Brent, Claude Binyon, Jim Tully, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Helen Twelvetrees, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Doris Duke, and the house that Micky Mouse built.

On one side of Man Mountain Montague as I entered the clubhouse was Ed Kennedy, 210-pound comic, famous from left to right for the "Kennedy burn," and once a pretty good heavyweight palooka in his own right. On the other side of him was Oliver Hardy, 285-pound comic of Hal Roach's pie penitentiary. Behind him was Grantland Rice, the good old romantic of the rose-tinted realm of sport. They were playing straight for the Popeye of Golf.

Their handshakes were routine, done, especially the comics', in dead pan. You know, comics. Anything for a laugh.

Then came Montague. He shook hands as if I were a Capulet. You've seen former high school boys, flabby handshakers, come back from college at Christmas and almost crack your hand in four places with the hearty grip which seems *de rigeur* among undergraduates all the way from the Berkeley Campanile to the Harvard Yard? Well, Montague's handshake tops that.

All golfers, duffers more than top flight players, are horny-handed Elks on this handshake thing. That's not what I mean. This Montague, if his name is Montague (and if it is, so was the mother of Monty Glass), has callouses, but he's got muscles, too. When he handshakes you, you wince, and when you quit wincing, you cry out, and when you cry out, you collapse. Then the bodyguards walk away, figuring their work is done.

Convalescing on a couch you look once again at Man Mountain Montague and decide that all those pertinent questions you were going to ask him about his past and if it's true that he's not related to Wally Simpson (who was also a Montague, remember), and who is he anyway, and doesn't he know that with your inside tie-ups you could trace him through his automobile license right back to Lithuania?

You skip all that, as I say, and stick to the contemporary legends. For the record, you observe all his camera-busting isn't necessary.

All the boys would have to do to get around that would be to take a studio still of Eugene Pallette and lift Gene's schnozz so that it was less like Durante's and more like Gable's.

Certain pictures of Lawson Little look even more like Johnny Montague — both in face and in build. I'm not throwing out a wild pitch that Montague *is* Little. I'm only saying that if you can't see Montague in person, and as long as he insists on throwing cameramen over the Cahuenga Pass you can't, then you'll have to draw your ideas of what he looks like from mine, and mine are that he's a composite of Pallette and Little.

Like Little, who ran off thirty-one straight victories in major match play, Montague is a killer. Bobby Jones attributed his own success to never minding what his opponent was doing but always playing against par. Montague, like Little, hounds his opponent from tee to tee—a Dempsey of golf.

He's not fat, but he looks fat in a sweatshirt. He isn't thin either. He's chunky. Not over five feet ten he must weigh well over two hundred pounds. His hair is black, his teeth are good, and he can smile now and then to prove it.

He wears what the fashion editors would call a grey ensemble—consisting of a grey sweatshirt, grey trousers, and black and white sport shoes over grey socks. He drinks Scotch and soda, and if prodded with a pitchfork, he'll talk.

He doesn't deny all the super-colossal things others attribute to him on the golf course. He says if you have the physique and something more than the brain of a gnat, you can duplicate the things he does. He wasn't born with a silver putter in his mouth. In fact, he never played golf 'til a couple of years ago. All right, "nuts." I'm only telling you what he told me.

We were sitting under a photograph of Bobby Jones, a modest still about five feet long and three feet wide, taken on the Lakeside course some time ago. I asked Montague if he had ever played Jones. He said, no, he hadn't.

I later asked Joe Cunningham, once a Philadelphia sports writer and cartoonist, now a comic of the Hollywood scene, how Montague would compare with Jones. Cunningham had played with Montague.

"Montague would slay Jones," said Cunningham. "The only golfer who could have given Montague a run was Walter Hagen. You see, Montague is a money player—like Clark Hinkle, the former Bucknell fullback now of the Green Bay Packers, and Willie Hoppe, the old billiard champ, and Jack Dempsey, and old ball players like Matty and Grover Alexander and Chief Bender, and among the moderns, Mickey Cochrane

Continued in center of page 141

Recovery Portraits

Almost anyone can stand a Depression; it's Recovery that tries men's souls

by JOHN C. EMERY

• CASE-HISTORIES •

She has always liked nice things—jewels, sleek cars, furs, expensive restaurants, the best seats at the theatre, faultless servants. She had them, too, in the earlier years of her marriage when her husband's income surged higher and higher and taxes nibbled rather than gulped it. There seemed to be no reason then why she should ever deny herself the things she loved. Her husband had the money touch and shared her joy in the things that money—lots of money—would buy.

Not that her love of the expensive was a false passion simulated for purposes of display. Instead, it was a quiet though consuming love, genuine and inborn. It was in her nature, like her love for, and loyalty to, her husband.

A thoroughbred, she voiced no complaint when the Depression selected her husband for one of its first and most spectacular victims. Her husband expected, and strove for, a quick recovery, and she encouraged him, for his sake and not for hers. For intuitively she knew that the road back would be a long one, winding endlessly through a desolate land. She knew that many things she loved would have to go, and remain unreplaced. But her courage was high and she suffered with stoical fortitude for many months what was, to her, a very real form of starvation.

Nor did she display the relief and joy that was in her heart when the tide, at long last, ceased to ebb and began its upward flood. There were times in the early stages of her husband's steady, determined comeback when she felt a physical and nearly unbearable ache to throw off the restraint dictated by good sense and plunge into a reckless, if brief, orgy of spending. Even her husband urged her to do so, for he recognized this as the real, not the false, dawn. A bet, he assured her, could now be safely placed upon the future. But she made herself refuse, denying herself so that no slightest extra burden of her making should add to the load on her husband's shoulders. It was by her own decision, therefore, that she entered into a simple life of comfort without luxury. It was a life which she accepted cheerfully for she thought that it would be only temporary. She had never seemed more content.

In a way, then, it is her own fault that her husband has now come to prefer this kind of living. Perhaps she should have foreseen the outcome. Doubtless she should have read a warning in those first, tell-tale signs by which her husband had indicated his growing attachment for a life of peace and serenity. But she did not see them and so was quite unprepared when her husband, one night as they sat watching the dying embers in the fireplace of their rural cottage, revealed his plans.

He was glad, her husband said, to see how happy she had become out here in the country, because he was happiest there, too. He was glad that she had lost her craving for the tinsel trappings of luxurious living, because he had lost his, too. And he was glad to know that she would be glad when he told her his intention: To retire from business and money-making and to live in calm seclusion on a farm. He hadn't, her husband told her, been able to put by more than a modest fortune, but it was enough—enough to keep them all their lives in the comfort, not the luxury, that they both had come to love.

She wishes that she knew what to do.

II

During the Depression, he knew where he stood. His income, a handsome one even for the golden 'Twenties, plummeted to the lowest level of his entire career. That was all right with him. He could take it. He would play the cards the way they were dealt to him, good or bad, and never whine about a stacked deck.

As he told other members of his club—this was when he hoped to be able to hold on to his membership and before he was suspended for nonpayment of dues; he was never posted for delinquency in his house account—he would go on living, regardless. He had managed to live on a small income before, and he could do it again. He would not go in the hole, banking on the uncertain future. However much he might have to retrench to live within his fallen income, he would retrench that much.

One by one, as his situation became more and more acute, he lopped off nonessential items of expense. He moved from his $5,000 apartment on Park Avenue to one which cost him less than a fifth as much in the Bronx. He closed his charge accounts, each and every one, regardless of his wife's tearful entreaties, and put his family on a strict pay-cash-and-save basis. He resigned from both his golf and town clubs. He bade his tailor a reluctant farewell and, for the first time in eighteen years, bought a ready-made suit. He paid $27.50 for this suit, and postponed even so small an expenditure until the day when his last old suit burst open at both elbows. He sold his limousine, retained his needed coupe until heavy repairs could be no longer deferred, and then traded it for a second-hand sedan of the cheapest make. He discharged all his servants except one housemaid who could cook, and retained her on half-pay. Every expense of his household suffered either elimination or drastic reduction. And so he got through the Depression.

Things have been looking up for him for about a year and a half, now. He could easily return to his original way of living; he has the wherewithal. But instead he is continuing along his straitened path, and storing the surplus.

The reason is a simple one. He is sure that the present Recovery is only temporary. He expects it to collapse at any moment and he wants to be prepared when the crash comes. The last Depression was bad enough, and he barely squeaked through. He reasons, how can he survive the next and worse one, then, without a reserve? A reserve he feels he must have, and he is getting it.

That is why he is determinedly, doggedly saving every penny of his earnings which does not have to go for the bare necessities of life. That is why he still resides in a cheap apartment, why he is still on a frugal cash basis, why his infrequent new suits are still ready-mades. That is also why he has not rejoined his clubs and still runs a cheap car. It is why he still employs only one servant, the housemaid retained through the Depression, and has given her a grudging Recovery raise in pay of only $1.00 a week.

He is worth more today, in quick assets, than he has ever been worth before. He still wants more—an indefinite amount—but, all things considered, he is reasonably well satisfied and pleased about the way things are going. He is the only member of his family, however, who feels that way. His wife and children are inclined to be pretty bitter. They can't see anything satisfactory about a Recovery in name only.

III

She got by very nicely during the Depression. Although her husband lost his good job and had to be content with what work he could get, which wasn't much, she managed to eke out a more than comfortable existence by her technique in wheedling assistance from indulgent relatives. Although her experience along this line had been most limited, she quickly proved herself a master of the gentle and profitable art of panhandling.

When her larder needed refilling, it was her shrewd practice to invite an uncle and aunt to dinner and feed them very sparingly. This rarely failed to bring forth a surreptitious but sizable check from her uncle to whom malnutrition, especially of himself but also of members of his family, was unthinkable. Sometimes she had to drop a hint or two about the reason for the skimpy meal she had served, and she was always glad to do this, but usually no sighing word needed to be said. The lightly loaded table spoke adequately for itself.

She employed a similar technique to encourage contributions to the family wardrobe. Before the relatives arrived, the children were whisked out of their neat, new apparel and clad in their oldest, most tattered and outgrown garments. She herself would don a dress with one or two subtly conspicuous repairs, and stockings with one run which had been darned. Only her husband wore the best clothing that he had, but it made no difference because no one ever thought about how he looked. The relatives did not fail, though, to catch the significance of her masquerade. They all agreed that she was a brave wife and mother, and they showered her with gifts and money, saying, "We know you dislike the thought of being helped, but after all, it's all in the family. Please don't refuse." She never did, and as a result she and her children were never so well-dressed at any time—whenever her benefactors were not around.

Nor did she overlook her distant relatives. These were encouraged to do their part by begging letters which were classics of subtlety. So adroitly did she combine courage and pathos in these written appeals, so skillfully masked yet definite were her implications of real urgency, that checks usually came by air mail, special delivery.

So she breezed through the hard times and rarely knew an ungratified wish. But then came Recovery. Her husband got a better job with a salary adequate for the family needs. And that, as she soon found out, was not so good, for the news quickly reached the relatives who had been helping.

The first Sunday after her husband had his good fortune, she invited her favorite uncle and aunt to dinner. As usual, she and the children "dressed" for the occasion, and the food was insufficient. But this time her uncle, instead of whipping out his checkbook, merely became bad tempered, and her aunt spoke quite sharply about people who were "too slovenly, not too poor" to dress decently. The shock was a bad one and brought on a severe, and genuine, headache.

Reluctant to believe that she had lost her touch, she tried again, twice, with other relatives. Each time she succeeded in eliciting only dissatisfied, surly looks and tactless, unwelcome advice. In a fever of anxiety, she dispatched coaxing letters to her entire list of out-of-town contributors, hoping to find some or all of them still sympathetic. But the word of her husband's new job had spread with greater speed and she failed even to recover stamp money.

She is extremely unhappy now, and hates all her relatives. Despite the fact that her husband's salary is a very good one, he finds it inadequate to maintain her in the style to which she had become accustomed. Secretly, she longs for the good old days of the Depression.

IV

He was a boy wonder and had a meteoric rise which was only partially leveled off even by the Depression. Then, just when business was in the first flutter of revival, he suddenly lost his job. His friends still do not know just why. One day his future seemed rosy and assured, the next it was dark and uncertain. He didn't say much about it except to hint at a disagreement over a question of policy and to assure everyone that he had a number of other good things in view and would shortly reveal his choice. At first none doubted that he would quickly find a place, and a good one, on somebody's payroll. His ability had been conclusively demonstrated in the past, and it was well-known. He was, thought everyone who knew him, sure to be snapped up quickly, even though jobs were still pretty scarce.

Yet the months went by and he still was without work. If questioned about it, he always said that he had several attractive propositions on the fire, and that he wasn't worrying, but nothing ever came of them. Invariably his negotiations advanced just so far and then, on the verge of consummation, bogged down entirely. It was a great mystery to his acquaintances and formed a popular subject of conversation among them.

At last a hint of the truth came out. The reason why he had failed to land a job long before this was that he had an exalted idea of his value to prospective employers. He had refused mere employment, insisting steadfastly upon positions carrying exceptional authority and remuneration. It was that or nothing for him, and time after time, it was nothing.

His friends, of course, now lost sympathy for him. Never quite free of jealousy in the days of his success, they seized their chance to say, "I told you so." Themselves incapable of dogged insistence upon the full value of their services, they were the more savage in their ridicule. So he thought he was so good, eh? So he still had to be in the big-money class, eh? Well, let him dream. He would soon find that times had changed, and that even with Recovery well advanced, a good job was a job carrying any salary at all. The fool, said his friends, to give up a few immediate hundreds in the vain hope of future and unattainable thousands.

As Recovery continued and business improved, his situation became more and more acute. This was no surprise to his critics. "I expected that," they said, when he had to rent his house, send his wife and children to her mother, and take a furnished room. "It was inevitable," they said, when he had to give up his car. "Still day-dreaming," they said, when he continued to mention the important irons that he had in the fire. "He's through," was the consensus, and there was no surprise when, for a time, he dropped from sight.

But just the other day he came back. The first hint of his return was the departure of the tenants in his house. Then his own furniture reappeared, followed closely by his wife, his children and himself. He had a fine, new car, his wife a rich fur coat. And as if that were not enough to set the neighborhood tongues wagging, there soon came two servants, contractors to redecorate and add a wing to the house, and a second car. He was quite calm about it all, and not at all boastful to the friends who came running with their congratulations when they learned how exceedingly good his fortune had been. He knew what he was worth, he said, and he had waited until he got it. That was all there was to it. That was the way to look at it, all right, said his friends.

V

She is fit to be tied. When the husbands of her friends received 30, 40 and 50 per cent increases in their salaries, her own husband got a measly 10 per cent boost. Most of her friends' husbands were showered with bonuses last Christmas. Her husband came home on December 24 with only his usual weekly check. It is her considered opinion that there is no justice, and she seizes every opportunity to be vocal about it. She is no silent sufferer.

Each new acquisition of her friends is like a knife thrust again into an old wound. A fur coat is sufficient to make her momentarily speechless with envy and self-pity, and when her closest friend, whose husband had such a hard time during the Depression, drove up one day in a brand new and extra fancy car, she was taken with a sick headache which stayed with her for two days.

Her husband has tried to reason with her, without success. He has told her many times that the Recovery will not help him much, just as the Depression failed to hurt him more than slightly. His business is of the stable kind which goes along much the same, in good times as in bad. If it doesn't have the ups, neither does it have the downs, so that in the long run he is as well off as anyone.

Her husband points out that she had to

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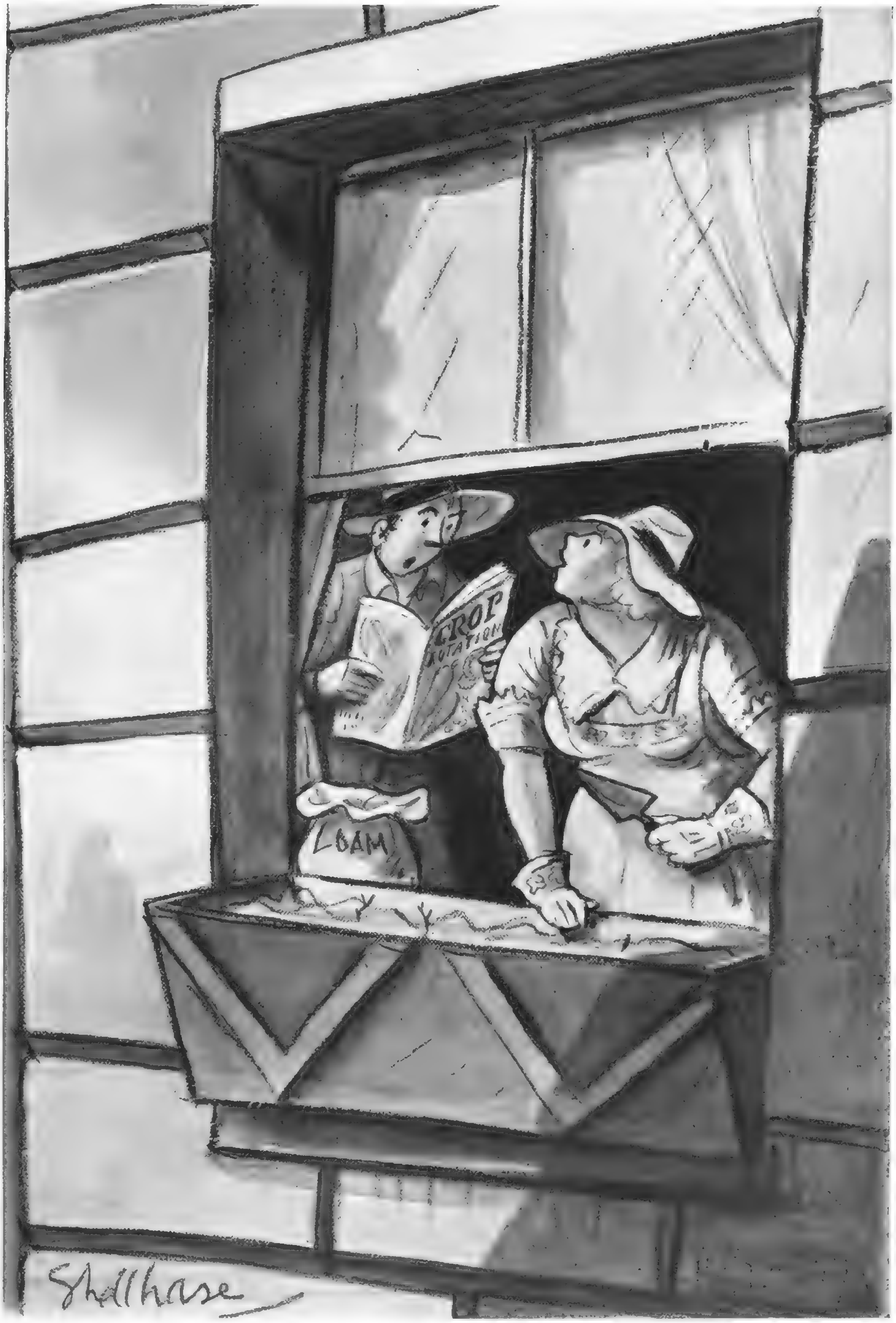

CROP ROTATION
LOAM
Shellhase

"If we're going to follow this book on crop rotation we've got to plant alfalfa this year"

The King's Friday

The king, God save and pity him, must never speak more brightly than the dullest of his subjects

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

KING WEXLIN lay abed listening to the rain beating down outside. It was indeed high time for a king—or anybody else—to be getting up, but gray skies and rain always made him sleepy. He would have liked nothing better than to lie in bed all day—as long as it kept raining. But unfortunately this was out of the question. It happened to be Friday, and on that day King Wexlin gave his weekly radio talk to the subjects of his little kingdom.

He had started this practice about a year ago. Wexlin's conception of a good monarch was one who acted as sort of a father to his subjects, giving them guidance in their personal conduct, talking to them exactly as a parent would talk to his children. In short the king never harangued his subjects, nor did he engage in political chatter. After all he was not an office seeker. Being a firmly entrenched monarch, as monarchs go these days, there was no need for him to defend his policies over the radio.

King Wexlin was interested simply in helping his subjects to become—as individuals—more wise, more kindly, more assured, more urbane, more just. Often he contrasted his little kingdom with the United States. It seemed to him that that country, generally speaking, year in and year out, was governed and organized well enough, but that its failures arose more from the shortcomings of its citizens as individuals, from the lack—a good many of them—of balance and moral sense. "Concentrate on making the people become good people, wise people, and they'll get along with any kind of government," was his theory.

And that was the trouble. He had told them everything he could think of. King Wexlin desired to remain in bed not only because of the rain but because he was running short of material for his broadcasts. At eight o'clock in the evening he must go before the microphone and admonish his subjects to do or not to do something or other.

The question was: what? Although he had been lying there awake for nearly an hour, he had been forced to dismiss straightway every idea that had occurred to him. For the fiftieth time he told himself that he shouldn't wait until practically the last minute to get his topic—as he usually did.

Ah, that was it! Today he would exhort his people not to put off things to the last minute. He would cite great characters in history, and—no, no, he had used that theme two or three times already. His secretary had even spoken of unfavorable letters which had been received after the last broadcast. Subjects were encouraged to send in fan mail—as candid as they chose, for King Wexlin was in no sense a dictator—and not a few citizens had protested against the King's repeating himself.

Let's see? What else was there? Why not a little chat on the dangers of over-eating? There indeed was a strictly personal subject, one which affected every living human being—the very type of subject most beneficial to this subjects. "Loyal subjects, tonight I want to caution you against—" King Wexlin checked himself, and shook his head sadly. He just remembered in time that there had been talk of a food shortage in the land—even possible famine. Although it was far from his intentions, his exhortation might be construed as an attempt to put a good face on a bad matter, or, worse yet, as sarcasm. He dismissed the eating subject as much too volatile. His duty was to soothe and instruct people, not to stir them up.

Come, come, he wasn't getting anywhere. Love. There was a topic universal enough, personal enough, one certainly good for a few words now and then. When had he last talked on love? Not for a good long time. "Tonight, my beloved subjects, I am going to talk to you about love—about the approach of the lover to the object of his affections. Most lovers make the mistake of being too ardent at the outset, thereby putting the maiden on her guard immediately. I have found from long experience that the best method is to assume an air not of outright indifference, but of chivalrous deference, and to continue this until her suspicions are allayed. This insures that when the opportunity presents itself, surrender will be sweeter and of such an absolute nature that—" Good heavens, what was he thinking of! A king lecturing his subjects on the art of seduction! Scandalous! That would never do. There would be a fine howl. Now, how had such an idea ever come into his head? Perhaps last night—well, there was no need to dwell on that now.

A topic, a topic. He must get one. He must concentrate. Peace. Yes, that was a possibility. Everybody, so they say, at any rate, passionately desires peace. He might lecture his subjects on the follies of war and the virtues of holding peace uppermost in their hearts. He could go on to point out that he, his subjects, and the generals in control of their armies were peace-loving people, and that any increase in military expenditures was merely the most effective way of insuring peace in the future. General Sasyoff, too, would approve of such a subject, and it was always well for a ruler to stand in well with the leader of the country's armed force. —And then King Wexlin sadly reflected that General Sasyoff himself had spoken on that selfsame topic only a couple of weeks ago—laying particular stress, the King recalled, on the part about increased military expenditures being the best guarantee of future peace. No, peace was out. Moreover, conditions being what they were in Europe, it might not be judicious to get his subjects in too pacifistic a frame of mind at this particular time. After all, it is better to be pacifistic when there is no threat of war.

Well, there was mother-love. Ah, there was an idea! Instead of dwelling on the virtues of mother-love, why not emphasize its dangers, and advocate mother-hate? Why not point out how many mothers have ruined their offspring by dominating them instead of allowing them to follow their natural bents unhindered? Why not shoot the works, and proclaim a slug-mother day on which all children would—What nonsense! He had tried to be funny once before, and he had been a dismal failure. His subjects were mostly peasants, poorly educated, and they might take him seriously. It was better to stick to the simple safe topics.

Perhaps it was the rain that dulled his senses, rendered his brain incapable of hitting upon new ideas. There must *be* new ideas. Plenty of people were getting them all the time. King Wexlin suddenly smiled. It occurred to him that only the other day the chief of police in the capital had complained to him about the condition of the streets, how the people were continually cluttering them up with paper. King Wexlin had visited America once, before ascending the throne, and he had been horrified at the appearance of the big cities like New York and Chicago and San Francisco. He had been shocked to observe how the grandeur of their huge buildings had been spoiled by the dirty cluttered-up streets.

Mincing no words he would tell his subjects that it was a crime against society and against beauty to throw papers on sidewalks and streets instead of depositing them in receptacles that were intended for them. Good citizens should take pride in—Again King Wexlin, shaking his head, came to a sudden halt. His radio chats went to all his subjects, rural as well

Continued at top of page 187

Midnight Caravan

by A. M. SULLIVAN

DRAWING *by* ARNOLD W. RYAN

All night long the trucks are lumbering up the New York road,
up Route One from Philadelphia,
Elephants on roller skates, incredible behemoths
who shoulder the breeze to a whirlpool
Up from Philadelphia they come, their yellow blades
peeling the dark from the roadway,
Downgrade they rumble fighting the hidden foe at the curve
who tugs at torque line and tire,
Brake bands squeal in a panic as inertia drags on the load
with the hand of a giant.
Darkness disturbed by the traffic grows fluid, and the
hillside dance with arrows,
Arrows that point to the stars for a moment then shatter
and spray on the concrete;
Lights like baubles of Yuletide glimmer their warnings
for port and starboard,
And hot rubber whines a monotonous key unfolding
long circles of speed.
Old villages ache with the thunder of wheels, the beating of
tappet and piston;
Saucers dance on the shelves, the Delft and the Wedgewood
that remember the Tallyho trumpet.

Dynamos pause in a purr as darkness erases
bright squares from the blackboard,
And sleep is a loom where men weave a raiment of pride
to cover the scars of their ego.
A city may slumber in peace when the wheels of its hunger
slow down to the hours of silence,
But the trucks from Philly keep rolling, iron nose to tail,
grotesques from the lamp of Aladdin.
The toe of a midget is pressing a spur in the
fiery flanks of the motor,
And sinews of gasoline, stung by a spark, are rippling
in whorls of the crankshaft
And power surges through gearbox and grease to the
cushioned bite of the rubber.
Wheels push the highway behind, and the curving miles
are measured by fingers of minutes;
Trenton fades in the gloom, and the ghosts of the Hessians
flee at the shrill of the siren,
Metuchen rolls by, and Rahway is gone like a wraith, but
Bayway is jeweled as a rajah.
Elizabeth dreams by the stench of her meadows, and beyond
are the lights of Manhattan.

Now men whose being is fused by the hours to the
rumbling torso of metal
Measure the swinging bulk of their bodies by the length and
breadth of the chassis,
And remember the coffee bar and the sprightly gossip of
grease from hamburgers over the fire.
Hope rides the howdah of monsters who rush past the halo
that tents the airport of Newark,
Rides over salt marshes of Kearney where forges of Mammon
flaunt ribbons of sudden flame,
Bright bands for the witch whose hair is a streak of
smoke in the westwind;
They come to the tunnel at last, where a mole has cheated the final
barrier of water.
Faith beats antiphonal time on the glare of the tiles,
where echoes chatter and carom,
Then leaps at the wheel while the corridor beckons,
a glistening promise of Heaven.

All night long the trucks are rolling up Route One to the
rutted lanes of Manhattan.
Merchants who sell their souls for an easy pattern
shall rise in the warmth of the morning,
Shall rise in the mists of their minds, and go to the
table to feast on the gossip of traders,
Reading that melons are down, that tomatoes are higher
because of the drought in South Jersey.
But truck drivers weary of dueling the dark and wrestling
gnomes who pull on their eyelids,
Tumble down canyons of slumber, too deep for
phantoms that waken the flesh of the sinner,
A void too vast for encounter with knights who ride
from the forests of dreams,
And they sleep in the trance of the doomed, nerves
drugged to silence by thunder.
They shall waken at last to the clamor of bells in a
clock that is part of the pattern,
Whose sound is a scourge to punish the brain
for the borrowed comforts of death,
And they take their place at the wheel, and move with the
setting sun, on Route One toward Philadelphia.

Manhattan Rendezvous

She liked talking to him, and somehow he didn't seem married

by EUGENE JOFFE

• FICTION •

If you go down to Nassau Street in Manhattan after twelve o'clock at night you will see hardly any people. Sometimes you can walk along Nassau Street after twelve o'clock without meeting anyone except a policeman standing on a corner and swinging his nightstick. The streets are empty and the stores are dark and the office buildings are high and dark. The streets in the neighborhood are like canyons. Sometimes if you look up you will see a light burning in a window where someone is working late, or lights burning in a row of windows where the scrubwomen are working.

But if you go down to Nassau Street at five o'clock in the afternoon you will find hardly room enough to stand at the edge of the sidewalk. Everyone is going home from work and there is a steady stream of people coming out of the office buildings and hurrying to the subway. The newsboys are shouting on the corners and the radios are playing in the doorways of the shops. There is a slowly moving and seemingly endless line of automobiles going up the street toward Park Row. For nearly an hour, from five o'clock to six o'clock, there is an endless crowd going along Nassau Street in Manhattan.

Beatrice Golding worked for a loan corporation on Nassau Street. She was a secretary. The office she worked in was on the sixth floor of a ten-floor, corner building, and her desk was beside one of the windows overlooking Nassau Street. She would sometimes lean back from her typewriter and put her hands to her back and lean her head back, and then she would turn her face to the window and look down at the people walking on the street below her. She was twenty-eight years old, slender, and she had no trouble buying hats and dresses that kept her looking well.

She had a friend in the office named Madge. Madge had an apartment uptown in Manhattan on East 49th Street, and she and Beatrice sometimes went there together after work. They would have drinks, and go out to dinner, and then either go to a party or visit somebody.

Beatrice lived with her mother in a small apartment on the second floor of an apartment house on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn. Beatrice's mother was nearly sixty, and she was active and energetic. She disliked it when Beatrice stayed overnight in Manhattan instead of coming home, and she was as vexed with Beatrice as though Beatrice had been an eighteen-year-old girl.

Beatrice had been born in Newark and she remembered how as a little girl she had sat on the floor in the parlor of their house and had watched her father sitting in the easy chair reading the paper. Then they had moved to Brooklyn, where they had had relatives. Beatrice had gone to school in Brooklyn, and to college, and she had got her first job in an office in Manhattan while she had been living in Brooklyn. When she had been twenty-three she had married and given up her job. She had married a man ten years older than herself, he had been a construction engineer, and she had lived in an apartment with him in Manhattan. They had lived together for three years, and then she had been definitely and irremediably unhappy with him. They were divorced. She started to work again.

She liked the atmosphere of the office on Nassau Street and she liked going out to lunch with Madge and walking along Nassau Street with the lunch hour crowd. She was through working every day at five o'clock. If she did not go anywhere with Madge she took the subway at Brooklyn Bridge and rode to Brooklyn and got out at her station on Eastern Parkway. She walked along the sidewalk to her apartment house, pleased to be in the residential neighborhood and also pleased by the prospect of returning to the business neighborhood tomorrow. She walked along Eastern Parkway and the autos in the middle of the Parkway drove swiftly past her. The leaves of the tall trees rustled over her head, and women pushing their baby carriages stopped and talked to each other and blocked the sidewalk, and sometimes, as she walked along, Beatrice glanced into the carriages and smiled.

One night in October her mother persuaded her to come to a party with her in Brooklyn. The party was in a private house on Prospect Place, and there were about twenty people at the party, nearly all of them married. Beatrice's mother had wanted her to meet a man, a doctor in his early forties with a good practice, but he was a dark-looking man, excessively serious, and Beatrice was exasperated with her mother for having arranged such an absurd meeting. She talked to the doctor only a little, and talked a little too, but differently, to one of the men at the party named Jack Reisman. He was apparently in his late thirties, and his wife, a small anxious looking woman, was with him, and Beatrice learned that he had three children; but of all the men at the party he seemed to her to be less than any of them irrevocably a family man. She was not sorry she had come with her mother. When the party broke up he smiled at her and they shook hands and said good-by. Reisman was an accountant. His office was on lower Broadway, a few blocks north of Nassau Street. He lived with his wife and children in a two-family house on Union Street in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park.

She met him at another party that she went to with her mother in November. He got up and smiled at her when she came into the room, and she saw the quick look of apprehension that came over his wife's face. "Hello," he said to Beatrice, and they shook hands. "I looked up that loan corporation of yours," he said, "and I found out that one of our men went over their books about two years ago. There's not much chance of anybody getting fired for a few years yet, if that's any consolation to you."

"It is," she said, and they smiled and sat down.

She liked to talk to him. The other people at the party looked at them with slight smiles, and his wife finally tried to pretend that she was amused too. Beatrice felt a little annoyed with his wife for seeming so ineffectual. She smiled conciliatingly at Beatrice and talked cordially to her later, and then Beatrice found her pleasant. Beatrice felt that Reisman came to these parties out of a sense of duty. Her mother looked warningly at Beatrice a few times, which irked Beatrice. Reisman had his car outside, and when the party broke up at one o'clock he drove Beatrice and her mother home. His wife sat with him in front, and

Continued on page 170

Blue Grizzly of White River

He was a bad killer, and shooting him only seemed to make him mad

by JACK TOOKER

• SPORTS •

It was early spring in the Kaibab, the snow still more than a foot deep on the level. I had just caught a lion and was skinning him when Forest Ranger Graham rode up.

"Good work," Graham said. "How many does that make this winter, Jack?"

"Twenty-two," I replied with pardonable pride—"counting three litters of young." I didn't stop skinning as the skin was freezing fast and could not be removed when frozen.

Ranger Graham leaned on the pommel and meditated. "Figuring a deer a week per lion, you've saved a thousand deer more for next year," he said. "Now you ought to be ready for bigger game. Where are you going to hunt bear this spring?"

"I haven't decided yet," I told him, "but I'm open to suggestions."

"Why don't you go after that killer over on the Apache Reservation in the White Mountains?"

"Maybe I want to live to get a few more lions," I grinned. "But tell me more about him—it's all new to me."

"Well, he's a big one—an old fellow, bluish-grey color. He's killed two white men—trappers—a lot of stock and several Indians. Last year he started in on the Forest Rangers' hobbled horses."

"If that's the case there must be a pretty big reward on his head," I said, thinking of the hardship and danger entailed in getting one of these animals.

"I'm sure there is—around a thousand dollars," Graham said. "It's posted by the Forest Service and the Stock Association."

I felt a glow of enthusiasm, but asked cautiously, "How did he happen to kill the trappers?"

Ranger Graham went on to say how the men had been killed. They had been trapping on the Apache Reservation. One of them had met the bear on a lonely trail. He had probably been forced to shoot from the hip or at too close range to get away. Anyway, he had wounded the animal, which overtook him and mauled him to death. They had thought the bear might die, but he hadn't. He recovered and was seen soon afterward. The wound must have made a man-hater of him, for he was more dangerous than ever.

"The dead trapper's partner swore revenge," Ranger Graham told me. "He started to hunt and trap the bear, and actually did catch the brute in one of his bear traps, but the big fellow tore his way loose, leaving two toes behind which marked his trail afterward. That fall the trapper found the blue grizzly's track in the first big snow. He followed the trail with a forty-five six-shooter and a .351 Winchester rifle. It led him up on Old Mount Baldy, nearly to the timber line. He found the huge beast digging out a den under a juniper tree and opened fire at close range. But the bear charged and got in one or two hard blows. Some Indians heard the shooting and later found the man still alive. He claimed he had shot the blue grizzly three times in the head and once in the shoulder, yet couldn't stop him. They took him to Fort Apache where he died."

"But the bear didn't," I surmised.

"No, he showed up the next spring, killing stock worse than ever."

"I'll try for him," I said, "—if the reward is big enough and sure pay."

"They ought to pay well for that fellow," Graham concluded. "I'll find out for certain and let you know."

It was a week or ten days before I saw Ranger Graham again. He told me he could guarantee me seven hundred and fifty dollars and possibly more. That was all I wanted to know. I promised him definitely that I would try to get the blue grizzly before he got me.

The more I thought about it the more intrigued I was with the idea of killing a "blue" grizzly—and a bad killer grizzly in the bargain. Very few hunters know that the Rocky Mountain Grizzly may be found in any color from light lemon to coal black. The color does not determine the species of bear. Almost every one who had seen or heard of the blue grizzly believed it to be the common species of black bear. But I was sure from its size and general description, as well as ferocious behavior, that it was a grizzly and a bad one. Black bear seldom attack a man, even when wounded, and they never dig their winter dens at, or near, the timber line. They much prefer to use old caves at a lower elevation.

I had at the time an 8 mm. bolt action German Mauser rifle, and several other good guns, but I was always slow with any bolt action rifle, and I wanted the best high-powered lever action rifle that money could buy when I faced that grizzly. Therefore, I ordered a Winchester, model 1895, box magazine, lever action, rifled and chambered for the 30-06 government cartridge.

The gun came in March while there was still some snow in the timber and the bear consequently still hibernating. I could not be sure the blue grizzly would be out before May.

I always target my rifles at least once a year, and was naturally eager to test out the new rifle. So I took the new gun, extra sights and tools for setting the sights, targets and several handfuls of cartridges, and Charley Edmunds and I drove down Coconino Canyon to where it flattens out into sagebrush flats, with here and there, open grassy spots.

Several prairie dogs were in sight on the first meadow we came to. I stopped the car, got out, reached into the pocket of my hunting coat for shells and filled the magazine of the new gun. A dog was sitting up not more than forty yards away. I cut down on him, and the heavy 220 grain soft-nosed bullet, traveling 2700 feet per second, blew that dog into mist.

I killed several others, and then a jack rabbit hopped out into the flat at the edge of the sagebrush. He was a fine target. I cut down and all we could find of the rabbit were bits of flesh and fur scattered about on the sage.

Charley drawled, "The sights on that stick are pretty good and she's a wicked weapon."

We had returned to the car, when, on looking back, I saw another prairie dog sitting up on the mound of earth by his hole. I filled the magazine again, threw a shell in the chamber, recalling now that it chambered with some difficulty. I took quick aim and pressed the trigger.

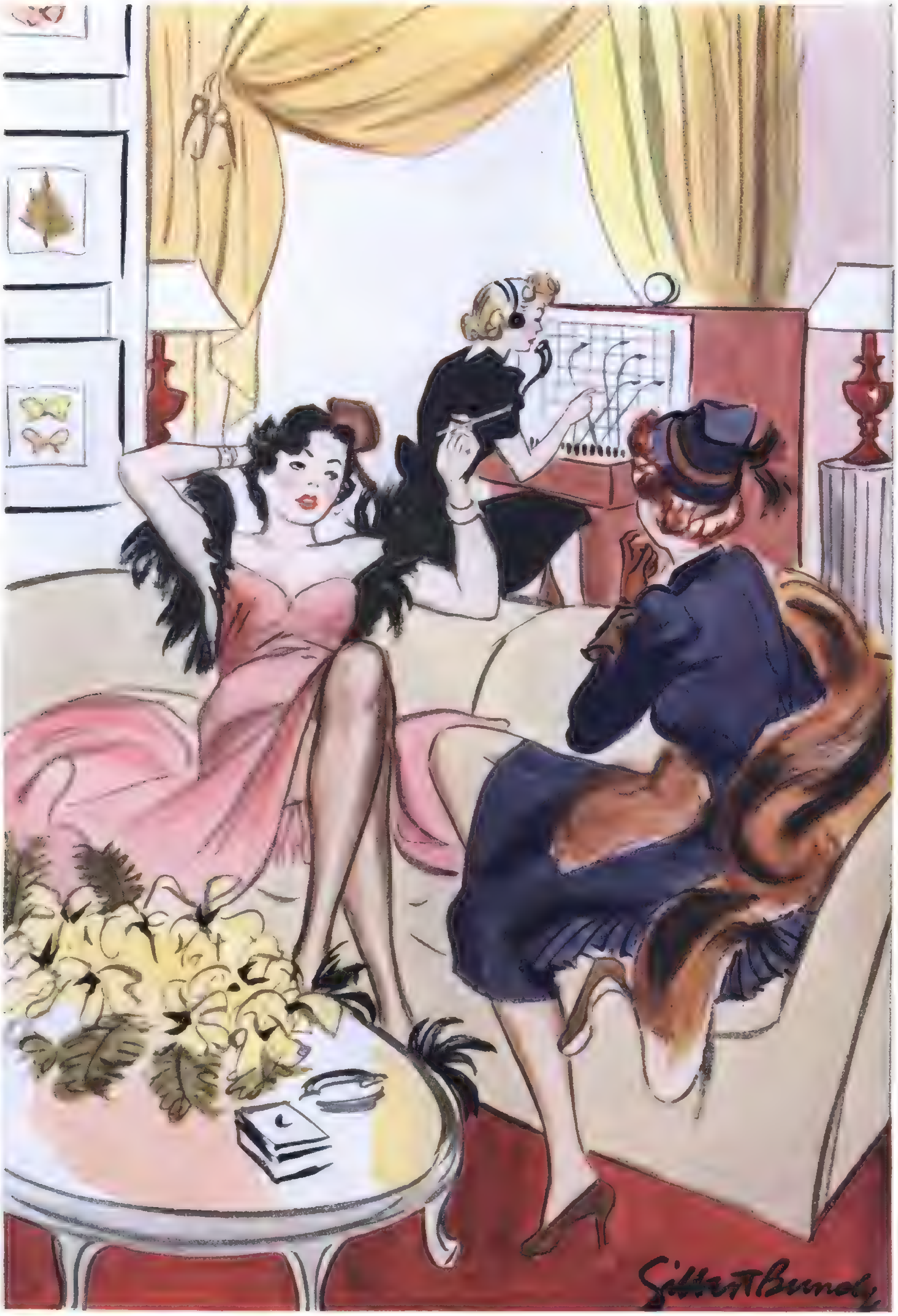
There was a deafening report and everything went black before my eyes. I would have fallen if Charley hadn't caught me. The new gun had blown up and I was totally blind!

For a long time to come the blue grizzly was safe from me and the new gun's record stopped at a jack rabbit and a few prairie dogs.

Bleeding badly, I was taken to Grand Canyon Village, where they gave me first aid and put me on the train for Los Angeles. The doctors would do nothing for my eyes; it was a job for specialists, they said. I suffered the tortures of Hades in spite of whatever they gave me to deaden the pain.

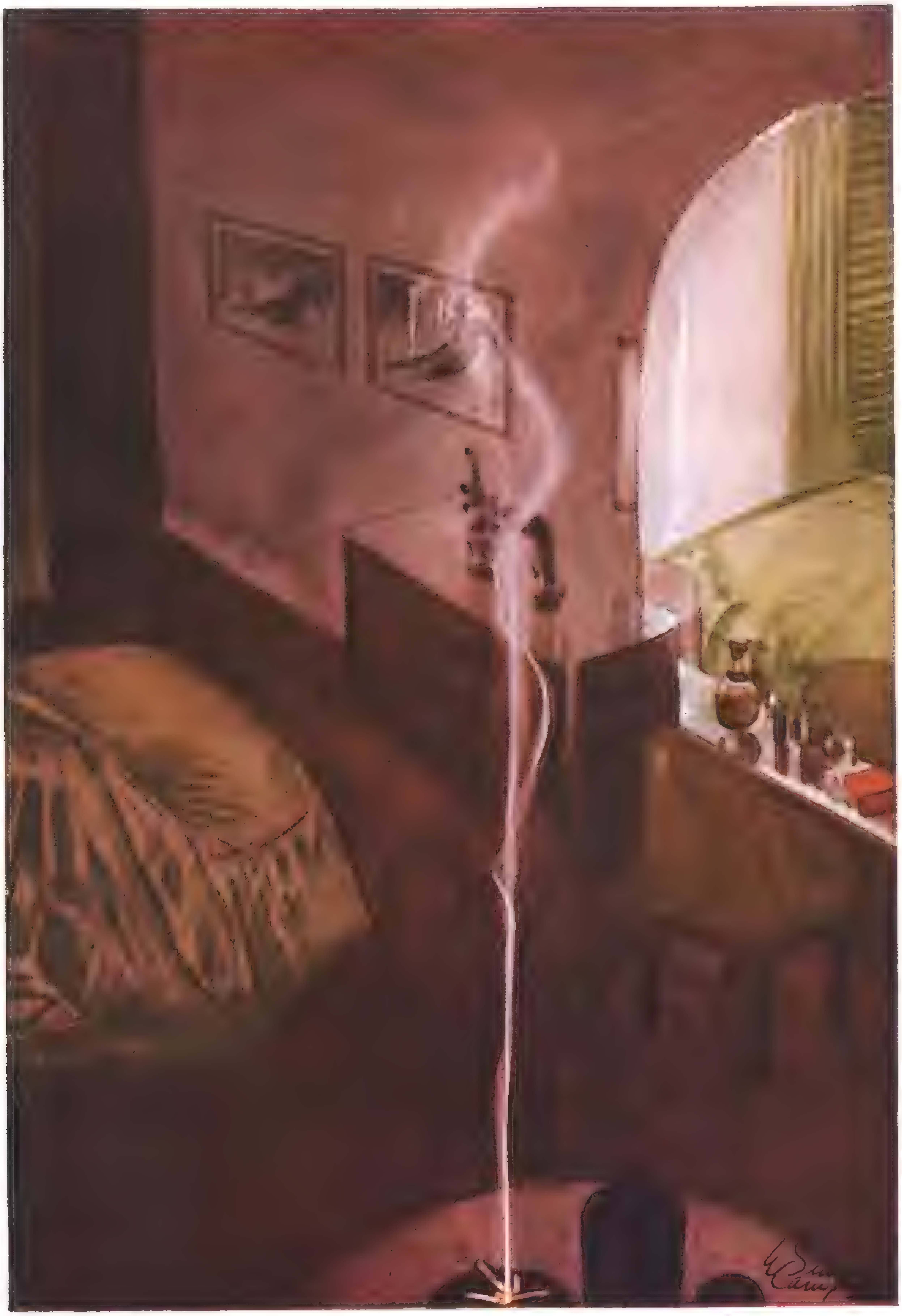
At the hospital they probed my eyes, cut and took stitches in my face, made X-ray pictures until I almost went mad. In two weeks the left eye cleared, but the right remained stone blind. I had the best specialists in the West, but they were baffled.

Continued on page 220



Gilbert Bundy

"It's only temporary—during the out-of-town buyers convention"



"Now I'm hungry—is there anything in the icebox?"

Nightmare Without Sleep

No man can deny physical compulsions, no matter to what horrors they may lead

by ROBERT MELTZER

▪ FICTION ▪

The horror of it, like the religious vision of the mystic or a toothache, is, I suppose, ineffable. There is really no way of communicating it. Words, flimsy things at best, fail miserably here, and I am left trying to tell that which cannot be told. This will be my last attempt; if, as before, I find that the chasm between what has happened and my writing of it be too great, I shall leave it untold.

We were three. I suppose it was inevitable that we be brought together; we had too much in common to have remained unknown to each other. Our ages were approximately the same, twenty-three when we met in late 1919. None of us had dependents or any immediate family; we had for the most part the same interests and had had them dulled by the same war. Although Fritz fought to disseminate Kultur and Robin fought to protect his homeland and I to make the world safe for democracy, we had essentially the same experiences. Each of us had lost a close friend in battle. And, what was probably the most important factor, none of us knew what to do after the Peace. A woman is not forgotten with her first kiss, nor a world war with an armistice.

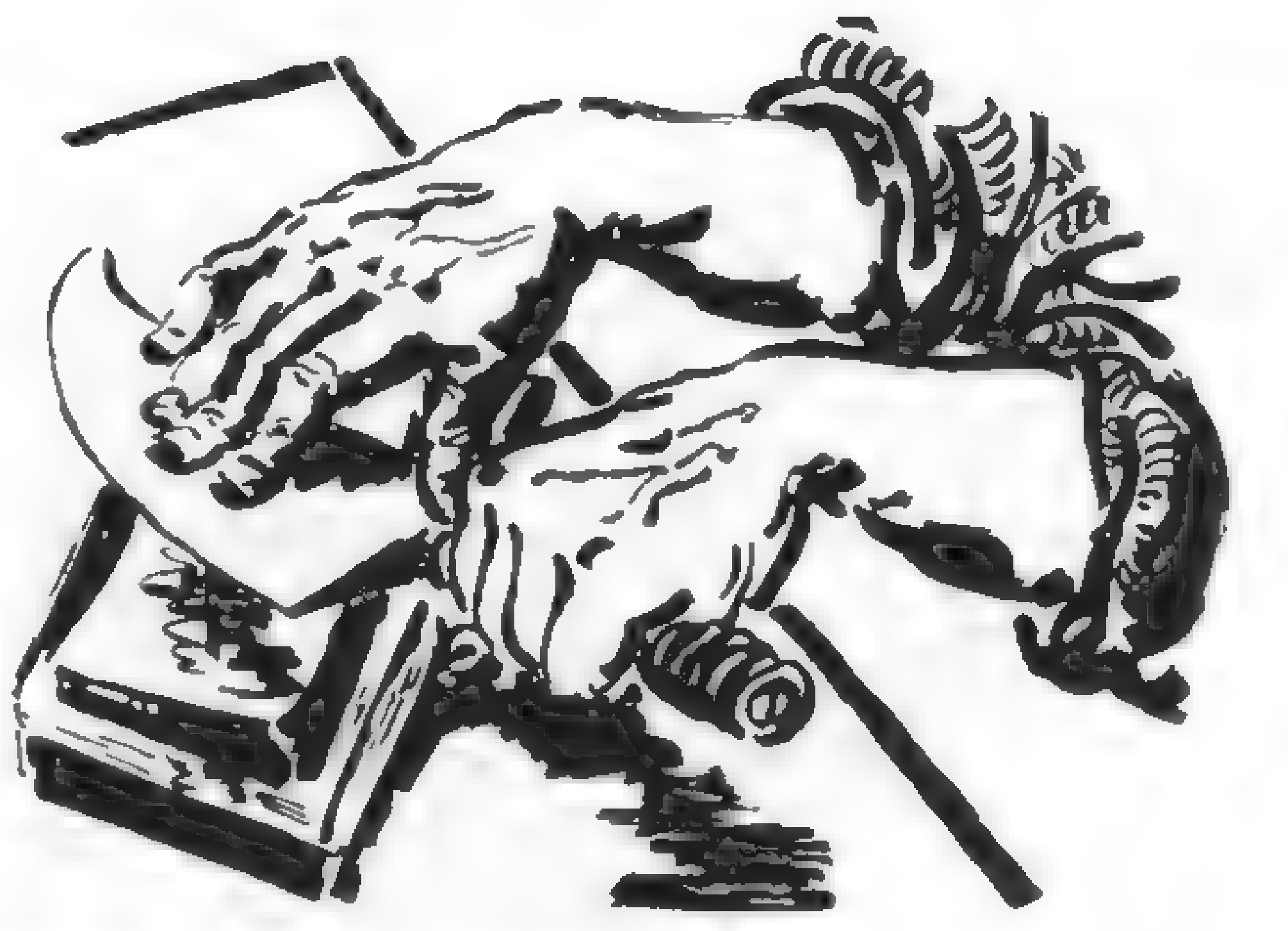
How we met need not be told. It was in Paris; it was in October. By the next February we had traveled together across the Atlantic, through Mexico, and down the Pacific coast of South America. We realized that in this companionship we had probably found what our fellows had lost: the interest in living. You have heard enough about the Lost Generation, about the spirit of defeat, the cynicism; there is probably much truth in it all. We three, fortunate in our complete independence and sufficient combined income, succeeded in breaking loose from that Generation; it was a romantic spirit (in truth one of the most realistic of tempers) which held us together for the next decade: I would say a romantic spirit of adventure, if that phrase had not lost all the power, even all the meaning, that it should have and once had. You hear people breathe soulfully, "Ah, Romance!" or cry out in ecstasy, "Oh, for the Adventurous Life!" and you turn away, mildly amused or annoyed. They have discredited the words in your eyes, and that is why it's hard to describe this relation between Fritz and Robin and me.

Enough to say then, without a long and probably fruitless attempt to draw for you this camaraderie, that we remained together for almost ten years, during which time we saw most of the earth. We hunted a great deal, and what else we did is of no importance to the ghastly narrative I have to relate other than as illustration of our fellowship, our amity . . . yes, of our love one for the other.

We were coming down the Malay Peninsula after big game when it happened. To be sure, none of us expected this almost idyllic life we were leading to continue indefinitely, but we certainly did not expect that it would be brought to the abrupt and horrible end it was. The region was one of the few we had not been into, and we had it from an old trader on the coast that we might with luck bag a good catch. He warned us against the various dangers which we'd be likely to encounter but we paid little attention to him; had we heeded his warnings, we should probably not have been so careless and Fritz would have been alive today.

Our method of hunting was simple, and, despite the doubts of veteran hunters, quite effective. One of us would lead the natives; this would constitute the center party. To either side of it, about two or three hundred yards off each flank, the other two would carry on the advance parallel to the center party, usually alone. We sighted more game this way. Whenever one of us spotted anything, he either shot or hallooed to the others if he could steer the game in the proper direction. It was a very unorthodox method, but one which we had no reason to make excuses for.

On this day we had been going for over four hours without any luck. It was a strange part of the country, seeming to inspire an uneasiness in the porters. Robin was with them, Fritz was off the right flank, and I to the left. Suddenly we heard Fritz call out. It was not the usual lusty shout but more of a warning cry. Robin hailed me and we both ran in Fritz's direction. He was pretty thoroughly masked by the brush; we could just detect spasmodic action of some sort through the growth. A shot thundered. Then there was a mighty cry, a rasping shriek. We doubled our pace, breaking through the underbrush in time to see Fritz struggling with a weirdly painted savage, naked but for a dirty loincloth.



Stamping about him were others, each armed with a gleaming blade, wide and keen. I remember throwing my rifle to my shoulder and sighting down the barrel at the closest. What I saw over the cylinder of the gun has haunted me ever since. Fritz was on his knees. Behind him, a black, sensing that capture was impossible, swung his fearful weapon with a wild whoop and cleaved Fritz's neck. The eyes rolled up, the tongue protruded, and the head fell to one side, secured to the shoulders by no more than a jagged ribbon of flesh and skin.

I was roused out of my dazed horror by the roar of Robin's gun. Mechanically I fired at the retreating natives; I think we brought them all down: six. I stood dully in one spot and pulled the trigger, oblivious to everything but the jarring shock of the rifle. Body and mind were throbbing in unison to a sinister and terrifying rhythm. I reeled, then steadied myself and slowly advanced to the fallen and mutilated corpse. Blood still flowed from the mangled neck, flowed onto the hot, sifted dust to form a thick pasty mud. The sweat on the ivory forehead was beaded, resembling a mass of tiny blisters. The legs were twisted beneath the torso, and the arms reached upward as if to find the head and place it back on the shoulders.

I was oppressed by a coma-like stupor. It seemed incongruous, despite visible evidence, that one of us had died. And that he had died as horribly as this was beyond the realm of possibility. We were a trinity, or rather a tripartite unity, and it was not within my power to grasp the fact that this unity not only could be but actually was destroyed. The realization of this dread fact affected me much the same as blindness would a painter. An integral element had been lost. But this was not all: the destruction had been so grisly, so nauseatingly gruesome, that had the victim been someone totally unknown to me . . .

Robin knelt on the ground, his white face grim, his jaws clamped vice-like, his nostrils dilated. He reached out a quivering hand to touch the dusty and stained hair, but paused with his arm in mid-air, then pressed the back of his hands to his twitching lips and

Continued on page 121

Old Telegrams Are Live Wires

They sing of arms and heroes, of joys and sorrows, and all of the trivia of human lives

by W. H. DEPPERMANN

• ARTICLE •

What I offer is a hobby, a brand new one. The hobby stable is big and we're all potential riders. If you are a nimble jockey you can throw your saddle across the back of one of the most spirited horses in the barn . . . the hobby of collecting old telegrams.

Today telegrams are an inseparable part of American life. More than any other record we leave behind us for our heirs and assigns or for the charming lady for whom we should have left only a verbal promise, telegrams are truly documents of our times. New or old their cryptic short stories vibrate with every emotion of which man or woman is capable: love (you may now send it free in Western Union "canned" telegrams), hate, greed, tragedy and all the lesser and more monotonous vices and virtues.

For decades we have glared at the variations in the tiny squares and oblongs which today reveal that genial Jim Farley knows just as much about selling as Paul Hollister at Macy's. For decades we've tried to find in stamps the thrills Lowell Thomas has experienced and now retails for our vicarious delight. But through how many bushel-baskets of stamps will you pore before you find the tantalizing drama of such a document as one dated at Needles, June 15, 1886, addressed to General Grierson at Ash Fork:

> INDIANS VERY THREATENING. FREIGHT CONDUCTOR REPORTS THAT INDIANS HAVE DRIVEN PUMP MEN AT TRUXTON TO HOUSES THERE FOR PROTECTION. I AM ALL ALONE AND UNARMED. CONNOLLY.

Alas, Poor Connolly. Where are you now?

Here is a deathless pulsating page. It's not merely a game of matching bits of paper. There's more here than counting perforations or guessing at colors. Here's life and if you want another example, here's history too!

> RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
> FEBRUARY 25, 1865.
> GENERAL BEAUREGARD
> PLEASE ADVISE OF SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS. IF HE COMES BY CHARLOTTE I WISH TO MOVE A LARGE LOT OF QUARTERMASTER'S STORE.
> Z. B. VANCE (GOV. N. C.)

And if you want to be startled by an enigma dated February 2, 1853, please cast your bright eyes upon a message transmitted from Milwaukee by Speed's Erie and Michigan Telegraph Office. This telegram sent to Charles Schley by Ira Couch, says succinctly enough for either a case-hardened capitalist or a too well-toasted communist:

> THE UNITED STATES WAS SOLD
> ON MONDAY LAST.

What's it all about? Your guess is as good as anyone's. Collecting telegrams is a real electric hobby horse because it has to do with that electric phenomenon which has given us among more sedate services such communication delicatessen as pep messages and Kiddiegrams.

In our own time we have seen the telegraph stretch its slender green fingers from coast to coast until they encompass in their patinaed grip all the activities of business and the emergencies of life. Now these copper fingers have donned gloves. They have even gone high-hat to minister to the amenities. Special blanks, suave and sleek, lubricate the sentiments for more than a score of special occasions and actually beat Emily Post to the draw when she tries to tell us that telegrams are *au fait* not to mention *de rigueur* or even *en grand tenue* for any and all contingencies.

No, today we're not above turning to the telegraph office when we send invitations to parties, weddings and birthdays, and to say "thank you" for a hellishly boring evening. Gradually Aunt Sue is learning to open a telegram without first looking for a soft place to fall.

The telegraph, which clicked from the start, was presented publicly in the same decade in which stamps first came into general use. Remember . . . it was in 1844 that Morse clicked out "What hath God wrought!" and little Jay Gould, the nemesis of the telegraph was only eight years old, still too young to know how many parts of water to add to every share of stock.

But why do we have this almost complete disregard for telegrams? You can find them in the same funny dusty places as stamps. You can trade them, sell them, steal them and if you want to be really serious about it, buy and sell them for profit, or if you're not careful . . . for loss.

Whatever other high-faluting traits you may choose to give philately, that vice completely lacks a sense of humor. Who ever got a belly-laugh out of an "imperforate"? Did you ever snicker at an air-mail? Oh, there may be a wild glint in a stamp collector's eyes, but it's never one of merriment. Not being a telegram collector he would never encounter such tender telegraphics as this:

> MADAM: ARRIVED SAFELY AT MILLBORN. HAVE KISSED YOUR SWEET BRACELET OVER AND OVER AGAIN. SHALL REMEMBER THE PRAIRIE FLOWER WITH THE MOST PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS. AS EVER YOUR FRIEND,
> MIKE.

Mike! Look as you will among your precancels and I'll defy you to find a match for Mike the bracelet-kisser.

Telegrams tell in terse language what people thought and did and wanted (and kissed). The old blanks themselves are far more intriguing than the rarest mint mite ever hinged in an album. They bear names of companies strange and forgotten. Some are yellow, some are white and some are blue. They are musty with age, cracked, soiled, torn and faded. Few of us ever heard of such old-time companies as Bain's Electro-Chemical Telegraph, O'Rielly's Printing Telegraph Range, Blue Mountain Lake Telegraph, House's Printing Telegraph, Magnetic Telegraph Company, Morse's American, Southern and Atlantic, Vermont and Boston and perhaps nine hundred more.

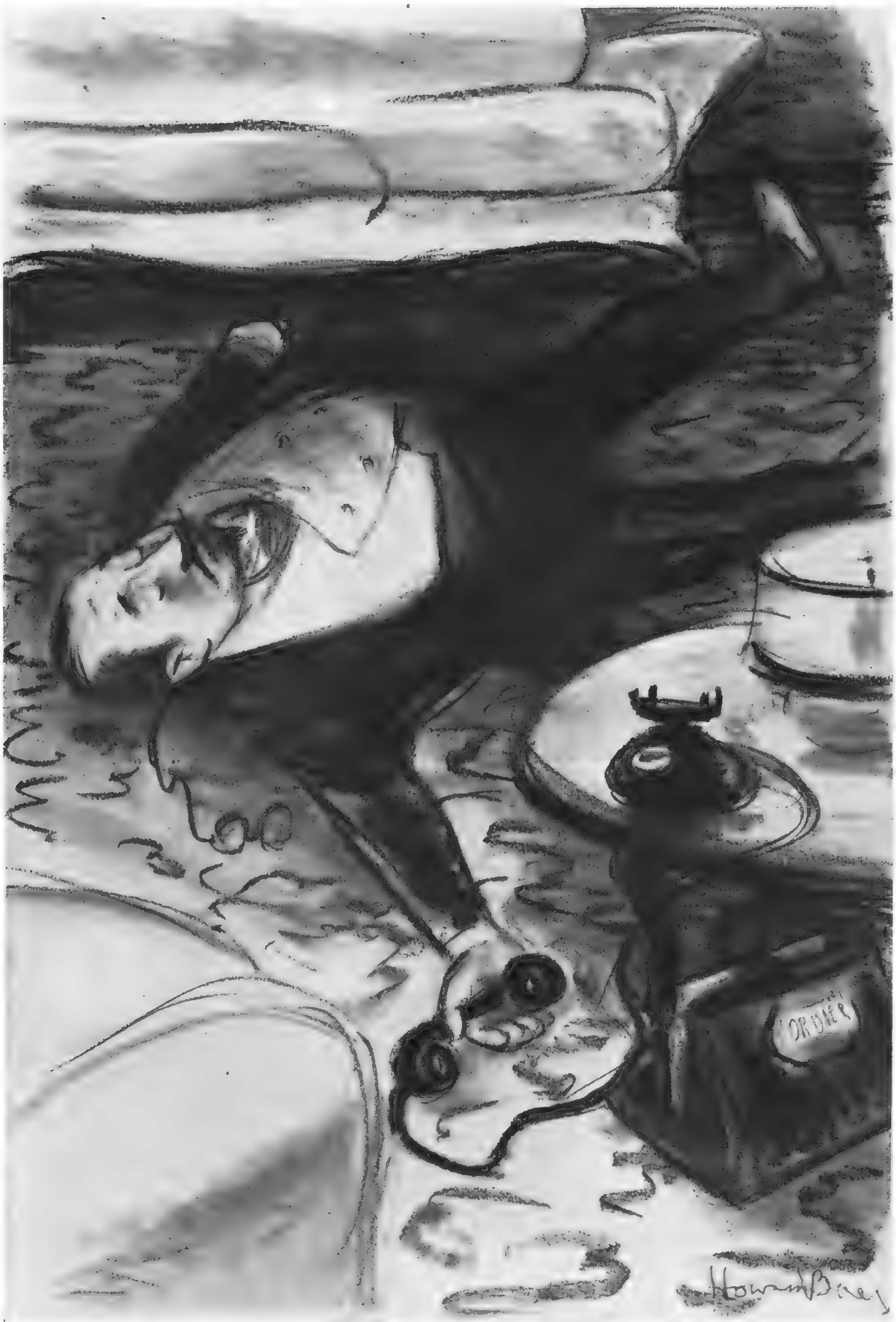
In its 78 years of corporate life one American company alone absorbed some 533 large, small and indifferent telegraph companies. Back in the early days you only had to run a wire for your wife's wash to have another telegraph company. In my personal collection which I began about two years ago, I have examples of more than 250 of these companies. Most of them used many kinds of blanks and envelopes. Some were of the same general design but printed by different printers which gives that fine quality of variety which is the single satiation of the insatiable collector.

And present day telegrams too offer a potent lure to collectors because the blanks of modern American companies not only vary subtly from year to year but each of the two companies prints special blanks for thousands of offices and both print new blanks each year for such holidays as Christmas, Father's Day and Jewish New Year.

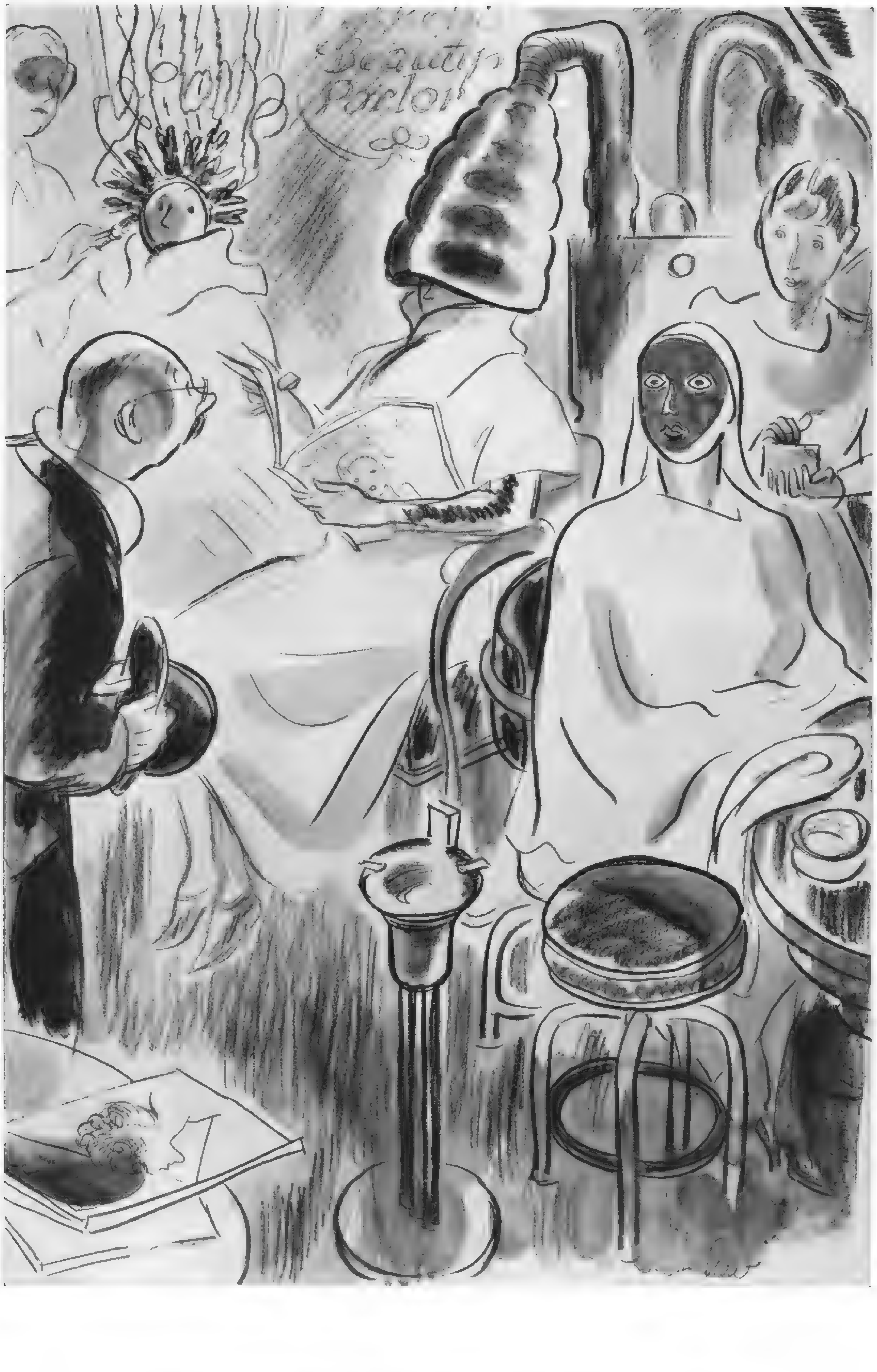
You will first wish to know how to start, where to begin your search and after having started your collection what it is you should look for and what you may find. Remember you already have one good reason *why* you should do it.

A smattering of

Continued on page 162



"Did you hear me, doctor?—I'm sending a check in full payment—hello!—hello—"


Beauty Parlor

"Pardon me, does any of you happen to be my wife?"

Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones

Showing that the old bromide, "the misunderstood genius" has some foundation in fact

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• SATIRE •

I AM John Aloysius Jones, Poet. At least, I thought I was until I got the following letters in the mail today. Now you could call me Bruno or Nice Kitty or Sukie and I'd probably answer. I don't know who I am now.

I don't usually get much fan mail—and I don't understand why all the loons in the world should have chosen this first day of April in the year of our Lord nineteen thirty-seven as the moment to send me their simultaneous missives. I'm too poor to employ a secretary, so I have to read all such stuff myself.

These letters have no plot, tell no story, have no connection one with another, and make no sense. But I thought that I would copy them out, as a way of spending the time before I shoot myself or somebody comes and carts me away to the nuthouse. I'll bet that if you will look at them, you'll go nuts, too.

John Aloysius Jones
John Aloysius Jones
John Aloysius Jones

Immortal poet!

I have read your exquisite masterpiece, *Cabbages, Also, Are Things*, in the *Weekly Humanist*. Oh, if I could tell you how it thrilled me! I hardly dare say it—for fear you will think I am fresh—but the truth is that I fell in love with it. That is all I dare say, for fear you will think I am fresh, and be offended with poor little I.

I am a great poetry-lover. I am twenty-five years old, blonde, weight one thirty-two, am said by some of my flattering friends to be "pretty." I suppose a great man like you has no time for ordinary people, but I do wish I might have the honor of meeting you. If you are ever in Hoboken *of an afternoon*, could you possibly bring yourself to the thought of coming to see so "lowly a flower"? Telephone number is Morris 9174.

Adieu, great poet!

(MRS.) IVONNE SMITH

Apartment D, 816 Ground Street,
Hoboken, N. J.

Sir:

I have just read in the *Weekly Humanist* your revolting poem, in which you display an ignorance of theological matters that is shocking in the case of a supposedly educated man. If I had my way, I would have all you self-styled intellectuals taken out and shot without trial. Clarence Darrow killed that Apostle of the Lord, William Jennings Bryan, as definitely as if he had used a pistol. Why don't you all go to Russia, where you belong?

Your Brother in Christ,

Marionville, Mich. REV. E. HARDY, D.D.

Dear Mr. Jones:

In spite of the heavy burdens laid upon me by my duties, I still find time to continue my life-long devotion to the art of literature. Permit me, sir, to felicitate you on your magnificent poem—and to ask if I may have the honor of having it inserted in the *Congressional Record*, as part of the literary history of our great country. You will never find the Great Party to which I have the honor to belong to be remiss in recognizing the genius of our great poets.

It is going to be a close election this fall, so we must all do our parts. A man of your high ideals and patriotism can, of course, be counted on to live up to the faith which the party leaders have in you. Only yesterday, Mr. Farley told me that he felt sure he had met you, and wanted me to send you his kind personal regards.

I am always at your service, if there is any little thing I can do for you in Washington.

Heartily yours,

ABRAHAM H. MORSE

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Friend Jones:

Why a man of your powers of intellectual development should write such rot as you recently had in the *Weekly Humanist* is beyond my comprehension. Have you no social consciousness? Are you so walled up in your ivory tower that you have no regard for social justice? Have you never heard of Karl Marx? Or are you just an old-fashioned dodo?

Hoping you will reform, before we have to take you out and shoot you, I remain

Your comrade,

J. LEVIN

2000 Grand Street, New York.

John Aloysius Jones, Esquire
My Dear Sir:

I will take no more than a moment of your precious time, but my unutterable emotions force me to say this—: The mantle of that immortal poet, Shelley, which has so long hung pendant in the void awaiting a worthy successor, now rests in peace on the shoulders where it belongs—and Hamlet sits magnificent on the Throne of Denmark!

Your admirer
(and namesake!!!)
JOHN W. S. S. EDWARDS
Cleveland, Ohio

Say, you Immortal Bard—I didn't read your poem in the *Weekly Humorist*—but I noticed you had one there. And I should think you ought to be able to send me that ten bucks you owe me, out of the five hundred which I understand that magazines pay you geniuses. Come on, have a heart!

JERRY

Harvard Club, N. Y. C.

My dear Mr. Jones:

May a perfect stranger, who has admired your poetry for a long time, venture to call your attention to one very small error in taste that has slipped into your notable poem, *Cabbages, Also, Are Things*, which appears in the March 20, 1937 issue of the *Weekly Humanist*.

I suggest that your phrase, "the howling flags," might perhaps convey to young and immature minds an unfortunate impression. I believe that when you include this poem in your next book, you will see the advisability of changing the phrase to "the noble flags." That would be more in accord with the ideals which we educators are trying to implicate in the hearts of the young.

With admiration for your work, I beg to remain

Cordially yours,

EDWIN ARLINGTON MARTIN

Superintendent of Schools,
Martinville, Texas

Say, Buddy. You said it. Hit them again! But don't pull your punches, next time. You pulled them this time. I'm not blaming you. I'm just telling you. But next time be a real soldier. Like that time when you and me got them three Boches. Stick them in the guts. The swine. Hope you are well again. I get around all right too. Except for my breathing. I ain't never got rid of that gas.

My eyes are better, though. They did three operations, and I can read now. If I see anything of yours that somebody brings me in a magazine, I read it. Write some more poems and put plenty of wallop in them.

Continued on page 135

Palooka of the Pond

He wastes a lot of his strength but he isn't always as much of a dub as the guy at the other end of the line

by LYNN MONTROSS

• SPORTS •

He isn't a champion or even a great runner-up. He is only a tough, iron-jawed, flat-nosed, cauliflower-eared old sparring partner who comes in swinging with both mitts and his chin—the everlasting palooka of the fish family.

Nobody writes prose poems about him, or almost nobody. Gifted authors of vacation booklets, who can work up a skirmish with a twelve-ounce squaretail into an epic like the Battle of Marathon, are mute if not inglorious on the subject of the pickerel. Rod-and-gun columnists have never heard of him, or have long ago concluded that he lives on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Hatchery attendants would cringe with embarrassment if the hard-bitten old bruiser ever crashed into watery kindergartens where innocent troutlings are brought up on Mellin's Food. Even the godlike Fish and Game Department, which would tenderly pick up a fallen sparrow in the interests of next summer's tourist trade, isn't at all concerned with the uplift of the pickerel.

As a result he hasn't any morals or social position worth mentioning. But economically he is in a class by himself as the only game fish who has never gone in for boondoggling or public relief. Far from requiring aid, he eats up punishment and survives where a trout would demand a nurse, a thermometer and a daily diet of chopped liver.

In spite of indifferent protection the pickerel is still to be found numerously in most parts of the country; and it is safe to say that his descendants will be doing business at the old stand when a naturally reared trout may have passed into legend with the rest of Gramp's fish stories. The Darwinian limbo which threatens so much of our wild life won't claim Old Ironsides as long as he can find one last pool left in the shadow of the spoon-hook factory.

It is this durability, this utter lack of wistful or exotic appeal, which has often reduced him to a pork-and-bean rating among game fish. But some time, perhaps not so far away in the future, these same shortcomings may bring him a larger and more deserved measure of appreciation. Even today, for that matter, not many town-dwelling sportsmen are lucky enough to be located within a week end of really good bass or trout fishing, while pickerel are likely to be found at Saturday afternoon distances.

Naturally this article isn't aimed at the man who can afford dalliance with the muskie or matching dollars with the tarpon's scales. Nor would any reasonably sane angler consider a pickerel even a poor substitute for a rainbow or a small-mouth. But with exceptions granted, I submit that the palooka of the pond has been done an injustice; he is not half as much of a dub sometimes as the fisherman at the other end of the line, and he will respond surprisingly if shown the same courtesies as his snooty cousins.

As it is, he frequently gets a raw deal. The combination of a short, stiff rod with a trolling plug or spoon is too much for a fish who puts every ounce of himself into his first smashing attack. His streamline build doesn't offer much resistance to man-handling, and he won't put up a creditable fight if he is hauled in head-foremost and half-drowned.

Strong-arm tactics are neither necessary nor excusable unless the fisherman is famished, and in such an emergency he can annex a breakfast of yellow perch while the pan is heating. But if sport is the object, he will put trolling for pickerel in much the same dingy category as worm-plugging for trout.

Incidentally it may be recorded to the credit of *Esox reticulatus* that he is rather unique in sharing the worthy angler's contempt for worms. Let trout or bass go in for that low taste, but he generally turns up a nose which is well-shaped for expressing brutal scorn. He wants action! Not only live but lively and lifelike lures appeal to him, which leads to his weakness for the trolling plug or spoon.

But he will also rise to artificial bugs or flies: a fact that many anglers don't know or haven't put into practice. There is, in brief, no good reason why any different tackle should be used for pickerel than for bass or large trout. A fly-rod is weapon enough, and it is pleasant to add that virtue is self-rewarding—throughout a season the light-tackle angler will get more strikes (even if less fish) than the galley slave who solemnly drags a plug some forty yards in his wake.

Here it would probably be in order to define just what is meant by a pickerel. There is plenty of confusion on the subject, and along with most anglers I couldn't readily distinguish the three members of the pike family. But for fly-rod purposes I am willing to accept the convenient if unscientific classification of the Wisconsin guide who told me, "If it's under ten pound I call it a pickerel; from ten to twenty I raise the ante up to a pike; and over that it's got to be muskie these days or the customer won't figure he had his money's worth."

The pond pickerel of the eastern United States generally has a top limit of six or eight pounds. But there are exceptions that lend speculative interest to every strike, as the fishermen of a small Vermont lake discovered several years ago. Having decided to stock trout, they set off copious charges of dynamite which brought up eighteen-pounders defined by experts as being indubitably pickerel, though none half that large had ever been taken by rod and line. Moreover, they proved not only bigger but hardier than was supposed, for in the long run even dynamite didn't discourage them. At least a few dauntless progenitors survived, multiplied and revenged themselves by devouring the trout.

My own opinion, based wholly upon observation, is that pickerel differ enormously—far more than any other fish—in relation to environment. Within an hour's drive of my New England home are some two hundred ponds and lakes containing nearly every sort of fresh-water fish found in the country. These same waters also offer several varieties of pickerel varying in size and even in shape. The pond bordering my own property specializes in a pickerel scarcely more elongated for its weight than a trout, with a

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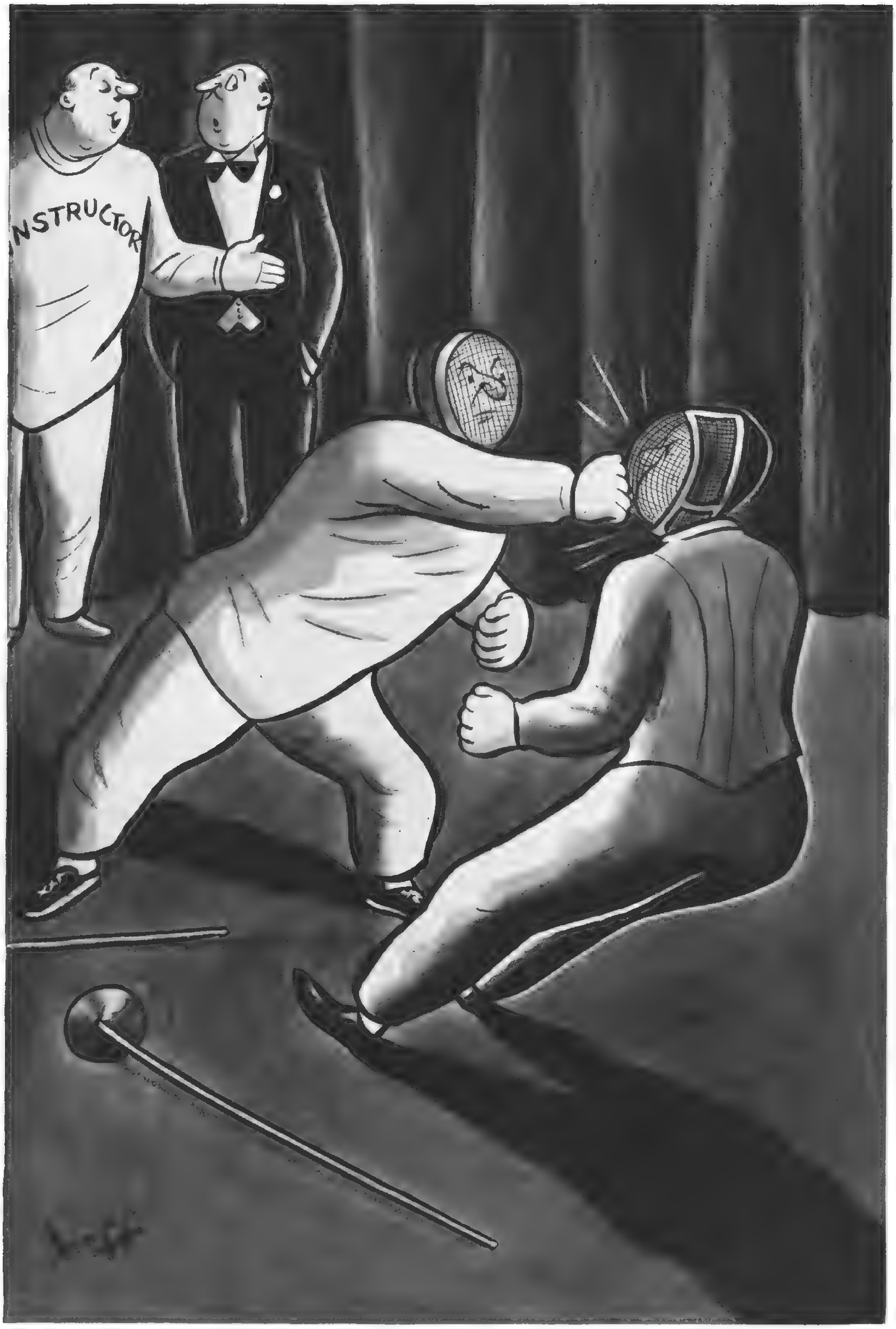
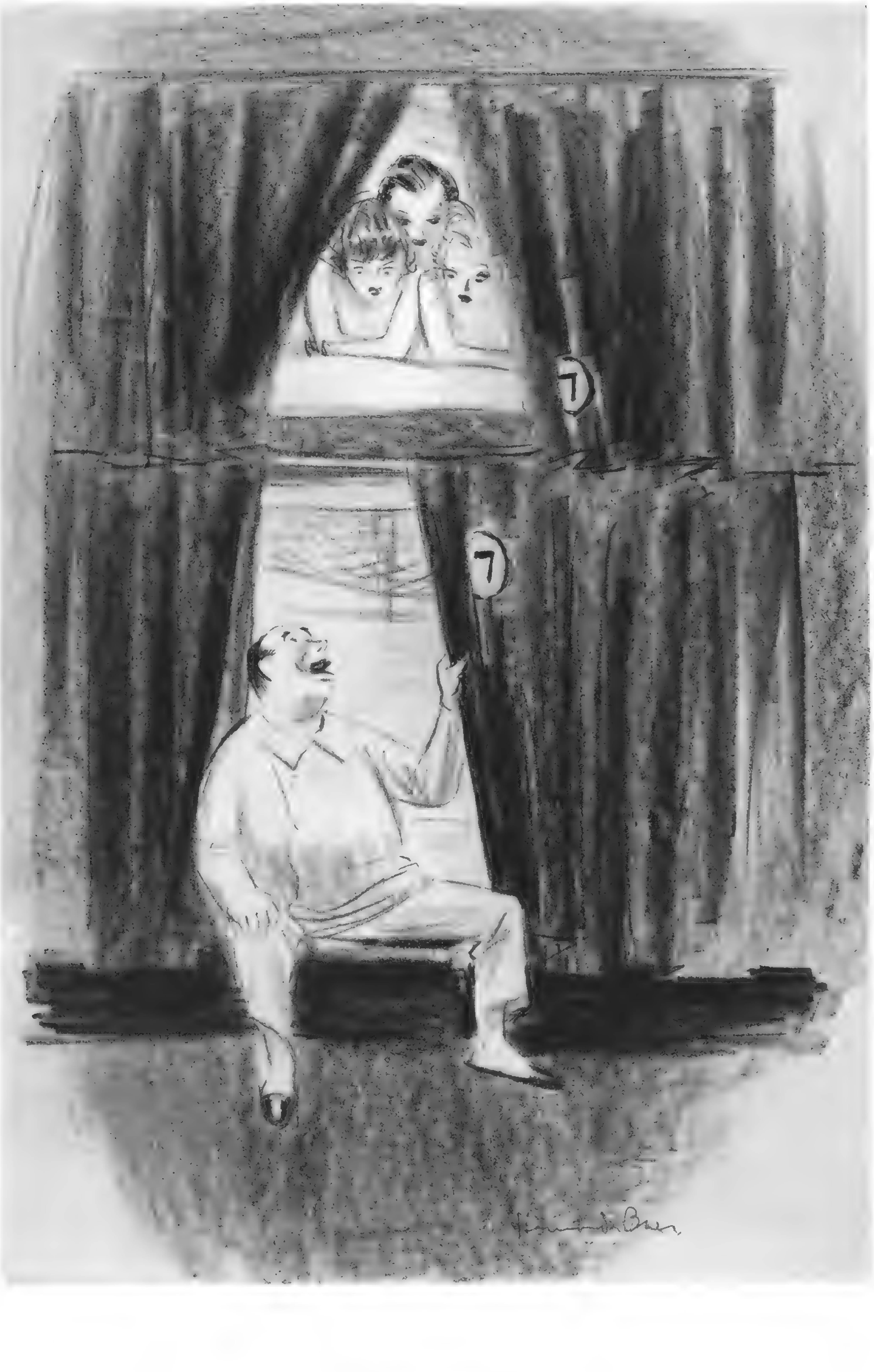

INSTRUCTOR

"That's the sort of thing we're trying to discourage"



"Crowded?"

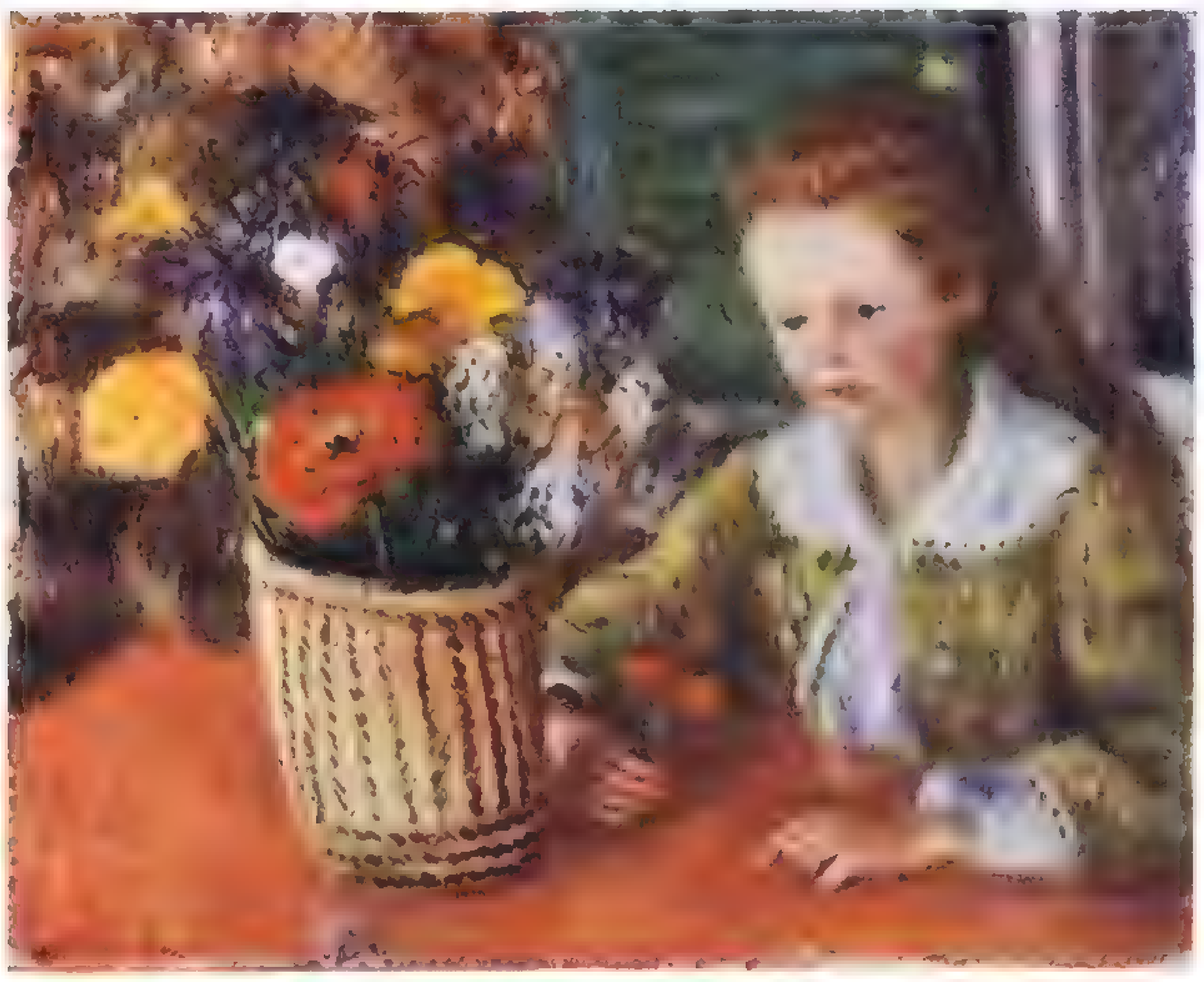
America's Sun Worshiper

William Glackens paints the world as he sees it —on a perpetual holiday

by HARRY SALPETER

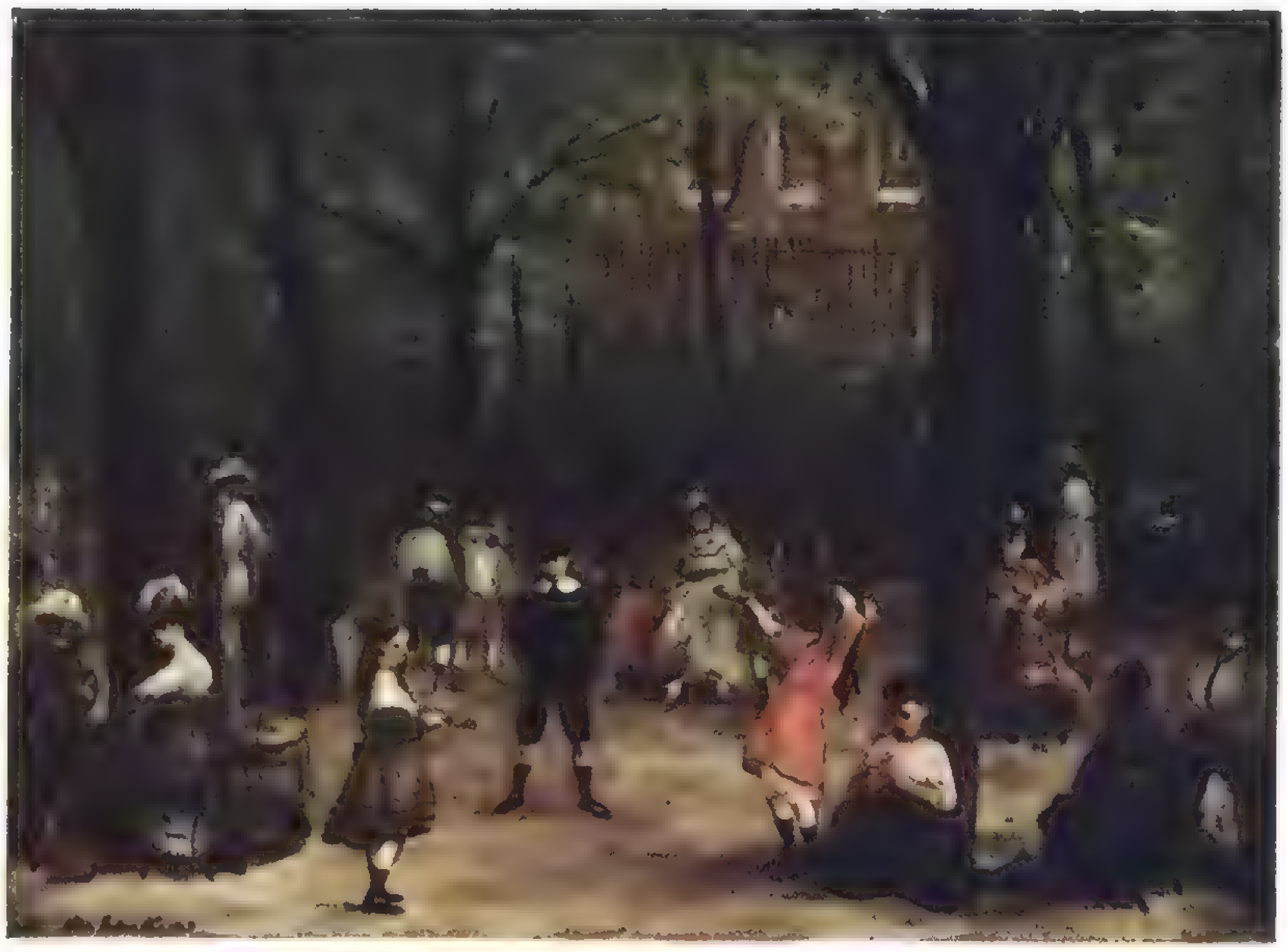
▪ ARTICLE ▪

If William J. Glackens never put brush to canvas or pencil to paper again, his place in American art would be fixed for all time, and on two counts. He has been called Master on two levels. When he closed the books as pioneer in American newspaper and magazine illustration, he started upon a career which has culminated in his recognition as America's greatest Impressionist painter. Artists who are the beneficiaries of vogues and the special darlings of museum curators bend the knee, if only symbolically, to William J. Glackens—Painter. He is pre-eminently, the painter of the human scene in its full freshness and innocence of color under the pure and unshadowed light of the summer sun. In his early days, influenced by Manet and Whistler, he painted on the dark side of the palette, moving over to the middle range of colors and finally singing the whole song of color, playing the entire range of the piano in unashamed delight at the possibilities hidden in the treble. On a superficial acquaintance he has been called America's Renoir and there is no doubt that had Renoir never painted, Glackens might have painted differently, if no less luminously. But the painting is not Renoir's, only the inspiration. Dr. Albert C. Barnes, possibly the world's greatest patron of modern art the world has ever known, is aware of the distinction, if the cursory gallery visitor is not, for were Glackens Renoir's American carbon copy, Dr. Barnes would not have added more than fifty Glackens canvasses to the more than one hundred Renoirs purchased for the Barnes Foundation. Pascin only, among Americans, may be more numerously represented in that magnificent hoard of modern art and the fact is significant not because Dr. Barnes is a collector but because he is a collector who is both an anticipator of tomorrow's preference and the shaper of that preference.


THE BREAKFAST PORCH

"There simply isn't anything Glack can't paint," said one of the artist's most admiring colleagues in partial explanation of his belief that "Glack is simply the greatest artist America has today or ever has had." This may sound a little extreme to the admirers of Ryder, Eakins and Homer, but then loyal friends have a way of making sure of the middle ground by claiming the goal posts. There are those who feel that there was no history before revolution and little art before Impressionism or that if there was it served only to prepare the way for the sun worshipers in art.

Mr. Glackens himself looks with a sour eye upon his own early muddy paintings, while Dr. Barnes, for one, does not pay to Ryder, Homer or Eakins the collector's tribute yielded to the living Glackens.


LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

Versatility in subject matter can never constitute an artist's sole claim to fame. It is what he does with this instrument of versatility that matters. An obscure artist may have versatility in subject matter and nothing else, while a Redon's flower pieces will go on singing that artist's praises for a generation and more. Yet versatility suggests curiosity and interest in the world and with each type of subject matter there goes a problem in painting. Meeting the challenge of changing subject matter paves the way to the solution of painting problems—where it does not mark merely a camera-like indifference to the snapped scene.

William J. Glackens who is master of his world gives every outward sign of being either unconscious of or indifferent to his mastery. He gives the impression of regarding his work as a private exercise in which it is slightly disconcerting, if not astonishing, to find even a small part of the world interested. One contemporary has described him as being lost in a dream of painting; another, somewhat more realistic, has expressed the belief that Glackens does his superb paintings with such ease that he distrusts both the casualness and the instinctiveness of his method as well as the finished product. This is not to imply that every picture he paints is equally good, but the likelihood is that Glackens does not himself know when he is only good or when he is very, very good. I am told that he is not easily pleased with his work, which may be because, still in the terms of his colleague's analysis, he distrusts the gift God gave him, the painting that costs no struggle to produce. He shies away from praise, he will manifest no creative delight in the spectator's delight, he does not solicit attention, he does not court publicity, he rarely reads reviews of his exhibitions. He is supremely above the battle, partly through serenity, partly through indifference and partly through the absence of economic pressure.

Like the latter-day Renoir, Glackens has painted nudes, children, flowers. The American's

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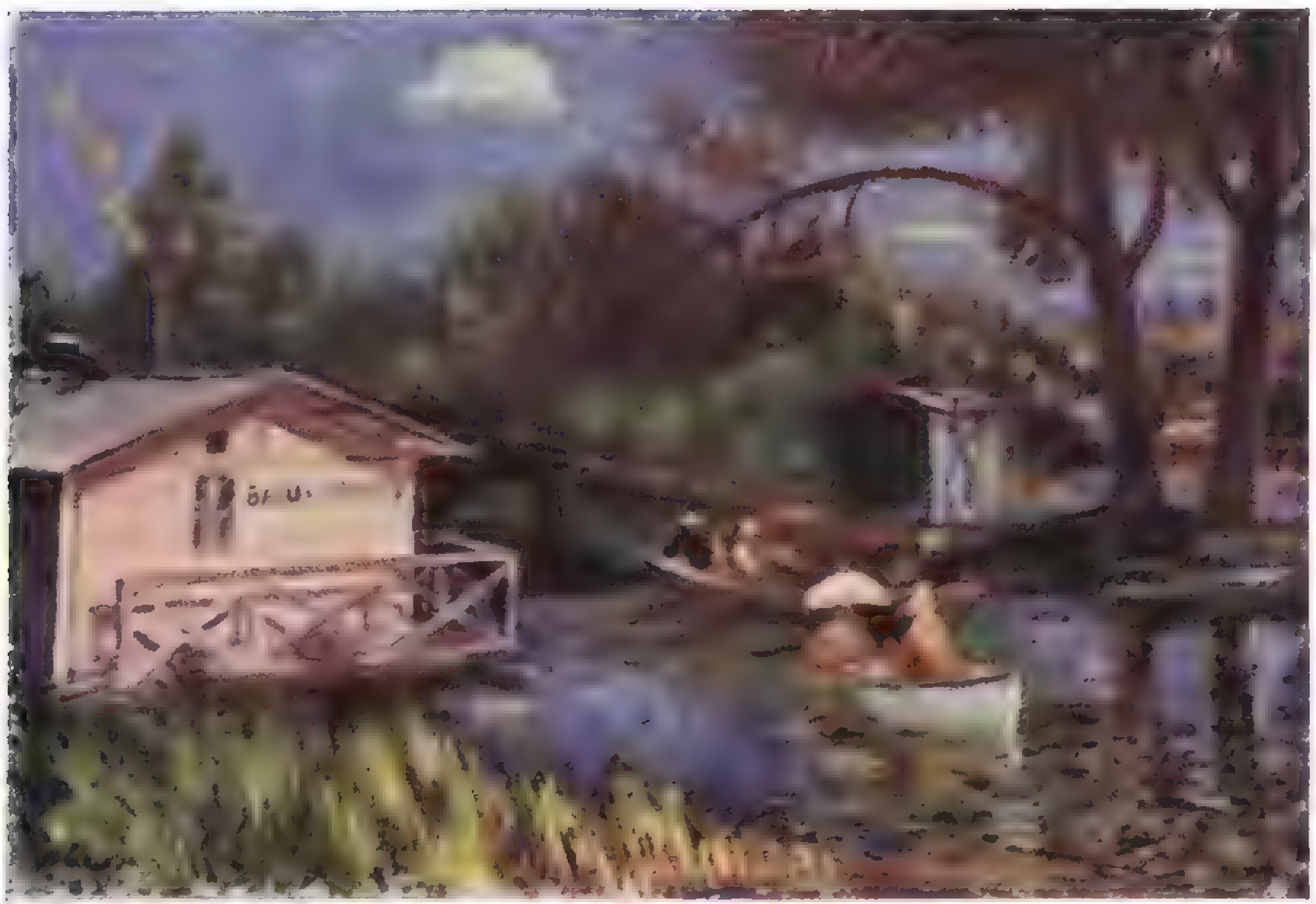
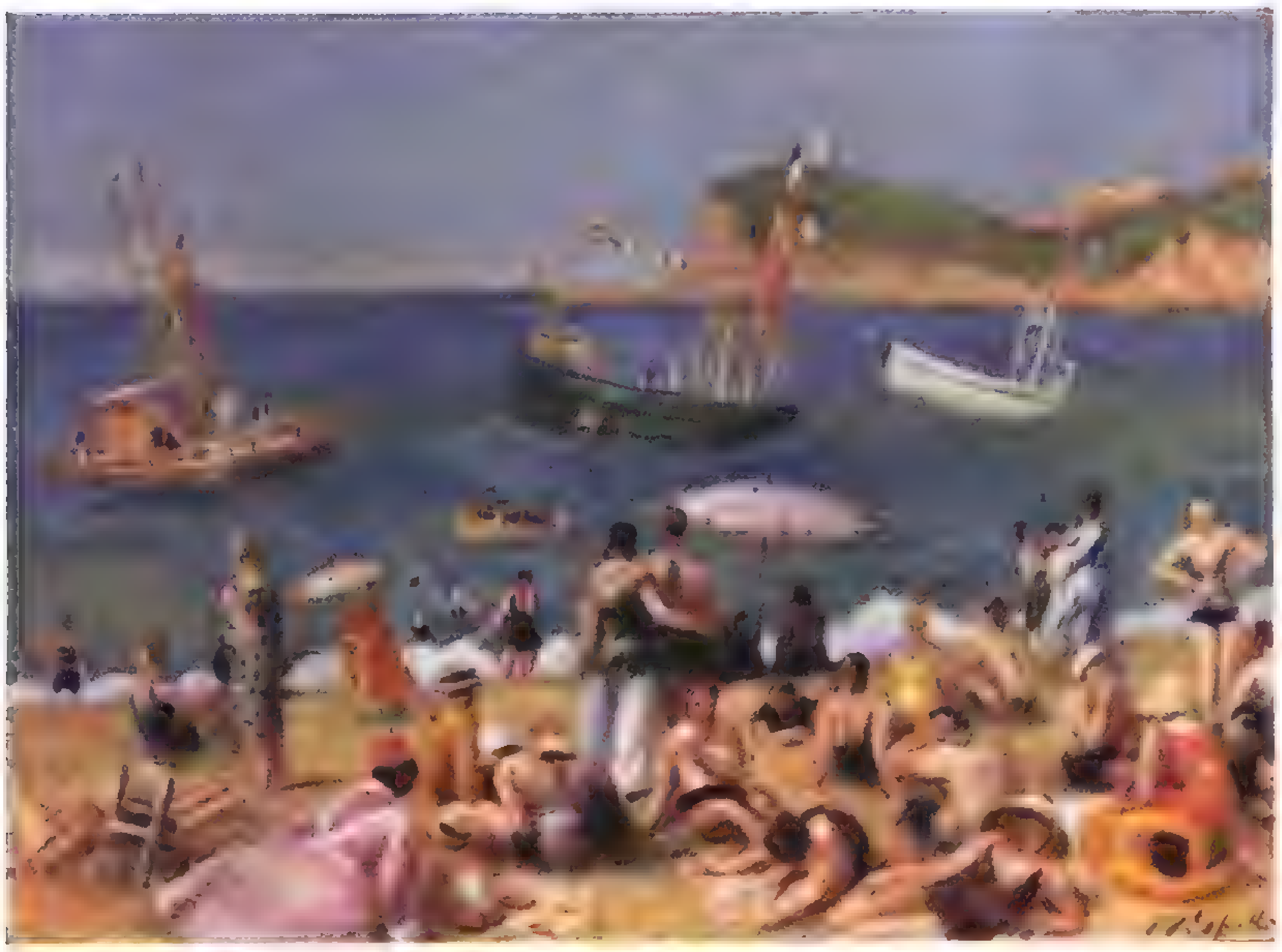
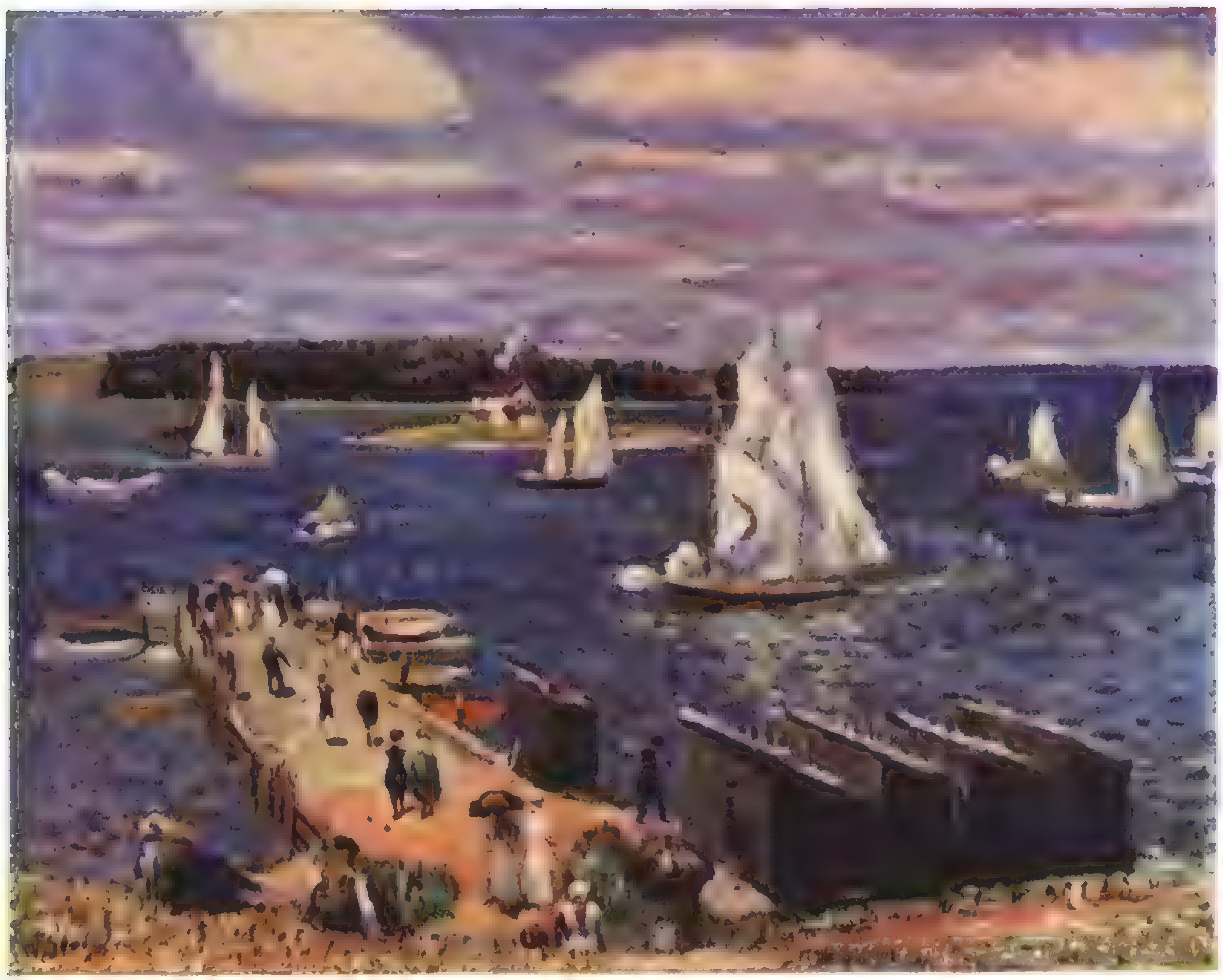


THE SEINE AT SAMOIS



BEACH AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ



MAHONE BAY

Glackens paintings reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar Galleries, 750 Fifth Avenue, New York, where they are permanently on exhibition and sale.

Continued from preceding page

nudes are less sensual, have more paternal tenderness, even impersonality about them. Now that his own son and daughter are growing up, there are fewer child paintings among his works, but flowers constitute a continuing challenge. One of his colleagues is distressed, although he has never confessed this to Glackens, that a man who could conquer cathedrals, so to speak, should trifle with flowers.

He regards this as a supine acceptance of the ready subject and I believe that the criticism, if criticism it is, may fairly be made that Glackens takes the subject that crosses his path or is more or less in the way of his routine life rather than go in search of subject matter, in the way of artists more dependent upon it. Yet a small corner of the world may be a perpetual dare to versatility and Glackens has visited many corners and seen many places.

What a delightful, sunny place Glackens has found this world. His are the pictures of a man on perpetual holiday, at the beaches of two continents, where the carefree and the genteel gather, to bathe, to watch the sun fleck the sails of small boats, to be like the children playing on the beach, much more sunny than the children of his dark period in the *Luxembourg Gardens*. It is only in the sun-drenched outdoors that he will admit knowledge of people and the world and even his figure pieces and nudes painted in interiors are done in rooms only slightly less sun-drenched. He is even more the sun worshiper than was the experimenting Monet who watched and painted the changing effects upon a haystack of the rising, ascendent and declining sun. High noon only for William Glackens. He has himself condemned the paintings of his dark period.

When a group of fellow painters presumed to admire one of his dark pictures, he blurted out: "It's mud, life isn't like that!" Not Glackens'. It has been full of the things captured on the canvasses of the last thirty years, children playing, veterans getting ready to parade, graceful steeds being led out to the track, summer gardens and summer resorts, cafés, preferably French, where they know about wines and cheeses, pink nudes that catch the light and hold it, Cape Cod, Ile Adam, Venice, even Central Park, on May Day and in the colder light of a winter's day, and even the interior of a Harlem dance hall, in which it is most strange to find the modern Glackens straying. His crowd paintings give the impression that he has the power to control tumult and not allow the tumult to impose its confusion upon him.

Of his beach scenes perhaps the most lovely, the most tender and affectionate is his *Beach at Annisquam*, in which there is a smiling sympathy with the crowd and an almost tremulous awareness of the rustle of wind on tree and grass and water. The picture gives us a sense of people on holiday without troubling to pick out or pick on individuals in the setting, in the way of caricature or social commentary.

Glackens accepts, where he does not love. It is painting consistent with the nature of a man who has never been known, at least in the lifetime of one colleague, to say a mean or a cruel thing about any living person. There is neither reform nor fault-finding in him. It is the painting of a man who is content to limit himself to the smiling aspects of Nature and of man. There is no Hogarth or Degas in him. He is content to let the critics take the floor while he goes on painting. Perhaps the man who is content to paint such things as *A Dream Ride* or the portrait of his daughter Lenna in Chinese costume or flowers has resigned

Continued on page 190

Inventor of the Truth Extractor

How Thomas E. Dewey worked out the only fool-proof way to smash the big racketeer

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

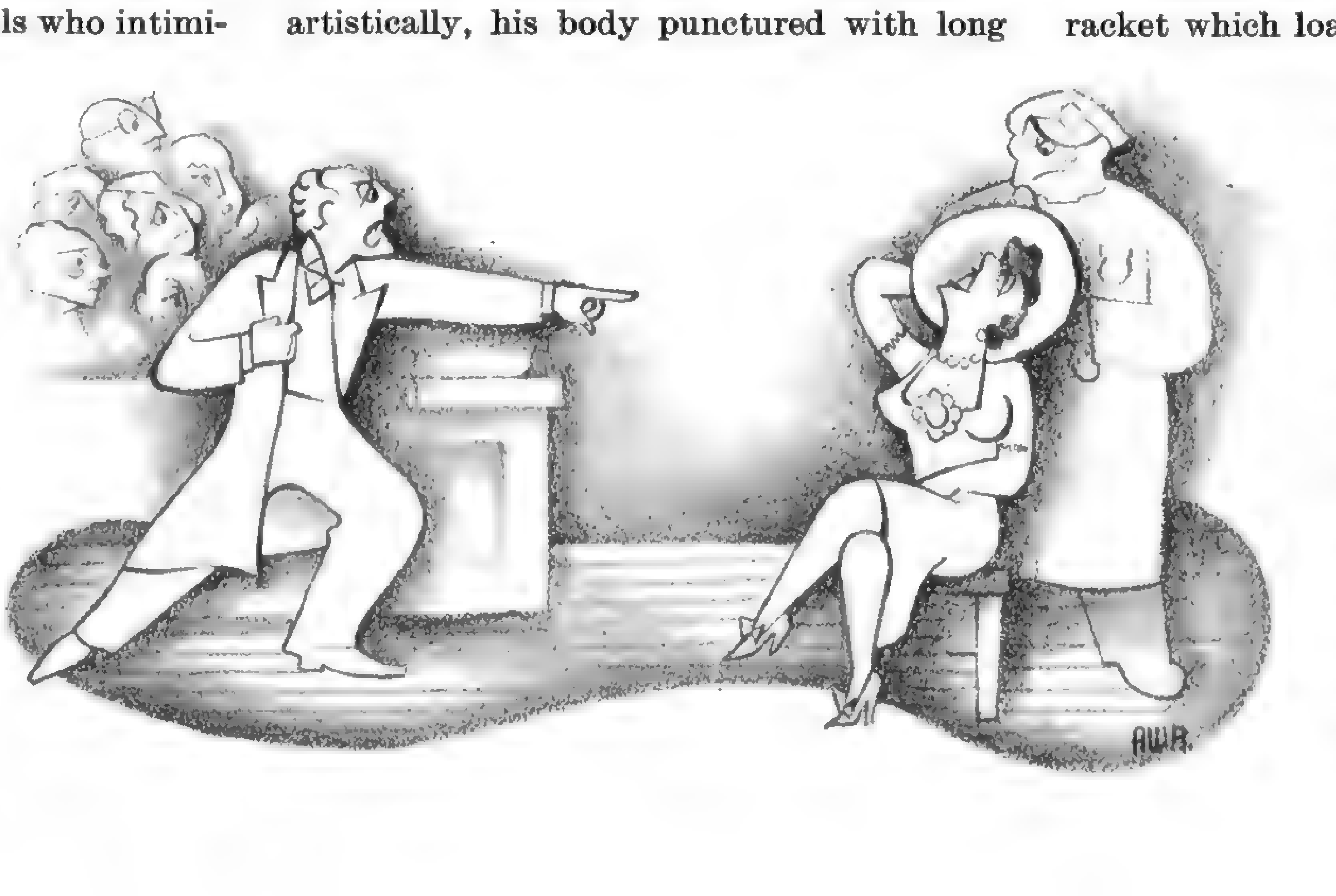
• ARTICLE •

THIS is a report on the legal invention of Thomas Edmund Dewey, relative of Admiral Dewey whose soft-spoken words, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," knocked the Spanish fleet into oblivion at Manila Bay. Young Mr. Dewey has designed and demonstrated a legal machine capable of demolishing the rackets just as effectively as the Admiral's big guns and torpedoes sank Spain's warships.

But there the similarity ends. Thomas Dewey's method is quiet, peaceable and involves no shooting. With consummate cleverness he has built a truth extractor which operates on strictly legal principles. With it he painlessly extracts true testimony from racketeers and—what is more remarkable these days—from business men who pay tribute to the rackets. To appreciate Dewey's invention it is necessary to understand the previously unsolvable racket problem.

Rackets are by no means our own special boast in this modern post-prohibition renaissance. Rackets are as old as history. China has had her War Lords for untold centuries. Egypt, Greece and Rome were racket ridden. The ancient Roman pattern was very close to our own. Armed bands of marauders roamed the streets and swarms of pirates infested the Mediterranean. The leading gangs were protected by Roman Senators with whom they shared their spoils. Wealthy citizens were laid under tribute; their wives and daughters kidnaped and sold into slavery via pirate ships if the huge sums demanded were not instantly forthcoming. Julius Caesar finally captured the pirates' city (corresponding to Al Capone's Cicero), and crucified more than five hundred racketeers. That stopped them for several centuries. But Caesar's method is a little rough for present day use.

To attack a racket legally two facts must be proved—that a crime has been committed and that the racket chiefs, far removed from the lesser criminals who intimidate victims and collect revenues, actually directed the various criminal performances. To prove the crime, truth must be extracted from business men or other fearstricken racket victims. To prove the real authorship of the crime, truthful testimony must be extracted from the "punks" or crime-slaves who do the dirty work. In the B.D. (Before Dewey) era, these two truth extractions were seldom accomplished in the same case. Occasionally racket victims did testify before they were murdered; but in such cases only the minor racketeers known to the victims were convicted. And the racket went merrily on. Nick Montana, for example, was convicted of "compulsory prostitution" in New York. He was a $50-a-week booker for the big racket combine and within two hours of his conviction Lucania's Board of Directors met and put another man—Ellenstein—in Montana's place.



Recognizing the futility of connecting racket chiefs with any of the criminal acts—murder, assault, robbery, intimidation, bribery—committed daily in the regular course of racket business, Federal Treasury agents devised the plan of prosecuting big racketeers for failure to pay income tax on their stealings. This gave Europe a laugh but it put Al Capone behind bars. Thomas Dewey, first attacking the racket problem as Federal District Attorney in New York, followed the Treasury agents' lead and after three years of quiet investigation put away Waxey Gordon, a racket organizer second only to Capone, for a ten-year stretch with an $80,000 fine for failure to pay his income tax.

Dewey indicted Waxey's successor, Dutch Shultz, for the same legal error, but Dutch managed to stall off the federal rap by remaining a fugitive until Dewey was out of office. Later he was killed in true gangster tradition by the guns of his playmates. Then there began to emerge from a dim background of carefully cultivated anonymity, a curiously sinister figure, a man with scarred face and drooping eyelids, a crime Director of Directors, "The Boss" whose very name was unknown to thousands of men and women criminals who lived their lives and died their deaths to enrich him.

Charles Lucania, "misnamed Charles Luciano" according to his lawyers, was called "Lucky" because he returned from a ride whereon his face and head were slashed artistically, his body punctured with long knives, his hands and feet bound and what was left of him heaved into a ditch to expire as painfully as possible. Lucky was undoubtedly a tough lad. But, more important, he was a wise one. He paid his income tax on everything the Federal boys could possibly spot, and he shunned the sort of publicity Capone reveled in as a vampire bat shuns daylight. Lucky was one of the greatest racket organizers of all time. He put together all the rackets in New York, including the dread Unione Sicilione which even Capone had never gained control of, under a crime board presided over in secret by himself. He stayed away from New York City as much as possible but when he had to come there for the crime trust directors' meetings he lived at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Nobody had anything on Lucky. Nobody could get anything on him by any of the established methods. He couldn't very well be crucified by the Julius Caesar technique. He could not be prosecuted for evasion of income tax. The minor executives of his many rackets did not know him by sight or name. Only the next-to-top crime trusters could incriminate him—and who could possibly make them talk? An unsolvable problem, apparently, which the inventive mind of young Thomas Dewey might strain itself over in vain.

But, in the year 1935, Dewey seemed safely side-tracked from public office. Neither Lucania nor any lesser racketeer had cause, apparently, to worry about him. Dewey was a Republican and Tammany Democrats had elected an individual named Dodge as District Attorney. The rackets flourished as never before in world history. Seven millions of people in New York City were paying hundreds of millions of dollars in racket tribute. It had become impossible to live, eat or do business in New York without paying the racketeer tax. Better-known rackets included the restaurant racket; the loan racket which loaned money to poor people and then tortured them into paying 1000% interest; the policy racket which ran into fabulous figures including the numbers racket which took 50 to 100 million dollars a year from those who bet on betting totals with slim chance of winning; the food and vegetable rackets; the milk racket which taxed the life-blood of babies; the Italian lottery racket; the narcotic racket; the garment trade racket; and as many industrial and labor union rackets

Continued on page 172

Respect for the Aged

Just like Lawyer Wilks said, there's no end to what some people will do in politics

by CLAUDE GOWER

• FICTION •

THERE was silence within the District Attorney's office, the weighty silence of pondering thought. Not a word had been spoken for fifteen minutes. Intruding noises of motor horns, and the grind of iron-rimmed wagon wheels in the gravel street rang through the room. Attorney Wilks sat at his desk; his parchment face was wrinkled deep with thought lines. Between his flattened palms he rolled a long yellow lead pencil sharpened with precision by a skillfully handled pocketknife. On the desk lay his spotless ten-gallon hat upon which a fly alighted and sat cleaning his front legs.

At the window James Wilks half sat and half stood against the sill. One thumb and forefinger encased his chin and the other hand held up the elbow. He looked appraisingly out from under his brows. The old man was aging. On the back of his head the wisps of hair didn't any more than make a pattern over his tanned scalp.

"I never have had a political machine, and four times out of five I've been elected to county office," declared Wilks, slapping the pencil down on his desk.

James was jerked out of his smug position.

"But I tell you, the Lawerence Lumber Company is backing Benton! Every man in the mill, planer, and lumberyard is being coerced into voting for Benton. Lawerence has put the screws on Mr. Holly and the Bank, and Holly is talking Benton."

"I don't give a damn if they are," stated Wilks, swinging around to face his son. "Lawerence has got it in for me because I beat him in court and he had to pay Rock Creek School District for that timber he cut behind the school house. But racketeer politics don't set well on the average Polk County citizen's stomach. If they are going to bring this coercing business into politics down here to Arkansas, I'll fight right back. Here in these hills people elect their county officials for the honesty and integrity of the man. They still believe in God, and HONOR their parents."

"Who said I didn't honor you?" demanded James, jumping to his feet.

"Now calm down. Nobody said you didn't honor me. But that Benton don't honor his old father or he wouldn't tie up with such crooks as Buck Lawerence. I saw Benton this very morning down on Main Street wiggling himself like a waggling poodle and passing out cigars like advertising bills." Lawyer Wilks undoubled his long, jointed body. "Four times—"

"Yes, I know—'four times out of five' you have been elected to office. But you have never bumped up against a political machine before."

"That makes no difference. I'm still agoing to be elected by good, honest, upstanding Polk County citizens." Lawyer Wilks placed the large felt hat on his head and opened the door to the street. A high wheeled wagon ground along in the hot, gravel street. The brown mules rhythmically bobbed their long ears with each step.

"Howdy, Mr. Wilks," spoke the man from the wagon.

Lawyer Wilks nodded and waved. It was Barb Tucker, an old neighbor from near his home place out on Rock Creek.

The wagon ground on through the gravel for the rest of the block and then bumped up on the cement pavement. Saturday afternoon was already beginning at eleven-thirty. Farmers were coming in. Before the afternoon was past the majority of voters in Polk County would have come and gone through New Harmony.

From the Court House and Jail the paved street descended the hill. In the upper two blocks above the Kansas City Southern Railroad tracks the pavement was wide and spacious. Here U. S. Route 71 split the town and left for Texarkana. The New Harmony Hotel held out its sign and the bank's plate glass windows twinkled in the sunshine. Two drive-in filling stations adorned the street along with clothing stores, cafés and the more tidy grocery stores. Shining cars, late models, Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, with an occasional Buick or Chrysler belonging to storekeepers, lumbermen, the Banker or traveling salesmen, drove up and down or were parked at the curb. Farmers and woodsmen chugged into town in old Fords, old Chevrolets or bumped along behind mule teams.

Lawyer Wilks walked along nodding and speaking to every man, woman, and child. To all appearances he was not in a hurry but he kept glancing ahead down the hill across the tracks. There the street narrowed in front of the Farmers' Exchange, Mac's Grocery Store, Watkins' Hardware and Joe's Salvage Shop. His eyes traveled farther down where the feed store jutted out halfway across the sidewalk; there were the stock pens, and a line of hitch racks. Country folks crowded the street and the old cars rested at the curbs.

In front of the bank a few men were talking. Lawyer Wilks stopped to chat for a moment. Behind the shining glass window he saw Banker Holly standing idle. Wilks stepped through the open doorway.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holly."

"Oh, hello there, Mr. Wilks," said the middle-aged thick-waisted man. His smile was short lived and lacking in genuine content. Lawyer Wilks slid his hands deep into his pockets.

No doubt Holly felt soiled at the political part he was playing.

"It beats all how country folks still cling to the old way of gathering into town every Saturday afternoon."

Banker Holly remained silent.

"Customs don't change as fast as ways of travel," continued Wilks.

"It's a good thing they don't or we wouldn't know what customs was half the time," said Holly.

"That's right," said Lawyer Wilks. "But things that are bad for a community will creep in. I was reading in the paper that in many of the big industrial centers they are expecting trouble around election time. The up-handed political machines are coercing the people into voting the way they want them to and the people are bringing it out into the open."

Two more cars drove by. Wilks felt Banker Holly looking at him.

"The average American citizen is much like a hog: you can tole him but you can't drive him. Well, good day, Mr. Holly." Lawyer Wilks stepped out into the sunshine and continued down the street.

A tall red faced woman rounded the corner followed by her four daughters. This cavalcade of tall women solidly confronted Mr. Wilks. He stepped over to the edge of the sidewalk and doffed his hat.

"Why, good afternoon, Mrs. Tate."

"How-do-you-do," spoke Mrs. Tate. She stopped squarely in the middle of the walk. Her four daughters stood silently behind her.

"I noticed, the other day when I was out by your place, that you were almost through picking cotton. With all these good-looking daughters, I don't suppose Jim will be in the market for one of them new fangled picking machines?"

"Oh, we could use one all right and save our backs," said Mrs. Tate.

"Oh, yes, yes certainly everybody should have one."

"With prices on cotton so low and taxes so high, Mr. Wilks, it don't look like there would be much chance for a cotton picking machine in our family."

"Well, now that county expenses are about to be cut the tax problem won't be so heavy," said Lawyer Wilks.

"I'm certainly glad to hear that, Mr. Wilks."

"Remember me to Jim, and good day," said Wilks moving down the street.

"M-M-M-m—There once was a Cherokee maiden-n-n-n," hummed Wilks. A self-satisfied smile brightened his face. So they'd try and coerce the voters? You could do more with these hard-bitten Arkansawyers with an ounce of persuasion than all the coercion in the dictionary. Men here still believed in individual rights and respect for the aged.

A cluster of men crowded the sidewalk in front of the Harmony Café. That short-legged little chuff of a Benton was holding court. His stocky body bobbed and jerked. He talked and gestured. He passed out cigars. His coat pockets seemed never to run dry of an eternal stream of cigars. A roar of laughter ha-hawed out above the street noises. Lawyer Wilks felt very conspicuous. He risked a glance across the street. The group was looking at him. He straightened and expanded his chest, smiling down at a passing boy and doffing his hat to a lady.

As Benton progressed along the opposite sidewalk Lawyer Wilks carefully calculated the distance to the Kansas City Southern Railroad tracks. At the alley he stepped out into the street and crossed over in time to confront the walking cigar vender in the open space by the tracks.

"Ah, good afternoon worthy opponent," drawled Wilks.

Benton stopped, his feet planted. His wits tightened and set ready to make the most of the encounter. Lawyer Wilks let his emotions relax.

"Good afternoon yourself, Attorney Wilks." There was a noticeable accent on the attorney and Mr. Benton's voice completely chilled on the Wilks.

Attorney Wilks yawned and felt of the sunshine. Then he smiled broadly.

"I see that Arkansas still bestows her sunshine upon worthy sons alike."

"Yes," piped Benton. "On the worthy and the unworthy."

Lawyer Wilks chuckled. "Speaking of sons recalls to my mind a bit of gossip I heard the other day. They tell me that your old father is laid up in bed."

"No," said Benton. "Dad isn't any more poorly than he has been."

"Why!" exclaimed Wilks. "I heard that your father disagreed with your political tactics and that you lost your temper as well as your respect for the aged when you knocked the poor old fellow down."

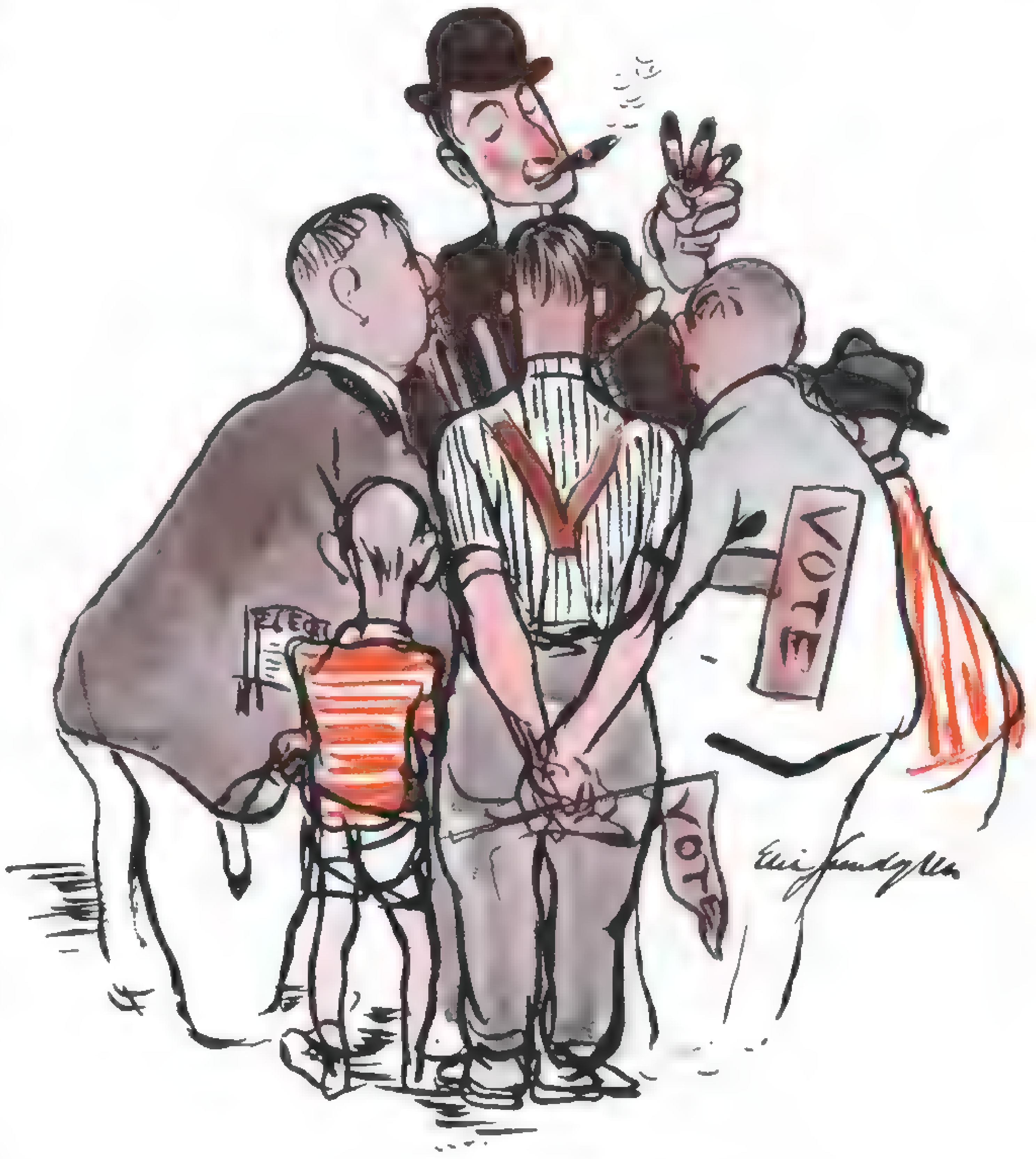
"Why, why I wouldn't think of such a thing," blurted Benton.

"I am certainly glad to hear it was only gossip. Our Polk County citizens still respect their parents, Mr. Benton. Well, good day."

Benton's ruddy face grew paler by shades, and his eyes popped into a round stare.

Before his shattered wits were collected Wilks was across the tracks. Benton turned on his heel abruptly and hurried back to the cigar store.

Across the tracks Lawyer Wilks slackened his pace. The sidewalks were overrun. Farmers in overalls sat in the store windows, loafed against the light and telephone posts. Farm women walked up and down window-shopping or chatted with friends they hadn't seen for a week. Men cussed the drouth, the price of cotton, the boll weevil, the banker, the U. S. President, and the State Senators. They chewed tobacco, smoked pipes, carefully scrutinized the mules in the stock pens and speculated as to the comparative values. They laughed at barnyard jokes, lowered their voices or kept quiet when women passed. Lawyer Wilks took out his pocketknife and whittled a match stick. The farmers were doing the same.



Hooking his heel over a pole in the stockyard fence Wilks stood quiet a moment. His attention centered on a tall brown mule. The big fellow appeared almost asleep, but a sharp eye was quick to pick up every move. There was a mule with plenty of life but he wouldn't put out the work unless you made him.

A tanned thin faced man stopped at the fence.

"Hello there, Mr. Tucker," said Lawyer Wilks. "I was looking at that team of yours as you drove into town this morning."

Barb Tucker nodded. "Yep," he said. "Are you in the market for a mule, Mr. Wilks?"

"Not hardly, not hardly—But I used to drive plenty of them when I was a boy."

"Say, Mr. Wilks, I just heard Lawyer Benton shooting off at the mouth up the street saying you was telling tales about him beating up his poor old father."

Lawyer Wilks' eyes bored straight into Mr. Tucker's, until Barb moved uncomfortably and looked away.

"Now have you heard anybody besides Benton say that I said any such a thing?" he demanded.

"No, I haven't," said Tucker. "Come to think of it I haven't seen the old man around lately. Have you?"

"I don't even know whether Benton and his father are on speaking terms or not," said Wilks.

"It is queer old Mr. Benton hasn't been around for several weeks," said Tucker thoughtfully.

"Well the old fellow is getting pretty feeble," said Wilks. "Barb, that is a good mule, and you had better buy him to match your mare."

"No I can't afford it." Barb Tucker shook his head and squinted up at the sun. "It's getting late and I still have some errands to run. See you at the election Tuesday."

Wilks watched Tucker approach a group of men, talk a few minutes—then move on. His foot came down off the pole with a jerk that caused the brown mule to look around.

At Mac's Grocery Store he overheard a heated discussion.

"Have you heard Wilks accuse Benton of beating up his dad? No, of course you haven't! And, by God, Tom, you've got to admit that every way you look at the mill you see Benton. Every time Buck Lawerence opens his mouth he says Benton, and if you so much as take a breath you smell one of Benton's cigars."

"I wasn't accusing Wilks. Maybe it's just a political gag."

"Barb Tucker told me that Wilks didn't know a thing about it," drawled a slow voice.

"By God maybe Benton has beat up his old man. If I knew he had I'd be in favor of giving him a taste of the whip."

Lawyer Wilks walked on. The crowds were thinning. People were in a hurry to go home. Men and women collected their families and loaded their supplies into cars and wagons to drive out of town. Saturday afternoon was breaking up. Wilks let himself into his empty office.

At two in the afternoon on election day the voting was at its height. At exactly two-thirty Lawyer Wilks came up the path amid shouts, cheers and salutations. He spoke and nodded. Once more he felt himself the man of the day.

Barb Tucker was there beside the path. He stopped Lawyer Wilks and motioned him to one side.

"Mr. Wilks, you should have seen that Benton Sunday," he said in their semi-privacy.

Wilks looked questioningly at him.

"He came into church, his old father hobbling by his side, and he hadn't been to church since Peterson was the pastor." Tucker's voice broke into a laugh. "When the preacher in his sermon read from the Bible to honor thy parents everybody scooted around in their seats to look at Benton. He turned as red as a beet."

Lawyer Wilks shook his head. "There seems to be no end to what some people will do in politics," he said.

"Hey, Attorney Wilks, are you going to vote for yourself?" called a boy from the crowd.

With the roar of laughter Wilks laughed too. But he shook his head. "Never have I needed to vote for myself," he declared.

In the long town house the judges sat behind the railing and scowled at each approaching voter. Theirs was the right to challenge. One clerk called out the name, "Attorney Clayton Wilks." Another wrote it in the large ledger. Attorney Wilks received the ballot with a bow and a smile. He passed on into the voting booth. For county treasurer, and for county clerk he voted, then for a long time he looked at the name Clayton Wilks and across from it the name James R. Benton. With a careless shrug of his shoulders he marked a cross by the name opposite his own. After all the blessed could afford to be generous. #

Come and Get Hit

The only good thing about a meal cooked over a camp fire is your hearty appetite

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

SUMMER is coming. Summer looms high on the horizon and millions of city-bound mortals cherish visions of lake and stream and countryside. Lungs expand in anticipation of the aromatic liquid air of the open spaces. Stomachs contract in anticipation of the trout crisply fried by the brook's edge, the flapjacks as only Jean can flap them, the bacon as only Pierre can prepare it, the biscuits that only Jacques can bake and which only Jacques' gastric juice can penetrate.

Summer is the time for gastronomic expansion: time to go out and live off the country. The ruminants of the West, wild and domestic alike, desert their hard-trampled winter range and move into the green pastures of the hills; the bear takes himself out of winter storage and cocks an eye for breakfast on the hoof. Even the little fishes come up from the dark winter depths and deploy into the blooming shallows in search of fresh food at the source of supply.

So do we pour out of our homes and apartments and hotels and cellars and caves and penthouses to release our stomachs from the siege of winter's canned horrors, to let them joyfully work on new food that smells of the forest and digests with the ease of the lead pipe.

The philosophers say that man has within himself great hidden powers. The vacation season proves it, but why the remarkable performance of the human stomach and associated organs during this trying period reacts to the glory of Jacques' culinary skill is a mystery lodged deep in some pathological alley of the mind. Your stomach, unsung hero of the forests, knows that while Jacques may carry the ball for long psychological gains, it will have to do the heavy blocking. It goes forth, not to vacation, but to battle.

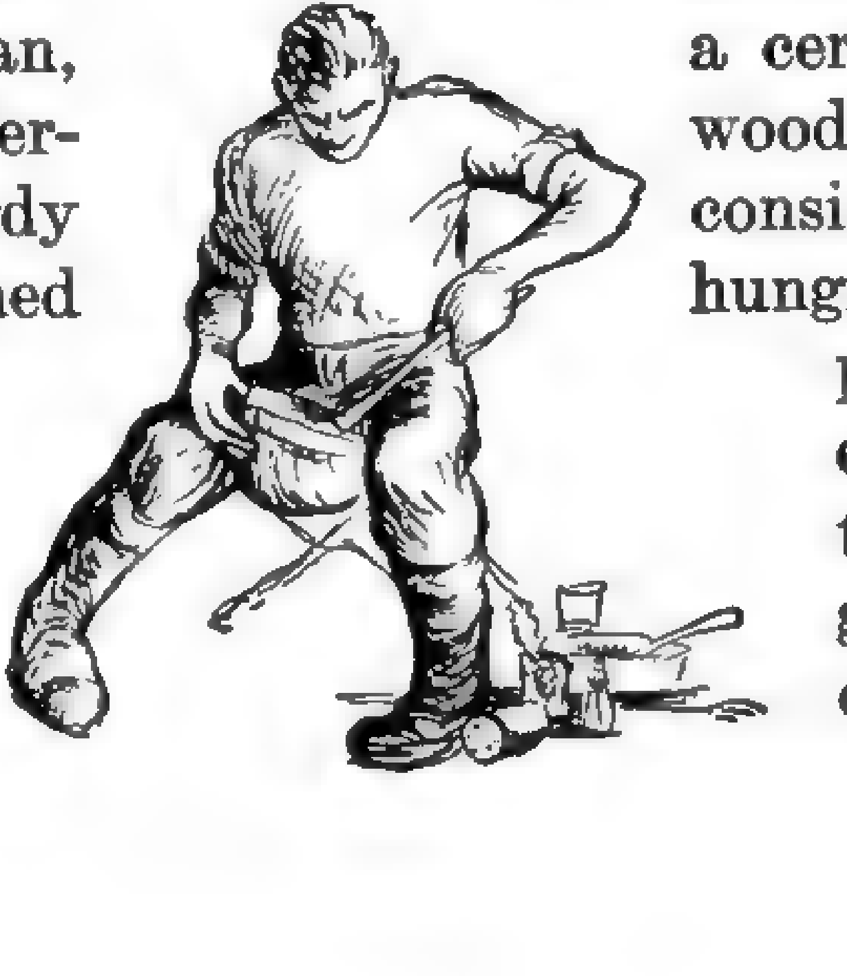
Unlike the animal kingdom, which never has discovered the possibilities of vacuum sealing and has no refrigerator cars, the American citizen does not have to go afield or astream in order to enjoy the fruits thereof. The business of eating outdoors is merely a matter of sustenance which permits the vacationist to indulge in idle pleasure. (This is the sensible view taken by Jean, Jacques and Pierre, who cannot understand any other.) But a very sturdy idea persists in the heads of returned campers-out and summer vacationists in general that they have lived, for all too brief a period, in a great land of gustatory pre-eminence, a land peopled with native chefs of astounding skill.

For the benefit of uninitiated readers who may want to know if this sturdy idea is correct, I wish to point out that cooking as practiced close to Nature resolves itself into two distinct schools. (This also will serve as a reminder to those burghers who have been maligning their wives' cooking all winter because it couldn't come up to Pierre's—"And all Pierre had, dear, was a campfire and a frying pan, just think of that!")

The first school contains two elements: the very tough, duck-rolled-in-clay division, and the more effete trout-in-wine-sauce group. They are classed together because each strives for an effect by departure from the norm, advertising its Epicurean culture with a flourish.

I believe that rolling fish or fowl in clay and baking them in the coals of the campfire is recognized, throughout the world of books and periodical journals, as standard practice among most sportsmen, practically all guides and the entire Red, or Indian, race. This includes, of course, all persons whose names are Pierre, Jean, or Jacques. I have myself been guilty of mentioning this practice in an offhand way, as though I would rather die than eat an unclayed fish: as though the idea of consuming a wild duck prepared in the common kitchen manner would occur only to a Communist or other non-rugged individualist. The plain truth is that although I have cooked hundreds of ducks and untold fish under primitive conditions, and have mingled with many brothers of the angle and the chase who eat their quarry in stride, I have yet to see one who has cooked with clay, or who can swear with anything approaching solemnity that he has seen another cook with clay, or that he knows somebody who will swear he has seen fish, fowl, or anything else cooked in clay.

That this custom really exists I do not for a moment doubt. That you who have visions of taking part in these odd native rites when you go north this summer will be disappointed, I likewise entertain no doubt. It is well to remember that in order to accomplish this fine, academic coup of Nature you must have a fish or fowl, a certain limited range of firewoods, some clay of the proper consistency, and you must be hungry, all at the same time and place. It is not hard to meet each of these requisites in turn, but to get them all together under your hat at one time is very hard indeed.



This group, which is tougher than all get-out, also believes in (or advocates) eating, not only the recognized joints and slices of the quarry, but virtually the entire object. It mentions crunching the bones of the smaller birds, speaks highly of the tail and cheeks of the trout, hovers over the wing-tip of the pheasant, regards blood as though it were lemon sauce, throws entrails around the dinner table as though celebrating Halloween.

You may meet some of these swaggering caveman cooks in your journey afield, but it is quite unlikely that you will. For the most part, the non-essentials that will get into your food will be objects foreign to the body of the kill: such things as flies, mice, pine needles, dice, cigarette papers, and so forth. As a general rule the thing to do when eating fish is to spit out everything that hasn't a fishy taste. In the case of duck, you better eat just the breast. It's the safest thing to do.

As to the second division of this exotic school, the trout-in-wine-sauce crowd, what they can do with fish, game, and the general contents of the grub sack is astonishing. They can make the Waldorf hide its head. All they need beyond the bare essentials are half a dozen spices and condiments, four kinds of wine, a needle and thread, a white cap, plenty of time and patience, a modern kitchen—no, two modern kitchens—and three assistants. This division of outdoor cooking, highly articulate in the printed page, does not exist in nature. You can forget that one.

Let us now proceed to the toss-it-in school, which is the school of painful actuality. A charter member is Jacques, the nobleman of nature you have in mind when you say that fish cooked in the city don't taste right. Jacques can cook in a pine-forest manner seldom encountered in our populous centers. He can toss a flapjack into the air after it is done on one side—or what Jacques calls done on one side—so that it will turn over three times before he catches it in the frying pan, rawer side down, without damaging it much. This is a delicate maneuver, but it fades to a mere nothing when compared with the feat about to be performed by your stomach, which will flip the same flapjack from sixteen to thirty times without damaging it at all.

When Jacques approaches a dead fish with hungry eyes he does not have in mind any wine sauce or capers or cloves or delicate dressings. He has in mind getting the fish cooked and inside with the least possible loss of time and trouble. First he cleans the fish with his belt knife, or, if he thinks you aren't looking—for this is the way he does

Continued in center of page 130

SIMONE IN SPICE
Hurrell Photograph

SIMONE IN SUGAR
Hurrell Photograph

Desk-Man's Finish

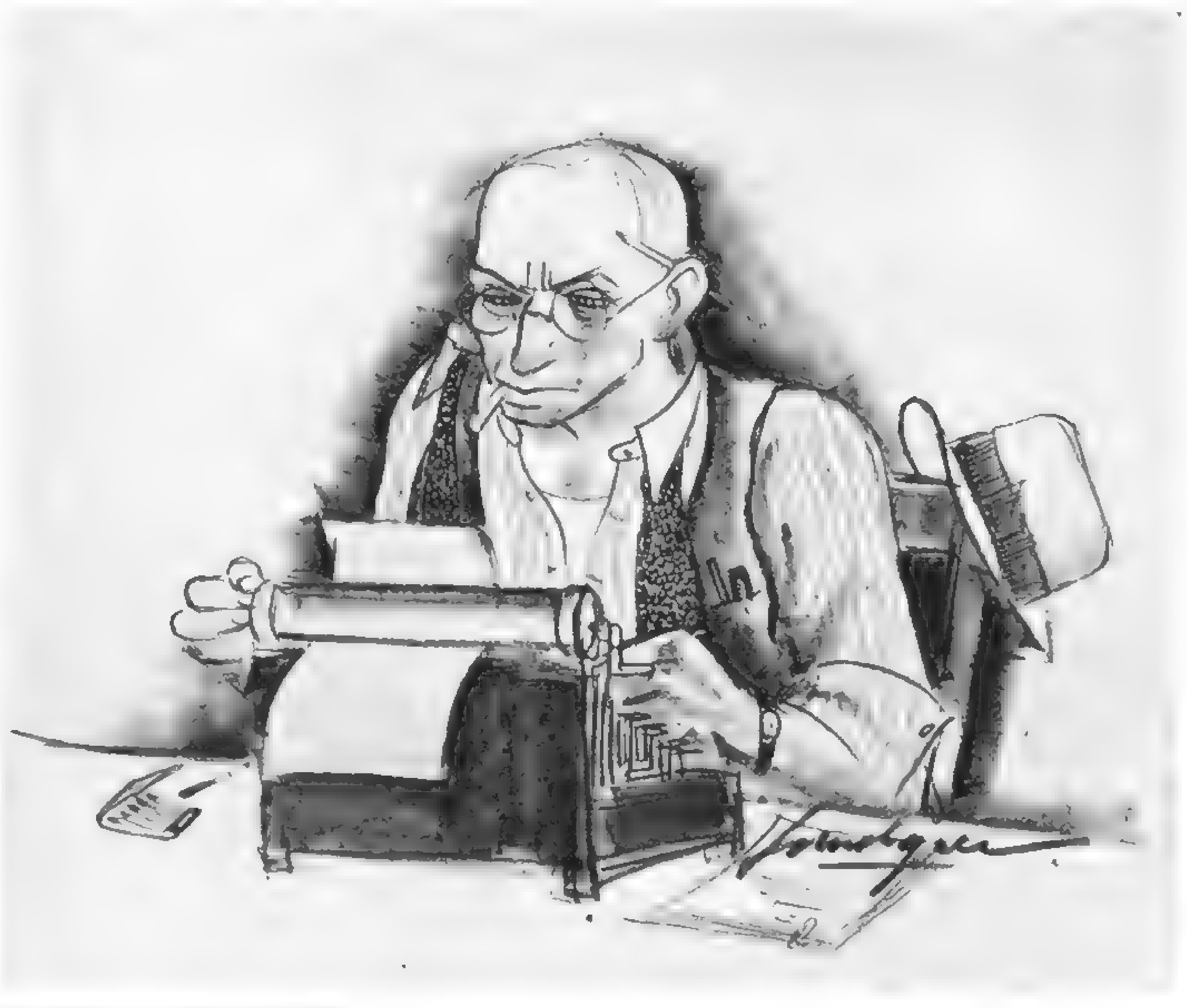
It didn't seem possible that a guy who'd written such swell captions could ever go stale

by FRED M. PAYNE

• FICTION •

THE news room began to glow. Five men pounded desperately on typewriters in the last-minute scramble to get their stories in on the hour. Four telephones were bringing in the long-winded comments of eager citizens to impatient news hawks who were afraid of hanging up, and afraid of an editor's wrath if they were late. The early lunch shift of desk-men was back in place; the late lunchers pulled in their belts for an hour's wait. The whole staff gathered itself together in nervous preparation for the paper's most important edition of the day.

Joe Sinclair shifted his squatty bulk sideways on his chair, and looked around the horse-shoe desk. Every other man but himself had a piece of copy to handle. It seemed to be getting worse every day. There were fellows little better than cubs who got all the big heads to write. They hadn't given him an eight-column line to do in close to a year. Things didn't look too bright for him.



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

In front of him, the pneumatic tubes to and from the pressroom came up through the desk, turned over and went down again. On the other side, the slot man was beginning to sweat. Willis always sweat at this time of day.

The news editor had started the midday round of heartbreaks, passing Willis a steady stream of stuff, killing early stories, changing his mind twice a second. Willis sat there cursing and sweating, a human machine taking everything that came, sorting it, dealing it out to the men around him. But he had nothing for Joe Sinclair to edit.

Tommy Wilton sat at Joe's left, working on a cable despatch as well as a running conference story. Then Willis suddenly tossed a six-page city yarn in front of him.

"I can take that, Willis," Joe said generously, his pipe in his mouth.

It was true that the slot boy stuck two tubes in the pipes that very minute. With that racket and the growing clatter in the room, Willis may not have heard him. The fact remained that Tommy Wilton slapped a hand on the story unconsciously. Neither he nor Willis paid any attention to Joe.

Stroking his grey hair back over his head, Joe puffed out a huge cloud of smoke. With an elaborate gesture, he stuck his feet out in front of him, allowed his paunchy form to slide down in the chair, and shoved his hands deep into his pants pockets. Willis ought to notice me now, he thought.

Just as he did so often these days, he began to think about his position here. Because he had been in the newspaper game for thirty years was no reason he should think of retiring. He had been on the *Post-Ledger* so long they very often had to ask him the paper's spelling for tricky words. He was an authority. He had a place to fill.

The job wasn't so bad. There were only two or three tough spots in the day, and the chance of missing them was fifty-fifty. He liked the regular hours. Since he had been on the desk he had never been called back to his old reporter's job. Those days of frequent thirty-six hour shifts without sleep and decent meals were gone. But they had been good training for this work. They had made his brain sharp and quick—as sharp and quick as it was at this moment. That was the point. He was no slow thinker or he wouldn't have lasted. He could do the work all right. It wasn't that. Probably Willis couldn't see him so well through the tubes.

Suddenly he heard Willis hollering at him as if he were two hundred feet away instead of two.

"Come on Joe, wake up, we've got a paper to put out here!"

Joe blinked. Willis had poked a piece of teletype paper through the tubes and it was lying there before him. He pulled himself up with a start and wondered if he had been called twice.

Adjusting his glasses, he smoothed the paper out while he read it over. There was close to half a column of stuff in the story, but the news editor had penciled out all but the first sentence of the lead. Across the top of the sheet was scribbled: "line item."

Joe snorted with disgust. So they were starting to hand him line items now, were they? Did they forget that he wrote the streamer for the first market crash extra in '29? One lousy little sentence to edit! A fine mess.

He read the story through a second time. It had to do with the record crowds at the Port Andrews beaches over the week end. It was not a finished story, but it could have been fixed up. Lots worse passed through his hands every day. There was as much room for a story like this as there was for a lot of hullabaloo over the visit of some English Lord Mayor.

The surviving sentence was a short one at that: "Port Andrews, Aug. 29—Dorothy Maurice, 25, of Elkston, provided Sunday crowds here with free amusement when she lost the trunks of her two-piece bathing suit in the lake."

He glared at it. There was not a mistake in the spelling; the teletype machine had reproduced it without an error. It was too short to be cut or even trimmed. The punctuation was adequate. The damn thing didn't need to be touched. All he had to do was scribble out two or three words for a heading and hand it back. He ground the pipe with his teeth.

He began to try over a head or two on his copy pad. There was no need to hurry. A little item like this could be slipped in anywhere. There was still an hour to deadline.

The first attempt was never finished. He started to write "Elkston Girl . . ." when he saw it would be drab and probably too long. He thought for a moment. "Girl's Bathing Trunks . . ." and "Girl Swimmer In . . ." fell flat. The more tries he made, the further from his mind the right phrase seemed to be.

He began to look at the sentence with a spark of interest. This *would* be a pretty bright little item at that. Willis would probably want to put it on page one. It might be as well to rush it through and give them plenty of time.

He scribbled "Bathing Trunks . . ." but his mind refused to give him another word. Deciding that he was concentrating too seriously, he looked away and out the window. No use making a hard job of this. The

Continued on page 154

Famous Cocks and Tales

Of another Colonial Betsy who also served her country very well

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

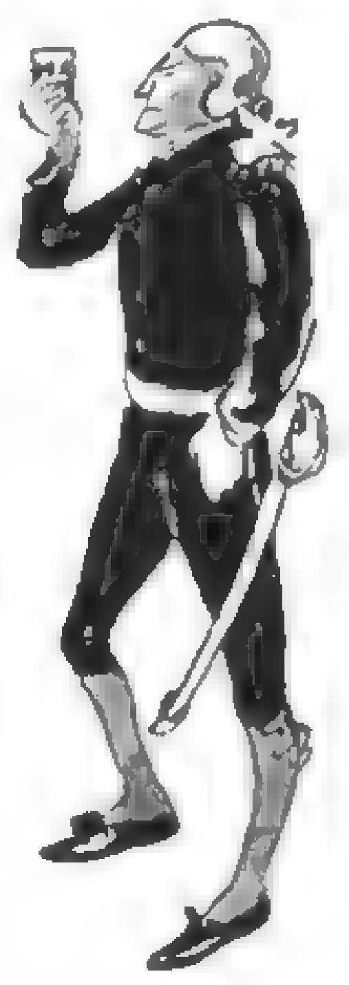
• POTABLES •

As a rule man writes history of the commonplace but creates legends of the things he loves. Next to the skyscraper and Mickey Mouse the greatest contribution of America to the art of living is the cocktail. Yet its origins are clouded and the savants have as many tales of its early life and beginnings as they have of Stonehenge and Steve Brody. According to the things that condition civilization, it is not improbable that in time the cocktail will become personified, take on the attributes, physical and spiritual, of our gods. Who knows, ages hence little tots may be taught about the great native deity, Mr. Cocktail.

Albert Stevens Crockett, the historian, even sought out that other seer, Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, for help as to the cocktail's derivation. The editor of the Standard Dictionary had no positive knowledge and after long search could only cite legends and references in literature. He was sure that it dated back to the American Revolution. It is described in a paper published in 1806. Washington Irving in 1809 stated that the early Dutch settlers drank cocktails under that name. This historian (myself) once drank a stirrup cup at the Stage Coach Inn at Roslyn, Long Island, which was made from a recipe in a cook book said to have descended from George Washington's own family. And that cup was a cocktail if there ever was one.

In reprinting the Crockett findings, Baron Fougner attracted to the *Sun* any number of legends. Most of them are silly and unbelievable. Nearly every roadhouse in the original thirteen states claims to be the cradle of the cocktail. One tavern, at Elmsford, goes so far as to have painted on its outer walls the claim that the father of his country sipped the first cocktail within.

The one this correspondent feels has the proper balance of fact and fantasy to make it ring as true as the current coinage of truth, is the story told on the sugar wharves of Kingston, Jamaica. This is to the effect that one Betsy Flanagan, a widow, ran a tavern at Four Corners, Westchester County, New York. The place was a hangout for Colonial officers who had enough of Gouverneur Morris' money for a tipple. Betsy could not only cook but could also swing a mean flagon. The legend says that one autumn night, officers brought her pheasants they had raided from a British camp, asking her to cook them. While they waited for the fowl, Betsy served her usual potions. Being an interior decorator at heart, Betsy stuck the tails of the cock pheasants in some empty bottles. One officer, at that somewhat fuzzy stage, tried to drink from one of these bottles and the feathers tickled his nose. He began to sneeze, then laugh and the jolly fellows just joined in. You know how funny those things seem, sometimes. Betsy immediately compensated the guy with a full bottle of her cherry bounce and he became the life of the party. It was a visiting Frenchman who is said to have remarked that the American could become so happy drinking a cocktail. This is one explanation of the origin of the term, and it is a good story, plausible and quaint.



Anyway James Fenimore Cooper in *The Spy* speaks of Betsy Flanagan and a cozy beverage she served called "cocktail." Searchers and *vox populi* in the press can go on for days but to us this legend is sufficient.

We were sitting in the Astor Hunting Room, awaiting the coming of the luncheon. Bill Orr, glancing at the cocktail list, caught the name of Jack Rose. Orr had been ace reporter on the *Tribune* during the days of the Rosenthal murder. The prosecution of the case had carried Charles S. Whitman to the governor's chair and Orr along as his secretary. Now, no one but newspapermen remembers the Rosenthal case, except now and then when an anniversary story is printed. But to the old-timers it still holds the top spot for corruption in high places and expertness in crusading reporting. What Orr was worrying about at this time, however, was why of all that crew, only Jack Rose came off with the immortality that attaches to a famous drink. Why, mused Orr, had not Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank or even Lieutenant Becker, been so honored? The rôle Rose played in the trial by turning state's evidence, was not exactly a glamorous or heroic one, according to most standards. But there it stands: Jack Rose is one of the few cocktails to survive the thousands that have been christened.

The question started a quest that has run down many blind alleys. It has been a leisurely and pleasant quest, if you care for a nip now and then. But it was not until the other day that I came across the most satisfactory answer. The search lead me through the Spanish Main where the blue seas are blue, through the panting hot dusty streets of tropical towns, up jungle roads to Henri Christophe's citadel, past coal-black natives singing old French provincial songs while they picked red coffee berries from wayside trees and on to the sugar wharves of Jamaica. I found the answer in the King Cole Bar of the St. Regis Hotel in New York from Fernand Petiot, lovingly known as "The Frog" by the vast membership of the I. B. F. (International Bar Flies). Petiot, who knows more sailors, soldiers, newspaper men and millionaires than any census taker, and who for ten years was the guide, philosopher and treasurer at Harry's Bar, Paris, now smiles at the swank trade of Fifth Avenue. But the answer, to save you looking in the back of the book, is that a good cocktail lives not because of its name, but because of its ingredients. To survive it must be constructed properly. A good drink is the result of no whim or ladies' caprice, it is a chemical combination of the following things: one sound spirit, one bitters or flavoring wine (*i.e.* vermouth) and one natural fruit juice.

Try that over on your shaker and see if your favorites come within the time-tested formula.

It was so easy to believe Petiot because I had spent some laborious hours among statistics. In Albert Stevens Crockett's peerless *Old Waldorf Astoria Bar Book* there are listed 513 cocktails and drinks, served at the old Waldorf Bar. Out of these I found just eleven that have survived and are in use today, under their own names. And most of these fall into the strict category laid down by Petiot. Of the dear, dead members, most were as fleeting as the shining Ephemerida of their time, actresses, prize fighters, dilettantes, financiers and even creditors of the barman. If you are old enough for nostalgic pains, glance quickly over the list: Hamlin, a pioneer auto driver; Beadleston, a brewer; Guion, founder of a steamship line; Bijou, an old theatre near Herald Square; Chanler, famous Bob, the artist; Loftus, Cissie, still famous as an actress; McKinley, remember his opponent; Peg O'My Heart, the long run play of the era; September Morn, the first painting of a nude to be exposed outside of a bar in Puritan America; Bismarck, the guy who gave a housepainter ideas; Free Silver, twenty-five years before its time; Salomé, a naughty, naughty opera; and even Murdock, after a naughty uncle who yearly visited the hotel. Evidently all you had to do in those days to gain bar-room fame was to be in the headlines or know the bartender.

Not that the brief span after Prohibition is much better. It has been the popular belief that the speak-easy and kitchen-sink era of liquor had all to do with corrupting the American taste. Facts point otherwise. For the dead ladies and gents of the past are still with us but with titles shined up by new headlines and new press agents. Most of the

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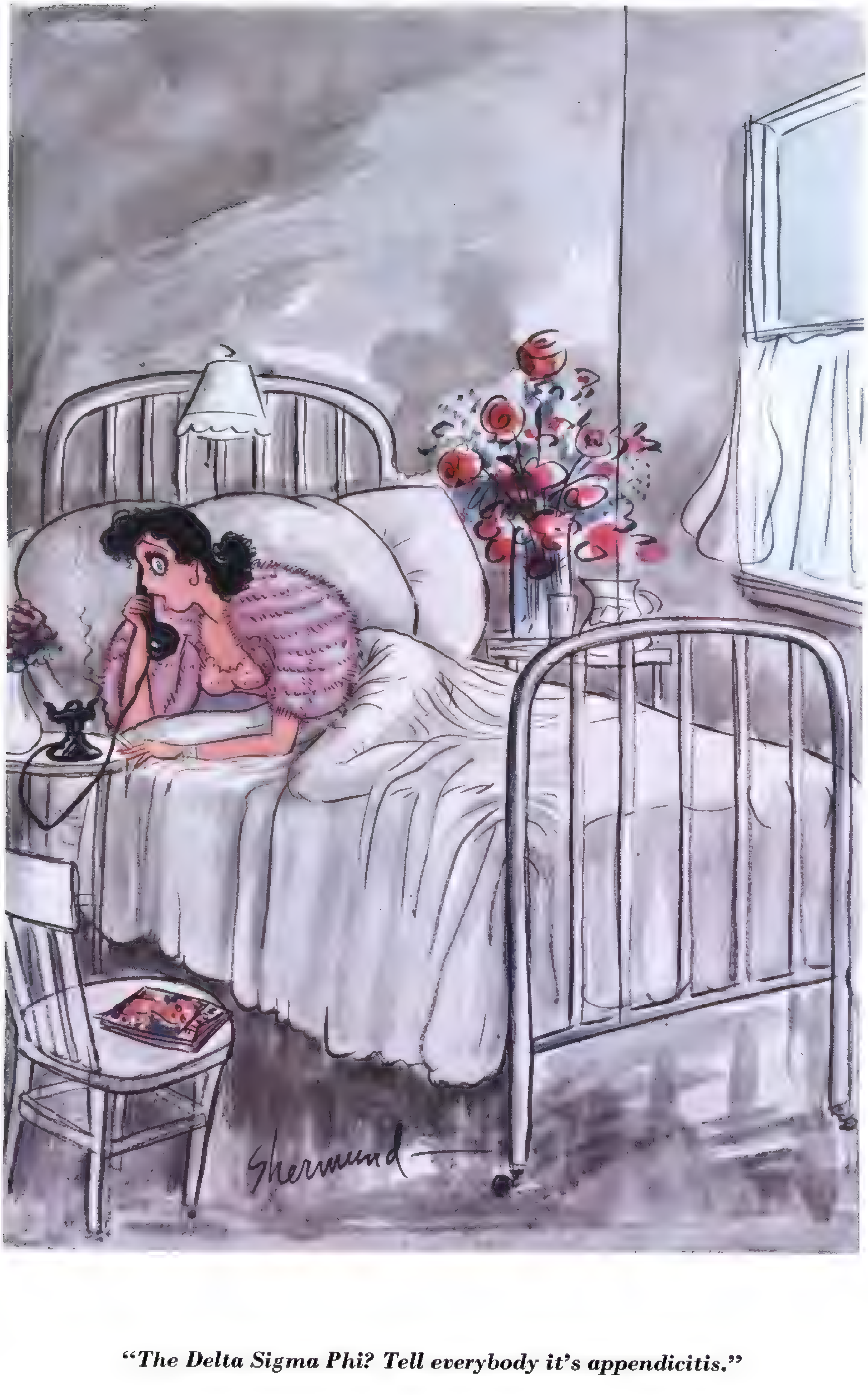
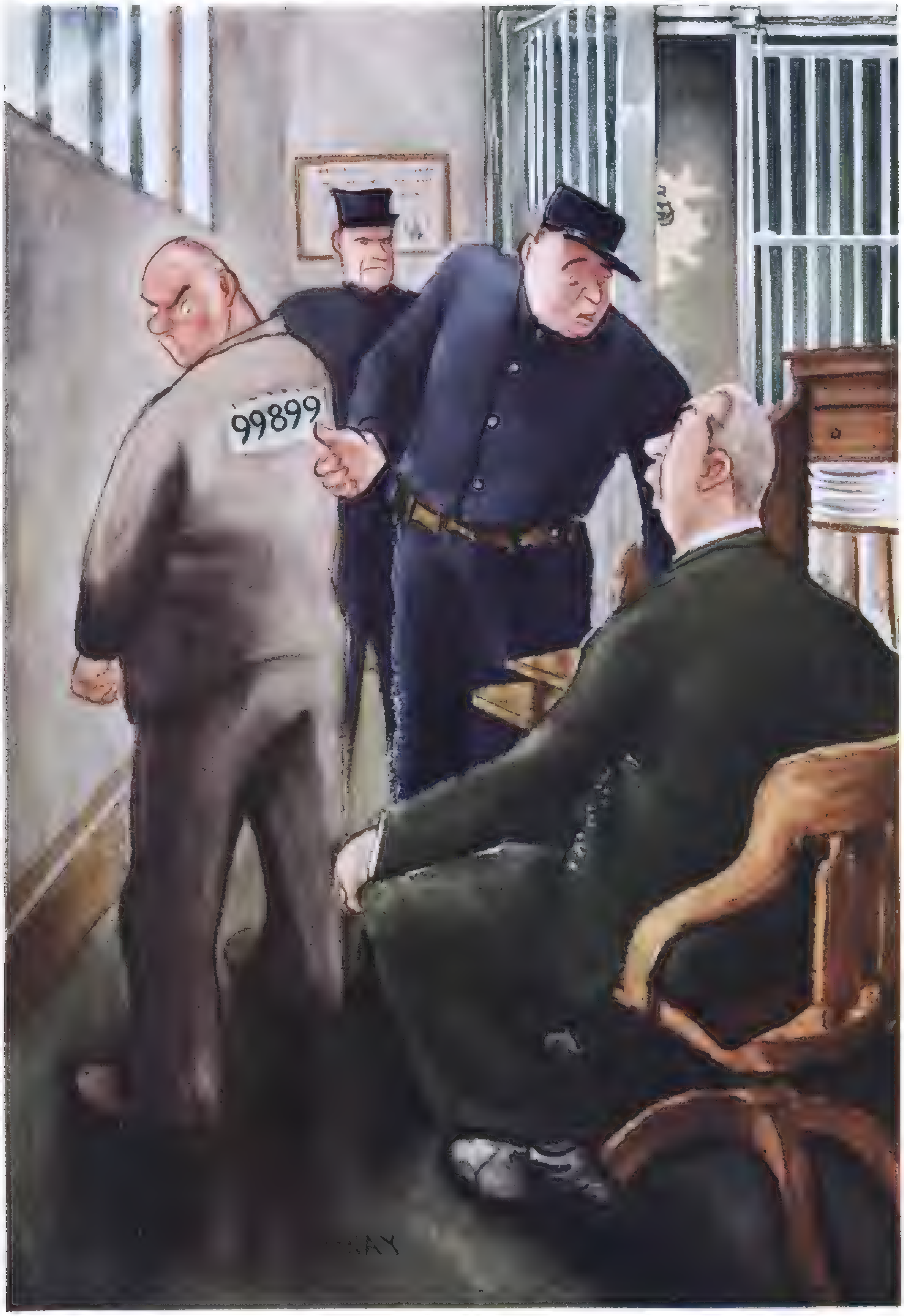


"The Delta Sigma Phi? Tell everybody it's appendicitis."



"He says the Secretary of State promised him a low number"

Every Opportunity

His mother used to tell him that if he'd eat his oatmeal, he'd be president

by CHESTER B. HIMES

▪ FICTION ▪

The voice of the *Chief of the Division of Probation and Parole* was saying: "... you have every opportunity to succeed. You will have the support of this division; you will have the assistance and encouragement of your local parole officer; you will have ..."

"... *every opportunity* ..." Ted Cole supplied and quit listening. Sounded like his mama telling him to eat his oatmeal and he'd become president. After all that oatmeal he had eaten.... He brushed his gaze over the faces of his fellow convicts. Some had a look of rapt attention. That of others was obviously posed. A few whispered between themselves, did not even pretend to listen. He wondered how many of the fifty-two assembled there in the Christian Science chapel to receive their final instructions would be able to remember anything the chief had said tomorrow night after one day of freedom.

He turned his head to hide the amusement on his face. Light spilled on his touseled black hair. His long, girlish lashes shaded his eyes to a midnight blue, threw drypoint shadows down his smooth cheeks. He had a good looking, alert face with a sensuous mouth. Dimples showed when he smiled. He was smiling now. He looked prep-school age. His seven years had not touched him.

The voice of the *Chief* came back to his consciousness: "... above all else you must abstain from the use of liquor or any form of intoxicating beverage. Whiskey has sent more paroled men back to prison than...." He licked his lips. He wished he had a shot. Not that he was a whiskey-head, he quickly added. Of course he liked his liquor. But to let it send him back to prison. *Prison!* Unthinkable!

"... some of you boys are here now for crimes committed while under the influence of drink ..." the voice went on.

He wished he would stop it. Sitting there in one position listening to that drivel cramped him. He turned his gaze toward the window. Convicts marched in lockstep across the afternoon. An aeroplane was a tiny, moving speck against sun-tinted white clouds. The sky dipped to a gray border of walls. Bars divided the picture in neat squares. *Prison!* Not him. He wasn't coming back. If he came back, Skippy was a grandpa.

After a time the voice ceased. A skinny convict clerk began calling numbers ... "Number 23006, Cole." ... Ted went up to the desk and signed a half dozen or so papers. "It's a good thing I know how to write, isn't it?" he said. The clerk said: "You keep these two." He looked at them:

Instructions for Prisoners on Parole
Read Carefully
and: Certificate of Parole.

Both of these certificates had been signed by the chairman of the parole board. He handled them carefully. After all, it had taken him seven years to get them.

He got a gray tweed suit the next morning. The record clerk gave him a long manila envelope with his twelve monthly report blanks, marked: *Record Department—Cole, Parole No. 67183.* He signed the book and received an envelope containing $10.64, marked *earnings.* He thought that was rather low wages for seven years.

He paid $3.98 for his railway ticket, bought a package of chewing gum and an almond chocolate bar.

The woman in the blue spring coat suit across the aisle wouldn't give him a tumble. Finally he gave her up, looked out the window at the changing landscape. The conductor came by and punched his ticket.

He remembered his list of instructions and thought it would be a good idea to brush up on them. They began:

As soon as released from custody, you shall proceed at once to place of employment provided for you, viz: ...

He wondered if it was a gag. Then, reading on he tried some of the others:

In case you find it necessary or desirable to change your employment or residence, you shall first obtain the written consent of the Supt., Parole Clerk, or Parole Officer.

You shall, on the first day of each month, until your final release according to law, forward by mail to the Parole Clerk, a report of yourself, stating whether you have been constantly under pay during the last month, and if not, why not.

Drinking or loafing around questionable places or with disreputable characters will positively not be tolerated, and any excuses for violation of same will not be accepted. ...

He looked to see if there was anything about saying his prayers before he went to bed, but there wasn't. He thought: Well, I don't have to do that, anyway. That's something. He climbed into the first cab he saw outside the Union Terminal.

Everything looked much the same on the Square, he noted. Bums were sitting on the benches. The statues of the local celebrities looked as grimy as ever. The Post Office building seemed a little grimier. Pedestrians still stampeded recklessly through the jungle of streetcar tracks.

The pawnshops on St. Clair touched his emotions. He felt an impulse to yell: "Hey, Abie, I'm back." But he stifled it. Abie would probably know it soon enough without his telling him. He got out at 55th Street. His fare was sixty cents. He dropped by a bar and got a double shot of Kentucky Straight for twenty cents. He ate a fifty-five cent steak dinner, inclusive of two cuts of cherry pie and tipped the Greek a dime. He had $4.91 left.

He walked down to 40th and found Tony Sparelli's poolroom unchanged. Well, maybe there were a few more nicks in the table felts, he conceded after closer inspection.

He found Tony in the back room. Tony grinned with his teeth, shook hands and said he was glad to see him back. A little hunchbacked guy called "Speedy" had his old job on the stick in the blackjack game.

Tony told him times were so tight it'd make a monkey eat Cayenne pepper. "Everybody play heem number now," he elaborated. Ted said he wasn't on the stem and Tony looked relieved.

Speedy said he'd play him some head and head. After an hour he found himself a half dollar loser and quit. It was getting along in the middle of the afternoon and he thought it was about time for him to go out and get a job.

When he mentioned a job, Tony said: "Job! Huh! Feefty million looka for heem."

"Just like Ed Jenkins, the old phantom crook, eh?" he joked, unimpressed.

Speedy told him to try the Excelsior Laundry on Superior, he had heard the driver was quitting that afternoon.

He left his parole papers with Tony and went over to the laundry about six o'clock.

Continued on page 129

Roulades and Cadenzas

It's understood at the Royal Opera House, the king should be seen, and should not hear

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

If the Master of the King's Music or his equerry could perchance nudge the sedate George VI, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India—after His Majesty has disposed, according to ancient right and venerable custom, of his garters, pajamas, and other Coronation trophies and is ready for his bed-time snack of onions and beer—and ask what he thought of the official music program, the royal answer would surely be non-committal. First, there is not much to hear: coronations, it seems, make business for everybody but composers. And, of what is played, the king will not hear more than the national anthem. During the other ceremonials, so many zealous courtiers will be fussing at him that he won't have a free minute to listen. Not even the booming of the new Westminster Abbey organ will be audible above the din of the clergy when they get started on the Coronation service.

He won't hear much, either, when he goes to his Royal Opera House. There he will be perched right above the tympani, the brass, and the cymbals. He is considered a part of the show and included in the price of the ticket, so loyal subjects insist on having him near the stage, where he can be seen. The Royal Family have always had to be content to be looked at and not to mind that, situated above the orchestra's exhaust, they hear little of the music. For years this explanation has been given as the reason for their complete indifference to music.

When, about the time of Edward's abdication, the tabloid press called the opera house to inquire if His Majesty had ever been there with *her*, the reply was: "Not unless he came under her skirt." Whenever possible, Edward VIII avoided opera, but his excitement boiled over in picking his favorite dance tunes from American movies and in the various bagpipe melodies he could make himself.

His father, George V, was a plain Englishman and, true to tradition, bothered not a damn about music. During his long reign, of course, there were many new cornerstones awaiting the light tattoo of the royal trowel . . . many new arterial roads and new bridges, with ribbons stretched taut across their entrances waiting to be snipped. There were new hospitals and new blocks of model tenements that rated a royal opening. Golden cords, hanging from veiled statues, itched for the pull of the royal glove. There were miles and miles of walking to be done at inspections of one kind or another. All over Britain there were—and still are—mayors, toastmasters, guards of honor, crowds, committees, loyal addresses, loyal hands to be shaken, rows upon rows of loyal top-hats—and only one King to cope with them all. No decent fellow could expect him to have time for mere tunes. Certainly, his subjects didn't.

His Queen, Mary, did her part, was always on the job when occasion required, received good and bad singers alike, and carried out perfectly the English notion that it really doesn't make any difference: amateur and professional musicians are all the same, one is as good as another. Most of her evenings at Covent Garden were spent invoicing the box guests.

* * *

Not since Victoria's Albert has any reigning English Majesty professed an abiding interest in the art. And, for years to come, the situation is likely to remain unchanged. Young Elizabeth and the Fates may conspire to bring about another renascence of the arts, such as England enjoyed during the reign of her illustrious namesake; but just now the royal princess contents herself with shouting hymns in church in every key but the prevailing one.

Her kingly father, simple, serious, and thoroughly domesticated, has scarcely noticed music. Taking his public duties seriously, he has had no time. His days have been spent trodding crimson carpets, hearing "present arms" barked in all the European languages, and reviewing a wide and startling variety of guards of honor. At home, he has paced through telephone exchanges, power houses, cotton mills, docks, the mammoth factories in the north, warehouses, the shipyards of the Clyde and an odoriferous glue factory in London's East End. If he ever had any distinguishable emotions, they have been thoroughly rubbed out by his bossy mother and the austerities of court life.

Queen Elizabeth is said to be interested in music for dancing, to be sure, for steps that are considered correct . . . and to number among her friends one musician, Malcolm Sargent. Her favorite piece, unbelievable as it may seem, is listed as *The St. Louis Blues.*

Their Majesties will, of course, continue to discharge the stuffy prerogatives of their high estate, graciously awarding ribbons and medals, conferring honors, selecting bands to play at official functions. The court will lend its patronage to innumerable schools and societies, among them, the Royal Philharmonic-Society, the Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, etc., etc.

Covent Garden, situated as it is in the middle of a vegetable market, will continue to enjoy the distinction of being the only Royal Opera House in the world to be filled with the pungent odor of spoiled cabbages. In it, surrounded by red plush, gilt brocade, and the royal coat-of-arms, the Court Jester, Sir Thomas Beecham, has continued to hold sway these many reigns. Impressario, conductor, wit, philanthropist, dilettante, the bounding Sir Thomas has the pleasure and the honor of providing, from April nineteenth to June thirtieth, spectacular entertainment for Their Majesty's and the Empire's worthy guests: The Coronation Season of International Opera.

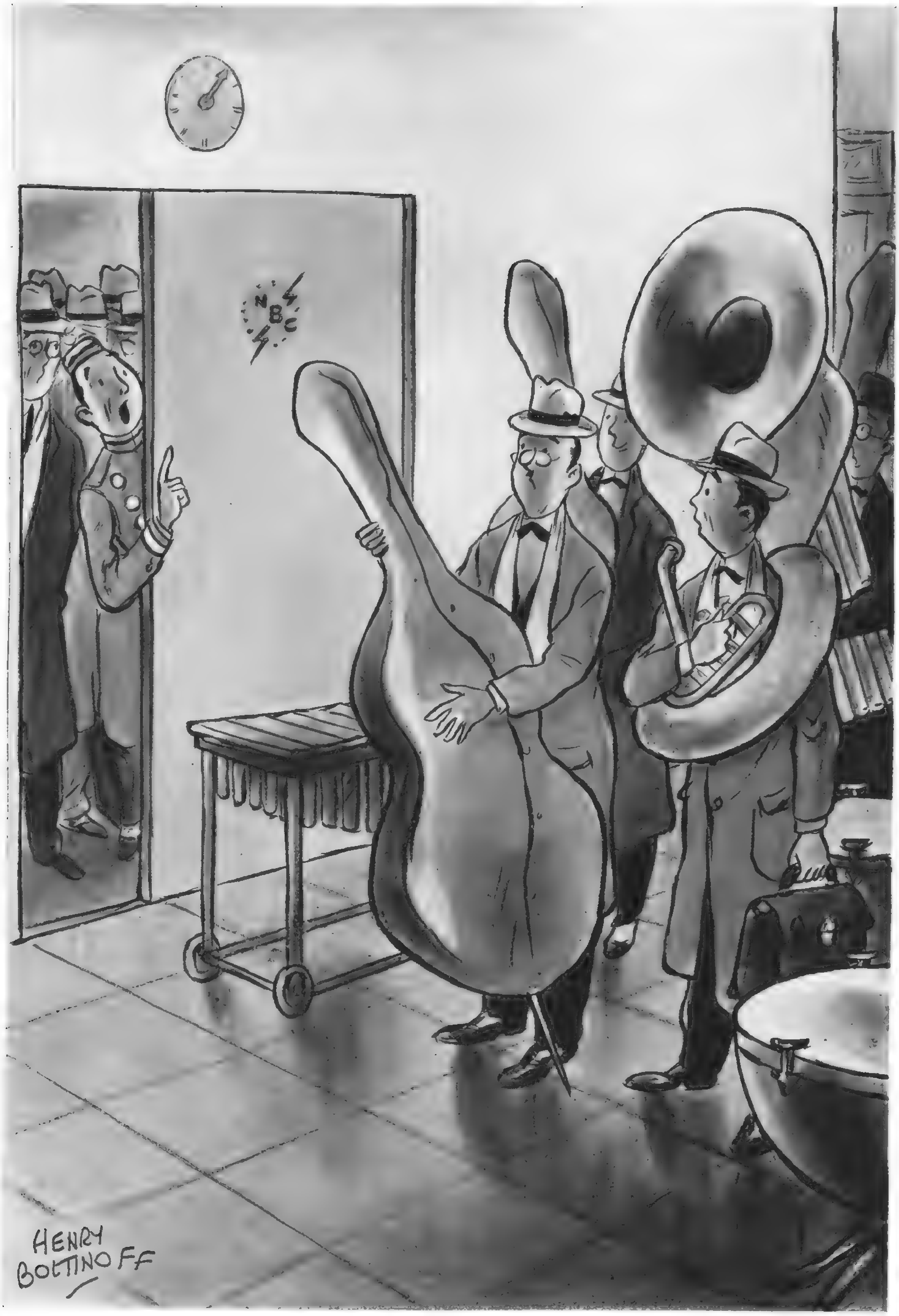
Backed by ample revenues from millions of patients with bloated stomachs, Beecham's Pills has made many an opera performance possible in Covent Garden. Aided and abetted by the munificence of American-born Lady Cunard, "Tommy" has footed the bill himself for a seemingly endless string of deficits, the last of which was his ill-fated winter season.

The English, somehow, don't take naturally to opera. Along with us, they share the distinction of being the only people in the world who insist on hearing opera in a foreign tongue. It doesn't matter which one, so long as they can't understand it. There they sit, bored as broom-sticks, snoring through act after act. It doesn't become them to be demonstrative and emotional and have a good time like the Italians. It isn't done. They prefer to make supercilious remarks to their neighbors. And, that's that! It is their way, and in all the world, there's nothing comparable to an Englishman's certainty that his ways are superior to those of other people.

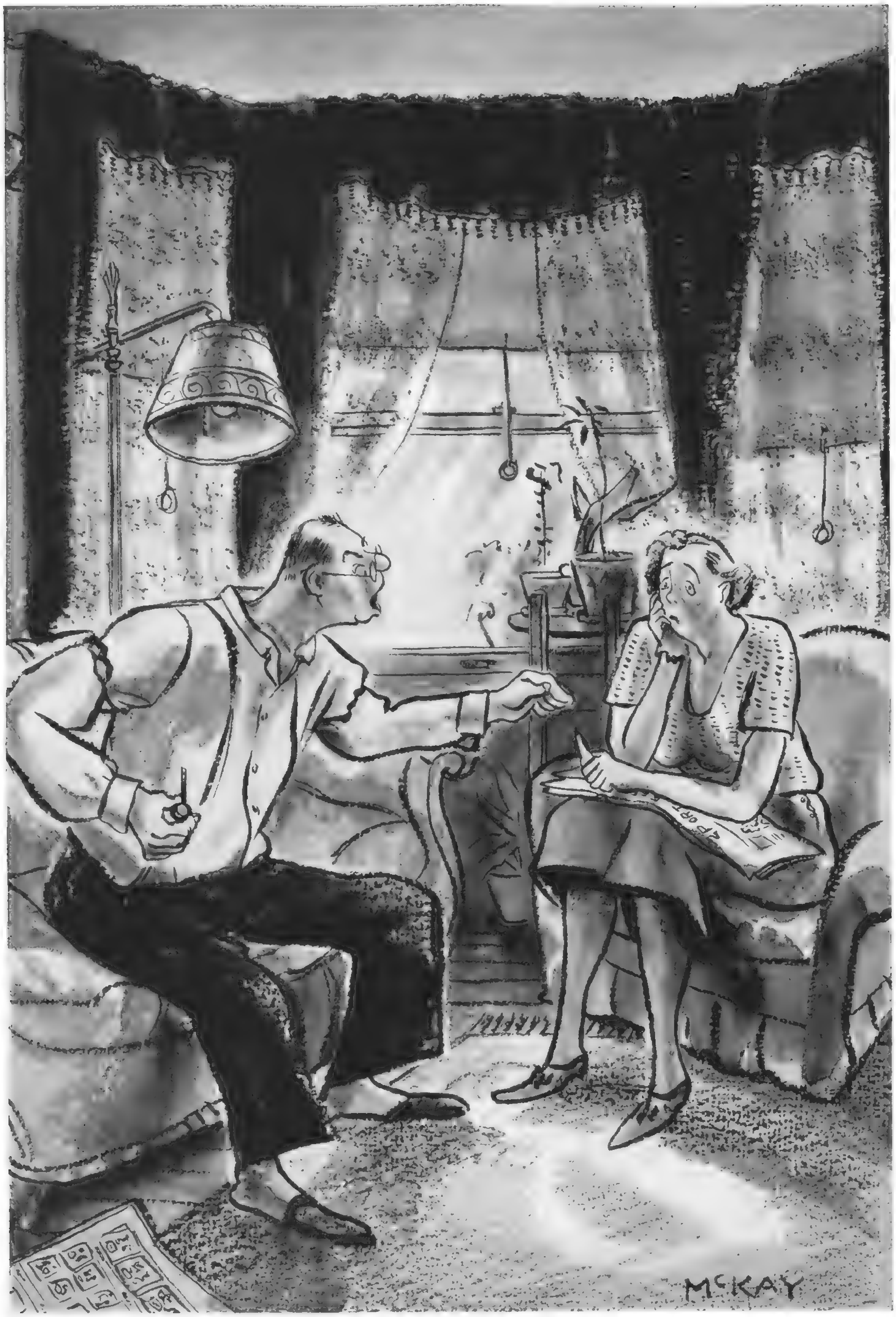
Curiously enough, he likes the ballet. Starved for color, rhythm, and graceful body movement, otherwise stolid, tea-drinking, cold-bathing, marrow-eating gentlemen are nearly blown out of their seats by the reality of enticing curves moving across a stage. You'll never discover it, if you listen to their conversation in the pause. But look them over closely about a minute after the curtain rises.

No wonder they go ga-ga over the ballet and keep two companies running full-blast

Continued on page 206


NBC
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Room for one piccolo player!"


SPORT
McKAY

"Yes, yes—I love you more than life itself—gimme the sportin' page!"

Are They Really Records?

It was rather important to clear the mark in the days when they jumped over spears

by FLETCHER PRATT

• SPORTS •

This idea of Jesse Owens racing a horse, one hundred yards to the gee-gee's two, is sucker-bait because anyone who has been around at all knows that a horse is a setup for a fast sprinter over distances as short as that. The nag is a more complicated running mechanism and has about ten times as much initial inertia to overcome, so it doesn't begin to get into its stride till the end of the first furlong. The experiment was tried out several times during the gay nineties, especially in England where there has always been considerable interest in pro sprint events, and the man always won. However, the people who pay to see the Midnight Express in action will probably get their money's worth, and the race will be interesting in another way, giving us one more line on whether or not our modern "world's record" holders really hold the all-time records that have been claimed for them.

For this case of man vs. horse happens to be one of the very few in which we have historical records reaching back beyond the eighteen-fifties, when stop watches that really worked and interest in amateur athletics began to come in together. Most of the old timers ran off their races at odd distances, like 198 yards or 542 yards and the authors who described them stuck to rhapsodies about "fleet-footed Palomides, swifter than the wind" without telling us what kind of a wind it was that he was swifter than—but in this case of runner against nag we have the dope, and the great Jesse Owens turns out to be not the "fastest human being" but a long way from it.

We have the dope because a race like this was pulled off at Oslo in Norway, about 1075 A.D., and an account of it embalmed in the sagas because one of the participants happened to be a royal prince. His name was Magnus and when the curtain rises on the story he is having a few snifters with a Viking named Harald Gilly, who had spent some time in Ireland, and blowing about his new Gautland racehorse. Harald remarked there were men in Ireland who could outrun a horse, and when Magnus called him a liar said he wasn't much of a runner himself, but at least he could beat out this goat from Gautland. Magnus, who could be plenty nasty when he liked said, "All right, we'll try it right now. You win, and I'll give you a gold ring; lose, and I'll have you fried in oil for a prize liar. Is it a bet?"

Harald took him up on it and Magnus set the finish pole up two spear's casts away. Now the spear the Vikings used for casting was the twist-spear, a good deal like an arrow, with a range up to 175 yards, but let's be conservative and say that Magnus allowed 100 yards to a cast, that is put his mark 200 from the starting line. Then he asked Harald if it was too far, and when Harald said it was, offered to double the purse and put the finish mark twice as far out, with a "Now go on and kick again, you cheap welsher" expression; that is, the length of the race was just about a quarter-mile. Well, it turned out the way you might have guessed, Harald's squawk having been a come-on to get the side bets going. He rated himself off the pace for the first furlong and a half, then turned on the heat and when Prince Magnus and his Gautland runner got to the finish he was lying down.

Naturally Magnus was sore; this was costing him plenty money. He accused Harald of hanging on by the horse's tail, so the Viking offered to try it again, this time jumping into the lead at the gun, holding it all the way and winning pulled up. Now let's admit that Magnus was not the best jockey in the whole world and his horse was no Man o' War. Still, at a quarter-mile, it's hard to imagine a modern sprinter would have difficulty beating out anything much faster than a milkman's hack, and Harald Gilly's mark must have been at least ten seconds faster than Big Ben Eastman's official record of 46.4 for the quarter.

It seems pretty much the same in every case where we can persuade the historians to give us any figures to compare with modern performance. The I.A.A.F. record books list Walter Marty as the holder of the world's high-jump mark with 6 feet, 9⅛ inches, but the Icelandic sagas tell us about a high-jumper who could make Walter look like little Susan skipping rope. His name was Gunnar of Lithend, and "he could," the saga-man tells us, "leap more than his own height in full war-gear."

Consider a moment what this means; just before the remark about Gunnar's jumping the saga informs us that he was the tallest man in Iceland, then, as now, inhabited by Scandinavians who averaged around 6 feet, so Gunnar works out as somewhere in the neighborhood of 6 feet 6 or 7. When they say he made his mark in full war-gear, they mean he had on a steel helmet, a leather knee-length shirt covered with little iron plates (weight about 50 pounds) and underneath it a suit of quilting, heavy and thick enough to keep out an arrow. Marty made his hop in silk pants and darned little else, so you can figure how high Gunnar might have gone if he were not carrying weight. How do we know that Gunnar actually jumped as high as they said he did? That one is easy to answer; those Norse athletic meets were conducted on first principles. The intending jumper stood on the spot where he meant to take off while a long spear was rammed into the ground, butt down and point level with the top of his head. If he cleared it, okay; if not, the spear rooted him in the tenderest portion of his anatomy to remind him he was not quite as good as he thought.

Of course, one answer to these old Norse performances was the incentive. Harald Gilly was literally running for his life, and it is possible that a number of modern jumpers could make 6 feet 10 if they had to do it over spear points, but Phayllus the Greek, who set a broad jump mark that has stood for 23 centuries had no such help. At the Greek Olympic games, in the Fourth Century, B.C., he sailed through the air for just a little under 55 feet, or more than twice as far as Jesse Owens went, setting a world's record at the Berlin Olympics.

You might consider Phayllus' record as tainted; he had certain aids forbidden to the Afro-American champion. For one thing Phayllus, like all the Greek jumpers of his time, probably used a springboard, and for another he certainly used jumping weights or *halteres*, a pair of instruments about the size and general shape of dumbbells, and weighing around 8 pounds apiece. By swinging his arms to and fro a jumper using the *halteres* could gain terrific momentum at the takeoff, and his final swing, with his hands held straight out in front during the jump, would literally pull him through the air for a good deal of additional distance. The proof of the effectiveness of these weights was given at Chester in England in 1854, when a quite ordinary jumper named Howard, who had never cleared more than 19 feet in

Continued on page 152

The Battle of Blue Trout Basin

In fishing, it's not the pool that's especially important; it's the mental attitude of the trout that live in it

by NELSON S. BOND

SATIRE

For the hundredth time my line looped out gracefully, knotted, backlashed, and fell a good six feet short of the mark for which I was casting. As I started to reel it in, grimly, I heard a sympathetic clucking from the fence that bordered on the roadside.

"Listen, guy," I said to the stranger watching me, "if you think you can do any better, come on in here and try it!"

With surprising alacrity he hopped the fence and took the rod from my hands. He balanced it daintily, lovingly, and nodded his head in approval.

"Very nice, sir," he said approvingly. "Very nice equipment, indeed. But if I might be permitted to show you—"

He cast. His movement was smooth, liquid, flowing. Like a coil of rippling light the line flew out in a beautiful arc . . . tip-poised for an instant over the distant mark . . . then slithered back toward where I stood gaping.

"Marvelous!" I gasped. "How—how do you do it?"

"The wrist. It's all in the wrist movement." He tapped my own aching member with a lean forefinger. "So many try to *snap* it here. You must *roll* it—that's the secret."

I tried it. Just as he had said, the secret lay in the proper roll and timing. My own cast flicked out—not so good as his, but good enough for me—and touched the corner of the mark.

"Well, I'll be damned!" I said. "Say—how would you like to come fishing with me some time? I could learn plenty from a master like you."

He sighed heavily. In the dusk I thought I saw two great tears well from his faded blue eyes. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I really couldn't. You see—I don't fish any more."

"You don't *fish* any more!"

"Never," he said dolefully, "since I fished the wonderful Blue Trout Basin."

"Blue Trout Basin?" I repeated. "I never heard of it. But what—" An almost wistful expression on his face stopped me.

"It's a long story," he choked, "and a sad one. I used to love fishing—probably even more than you do. I went everywhere to try my hand and luck against finny warriors. I fished the backhills of Kentucky, the icy streams of Maine, the sluggish brooks of Pennsylvania. My name was on the lists of every major fishing club from Florida to Washington. I even had a fly named after me—never mind which one. There is no greater honor, sir, for a true son of Izaak Walton.

"It was upon one of my trips that I discovered the Blue Trout Basin. Never mind which state I was in. Let us merely say that it is a land of trout and salmon. A fisherman's Mecca. And there, by chance, I came upon a pool hidden deep in a wooded dell. No local fisherman had ever mentioned it, so it was with the faintest hope of a kill that I cast out over its dark, sullen waters.

"Imagine my surprise, then, when my very first cast was greeted with a strike that shot up along my arm like an electric bolt! For an instant I was stupified—then instinct came to my rescue, and with all the caution and canniness that years of experience had taught me, I began to play what I was certain was a giant trout."

"And was it?" I asked eagerly.

The stranger gazed at me somberly. "I landed him," he said slowly, "in exactly two minutes!"

"*Two minutes!*" I exclaimed. "Why, that's impossible! Fifteen . . . twenty minutes . . . "

"I know," mourned the old man. "That's what I thought, too. But I was wrong. In two minutes I had landed my first trout in the Blue Trout Basin. Inside of half an hour my creel was groaning with a dozen more. In an hour's time I had two gaffs, a creel, and my lunch basket jammed with three dozen blue trout—none of them less than twelve inches long!

"Now that I look back on it, I wonder that I didn't see the truth immediately. At the time, all I could think was that I had inadvertently stumbled upon a fisherman's Paradise—that more luck was mine than any Waltonite deserves.

"I finally began to understand when I noticed that it was getting increasingly difficult to walk on the bottom of the little pool. The bottom, sir, was slippery. When I looked down to learn why, I saw that the pool was covered—absolutely covered—with layer upon layer of fish! And those fish, sir—*those fish were waiting in line to take my lures!*"

A sob broke the old stranger's voice.

"You may believe it or not, sir," he wailed, "but once I broke my leader in that accursed pool. When I drew in my line to replace it, I found a trout hanging on the end of the line with the cord drawn tight around his neck! That fish had deliberately hanged himself!"

My visitor pulled up one trouser leg, disclosing a jagged, semi-circular scar on his calf.

"That," he whimpered, "is where one of those demon trout bit me. That was when I tried to get out of the pool. I had caught enough to satisfy even my inordinate lust for killing—but those trout wouldn't let me go. They built a bulwark of solid fish-flesh about my legs, hemming me in so I couldn't move an inch! Two of the larger and stronger ones jumped right into my haversack. I tried to throw away my rod, but three fish impaled themselves on it before it left my hand! And I found three large trout, later, in one of my bootlegs!"

"But listen—" I began angrily.

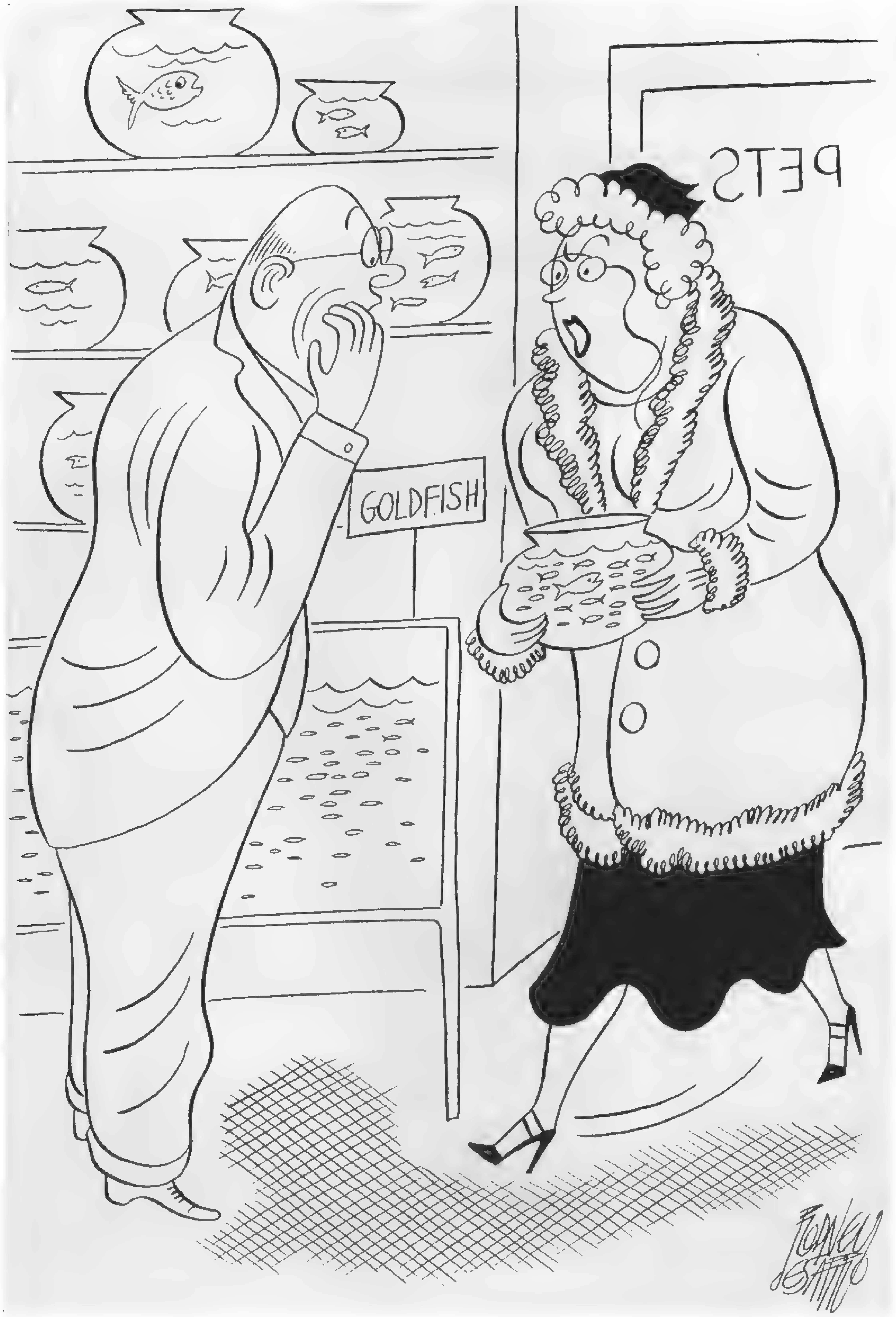
He wiped an arm across his streaming eyes. "You see, sir," he said piteously, "those fish wanted to be caught! They were weary of life and determined to commit suicide. That's why they called that pool the 'Blue Trout Basin.' Everybody in those parts knows about the fish, and won't go after them. So when a stranger gets in the pool, the trout just go crazy. They won't let him go until he catches *all* of them!"

"So you," I said scornfully, "caught them all, I suppose?"

He looked at me with pain-racked eyes. Slowly he backed away into the gathering darkness. His voice, aged and melancholy, floated back to me from the gloom of the roadside.

"No, sir!" he wailed. "I never did get away from those fish. By sheer weight of numbers they pulled me down. Up there in the Blue Trout Basin, sir—I drowned!"

I went in the house. Quickly.


PETS
GOLDFISH

"I distinctly told you I wanted a boy fish!"

What Makes Men Dance

You won't get any folklore from watching people dance in night clubs but you will get a laugh

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

The big floor show restaurants which got going during the past ten years have always seemed to me a sound notion. At the good ones you get the equivalent of a moderately good review and a few vaudeville acts for the price of a theatre ticket. At most of them the price of food is high, but your two or three dollar minimum restaurant check gives you the entertainment free. And where the entertainment is not extraordinary, you can either dance or watch other people dancing, and the latter at least, is good fun. The last time I went to such a place I chose the French Casino (in New York) because its floor show is highly praised. It is in fact divided into two parts, the first being a series of finales from the *Folies Bergère*, just as they were twenty years ago, just as they are now, just as they will be, I suppose, for all time to come. The French have a pretty definite idea about these things and there is no use trying to change them. The second half of the entertainment is really high class vaudeville and very amusing. I don't get the psychological reason for putting all the girls representing the nations of the world, and far through the ages, at the beginning, and the brighter turns an hour or so later when you are theoretically mellowed with food and drink. But all of these places are thumpingly successful and they must know their business. In fact the only weakness they have is underplaying the dancing of the patrons. About one-third, say, of the customers get up and dance; they ought to be floodlighted, with baby spots for the more spectacular couples, to make more of a show for those who merely sit and watch.

The dance masters meet every year and tell us how we are going to dance, but the 1937 dancing is a composite of everything that has happened since the Turkey Trot. You see some youngsters walking side by side at various times and well-matched couples taking astounding dips—not cheek to cheek, but forehead to forehead; and you see people muddling or shuffling through what they take to be a Fox Trot and a Rhumba is played and the dancers might as well be waltzing. A considerable number seem to be getting some actual pleasure, but the air of grim determination to fight it out on any line appears on the faces of the men and it is met by a kind of cheerful resignation in their partners. Perhaps dancing has become a bit too complicated or maybe it is only the music that is complicated and the dancers can't keep up with it.

It happened that just before I went to the French Casino I had seen a Hindu dancer, Uday Shan-Kar, and had also read in an interview with him that American tap dancing had not impressed him at all until he saw the movies of Fred Astaire. So in my mind I had three different ideas on dancing simultaneously. Every step taken by Shan-Kar and his troupe and every gesture they make goes back to some ritual or some folk-habit foreign to us, and yet the entire effect has only the kind of strangeness which is enchanting. The dances which tell stories have plots which remind you of grand opera librettos or the translations of songs: "Three young girls who, while gathering flowers, are troubled by bees; and when they go bathing are suddenly frightened away by the sound of approaching footsteps." And the beginning of a very elaborate one: "The drama opens with the chorus lauding Shiva and his divine wife, Sati. Shiva is the God of Creation and Destruction. His dance creates and destroys the universe. Sati, who symbolizes conjugal fidelity, dies of the grief she suffered when her own father mortally offended Shiva. Shiva, in deep affliction, retires into solitude and falls into a state of meditation, so that all creation is at a standstill."

These things do not matter. I have come in late and watched one of Shan-Kar's dances without the faintest knowledge of the story he was conveying and found that I understood it nearly enough, just as I think an Oriental would understand perfectly everything that Ray Bolger was saying in his superb dance at the end of *On Your Toes*. About tap dancing I am not so sure because I am not sure that tap dancing ever tries seriously to communicate anything except itself. There comes a moment in the movies when Mr. Astaire is turned down and he does a tap dance and there comes a moment when he is elated and he does a tap dance; it is no disparagement of Astaire himself to say that if he turned his back and did the two dances, you would hardly know which was gay and which sad. At its point of perfection tap dancing has all the beauty of a chemical or mathematical formula which works out perfectly. It is a diagram—and there are few things more satisfying.

What has really happened is this: tap dancing has become an instrument of percussion. In Shan-Kar's troupe there is a gentleman who places ten Indian drums, which are called tablas, in a semicircle at the center of which he squats down and then proceeds to play on them using the wrist, the ball of the hand, the flat hand, the fingers and the finger tips with incredible speed, producing rhythms so complex that swing music seems positively simple in comparison. If you remember Jack Powell who used to appear in vaudeville playing on chairs, tables, tin pans and everything *including* the kitchen stove, you will have a faint approximation of the speed and intricacy of this Indian drum playing. What struck me as I heard it was that a great tap dancer is doing substantially the same sort of thing. Footwork and the sounds produced by footwork have become inordinately important and only a few dancers like Astaire, Bolger and Paul Draper add something by the movements, of their entire bodies. A lot of dancers dance with their faces, but that unfortunately does not help. No American dancer I know can use his arms, his head, his hands as Oriental dancers do and Shan-Kar has in addition a rapid movement of his neck which is something like the darting of a snake and something like throwing your thumb out of joint and is altogether the despair of Western imitators.

I suppose that if you put your mind to it you could develop a whole philosophy about the difference between the East and the West based on the fact that our dancers are separatists about their legs, whereas the men of the East combine all their movements into a perfect unity, but I have discovered that being philosophical about dances is the quickest way of missing the satisfaction of watching dancers. There is no mysticism about shuffling off to Buffalo and I hope there never will be. If there is a mystic element in the dancing of Shan-Kar, it comes to you in the right way through the costumes and music and the dancing and not from the outside. You watch his company dance and you have the feeling that that is the way people dance in their country; and their dancing happens to be more beautiful to watch than the chaotic

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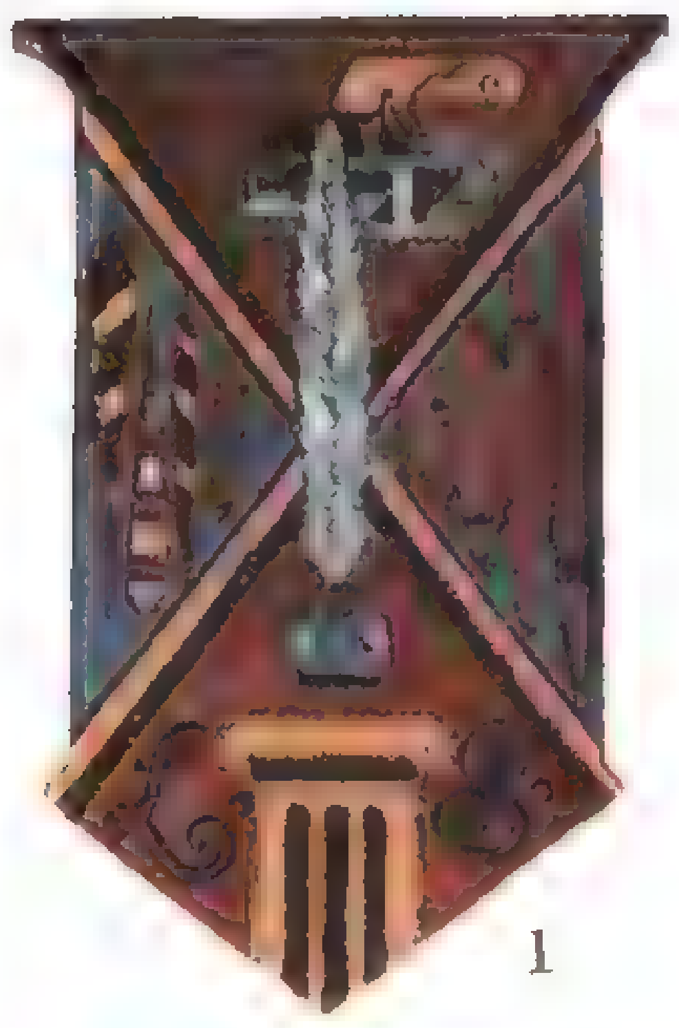
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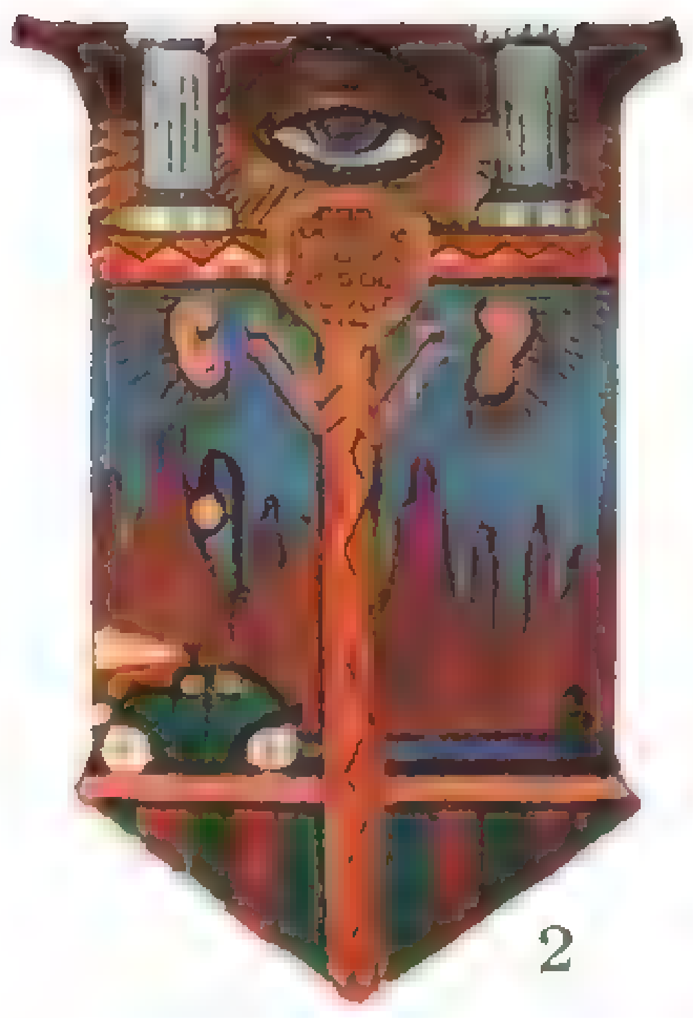
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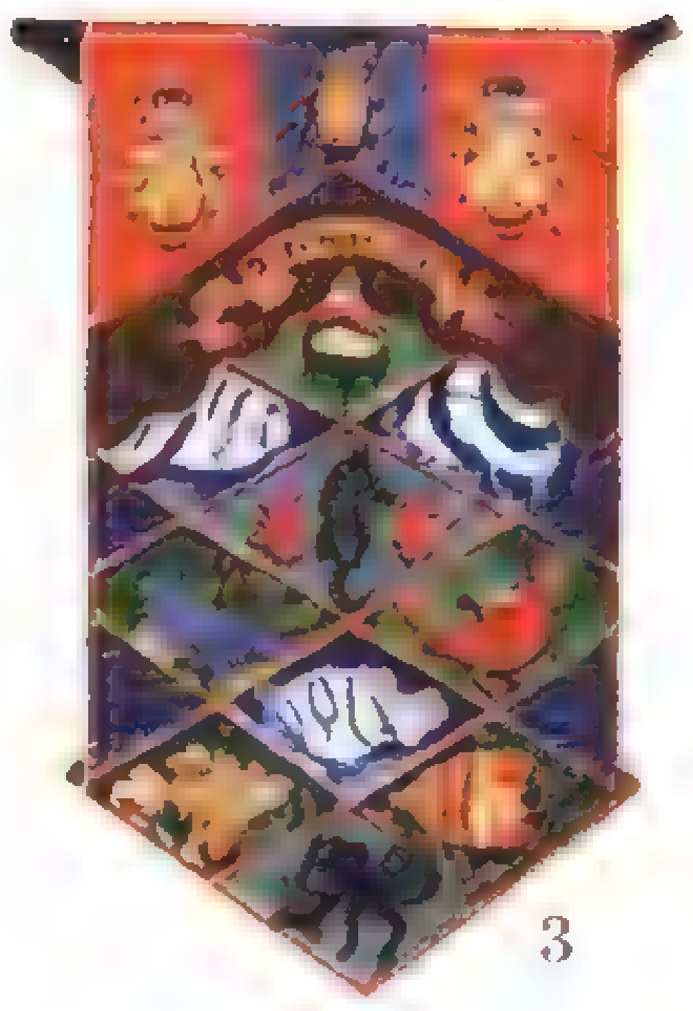
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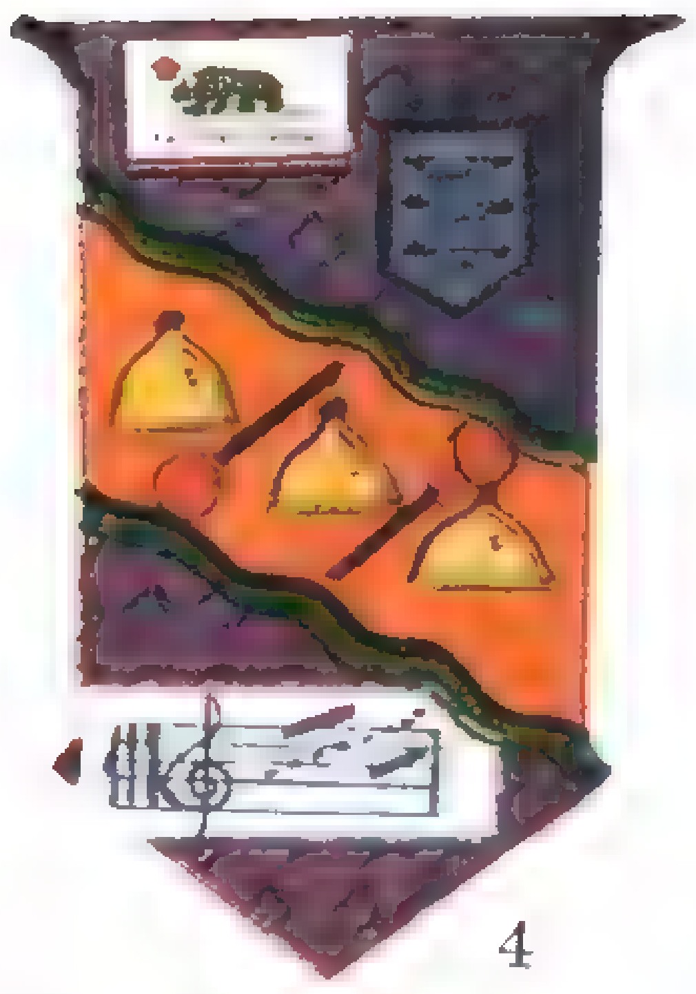
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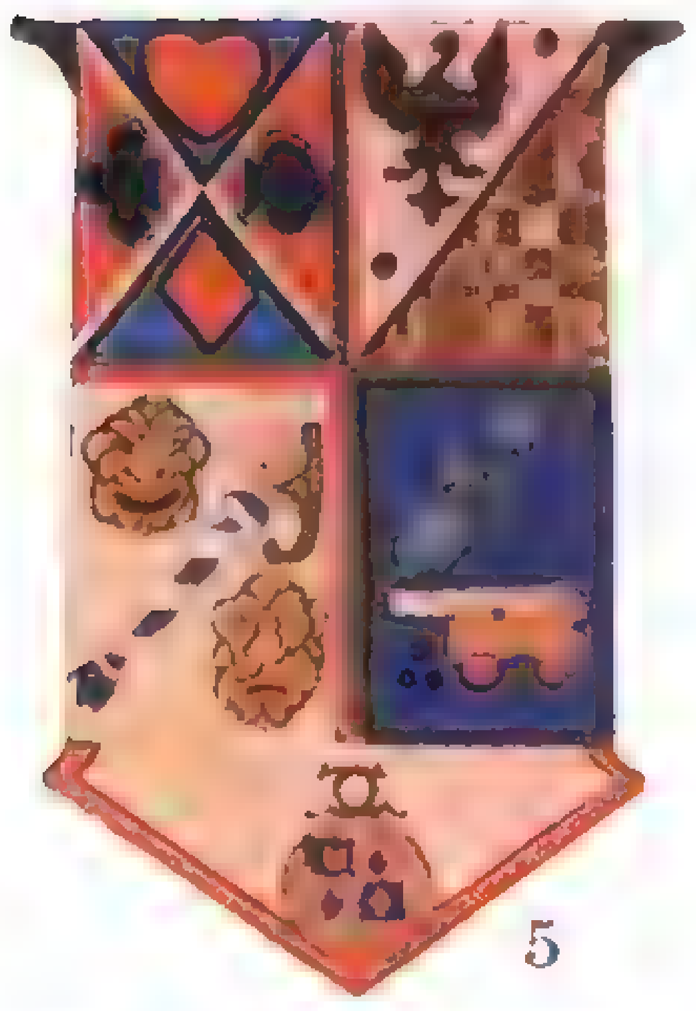
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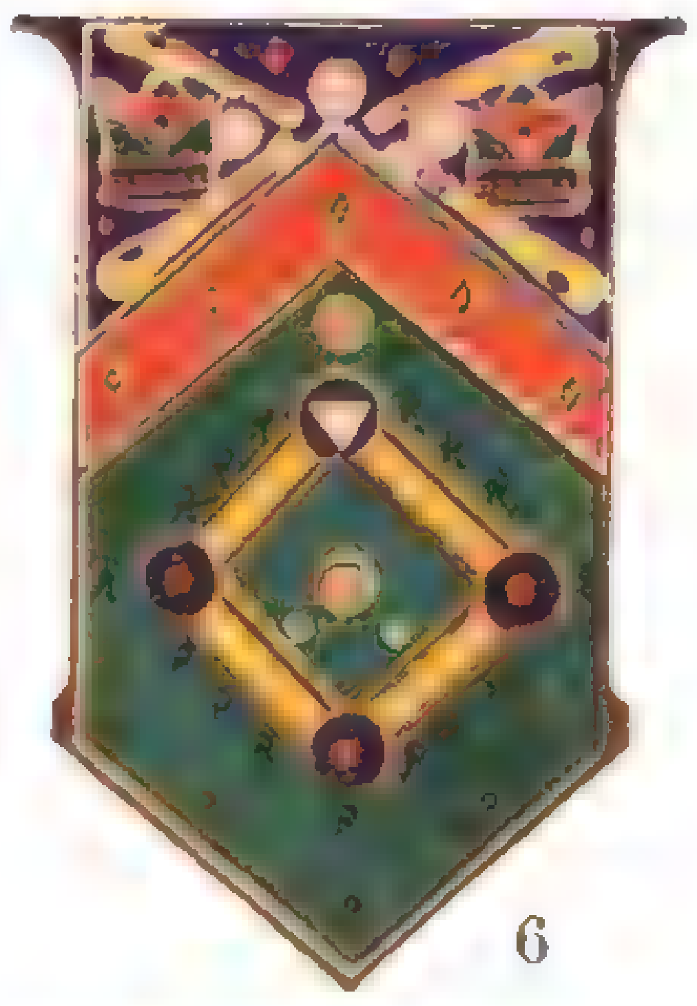
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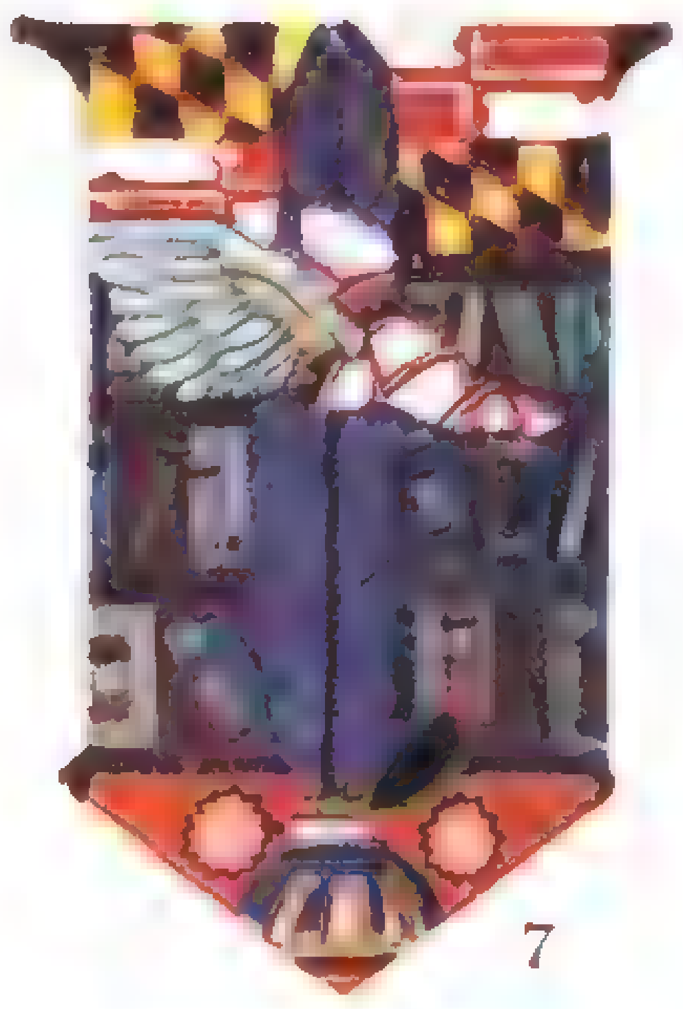
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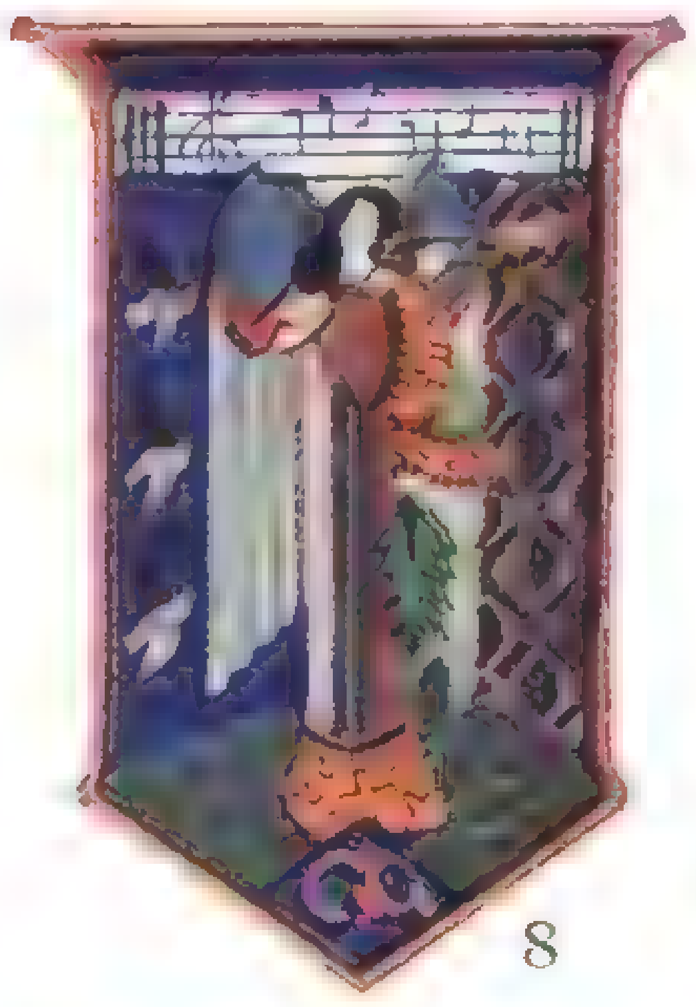
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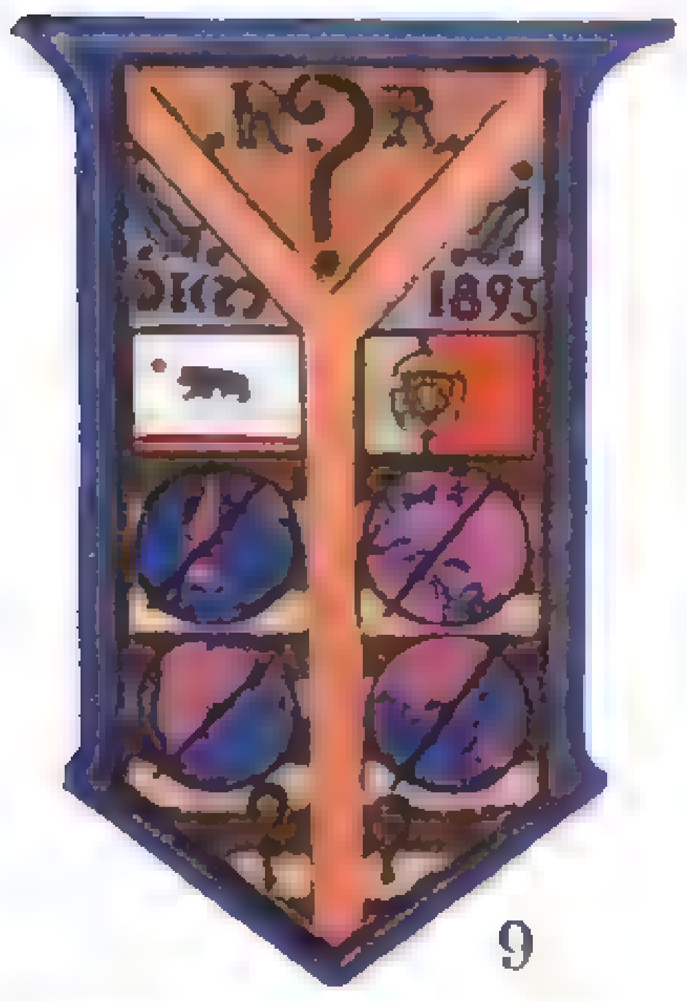
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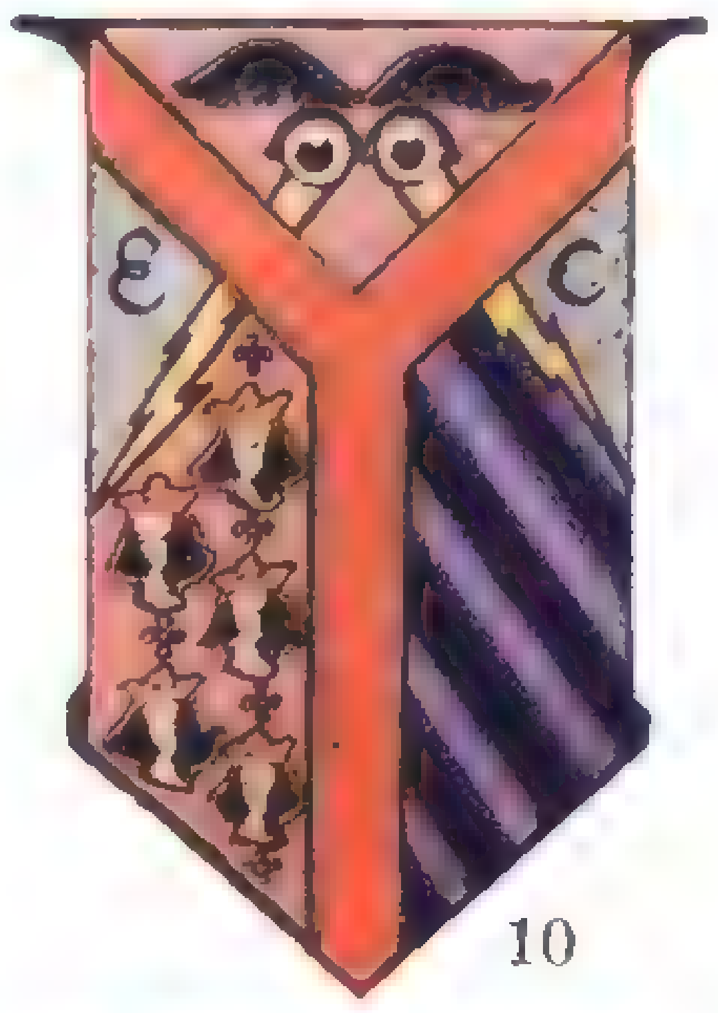
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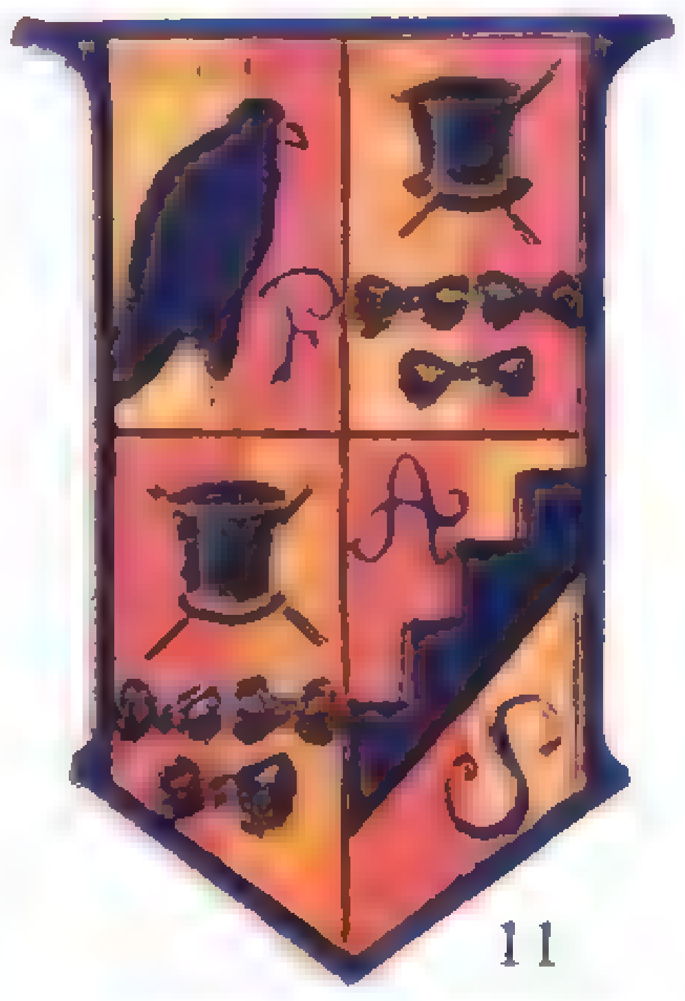
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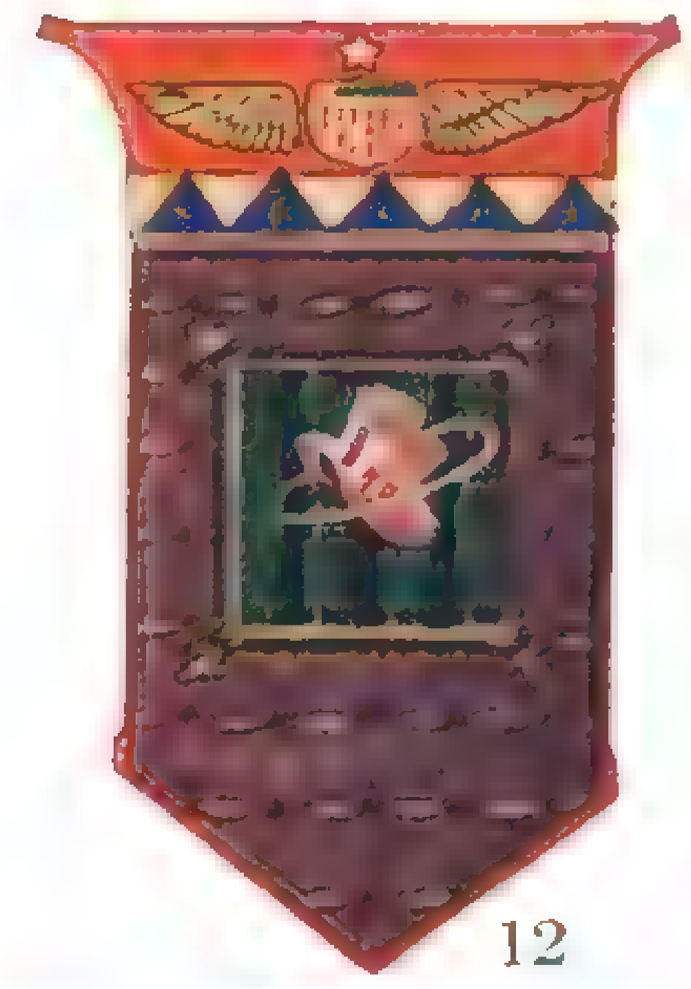
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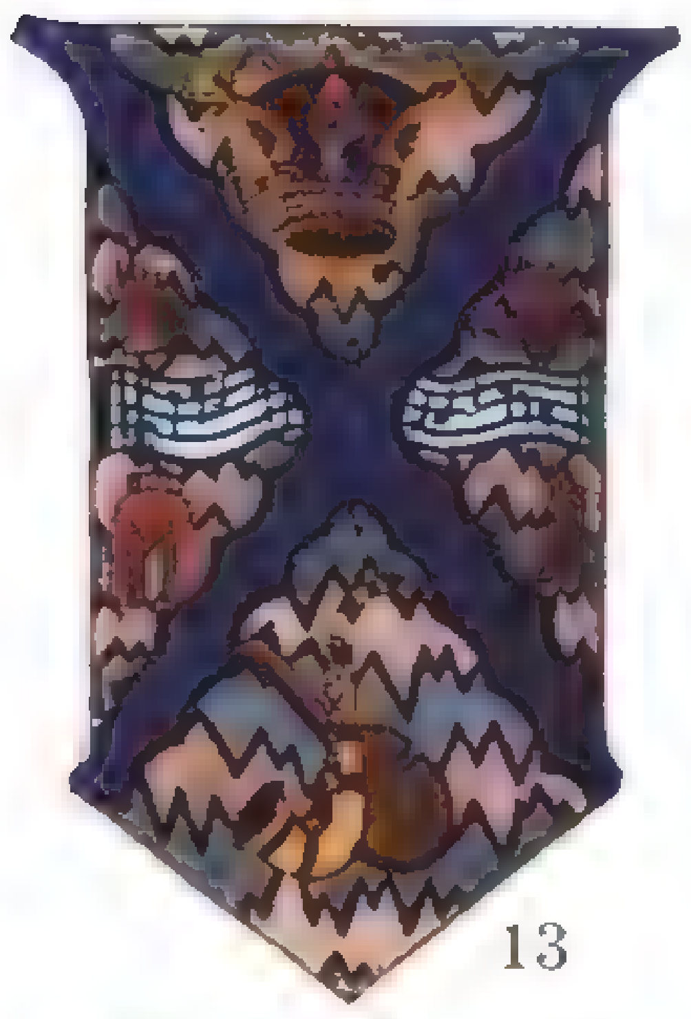
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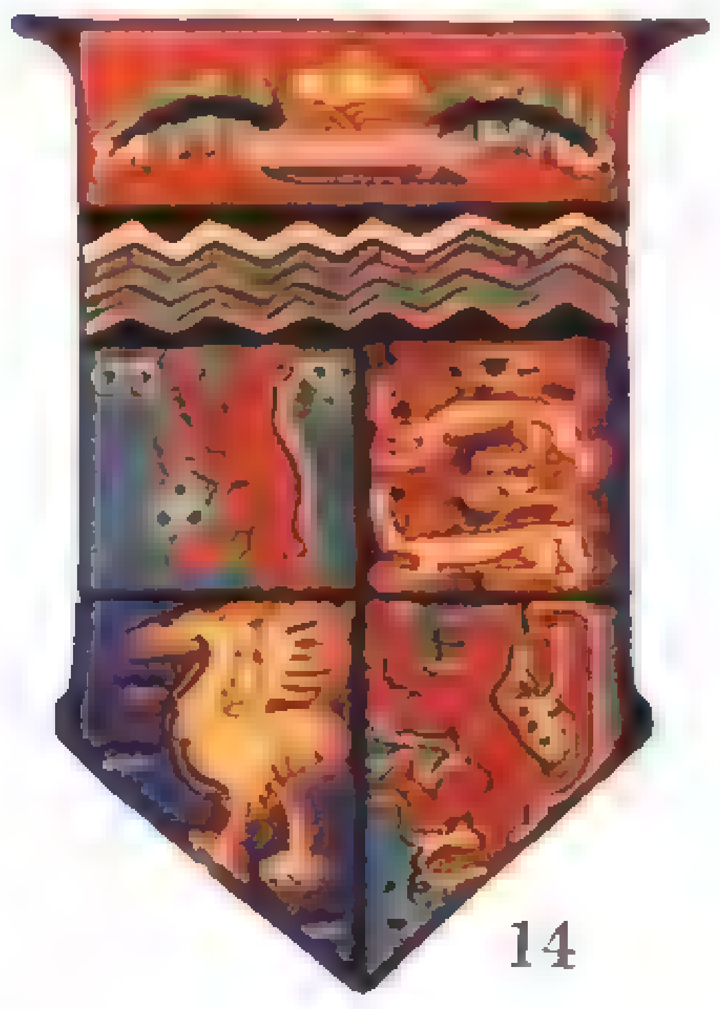
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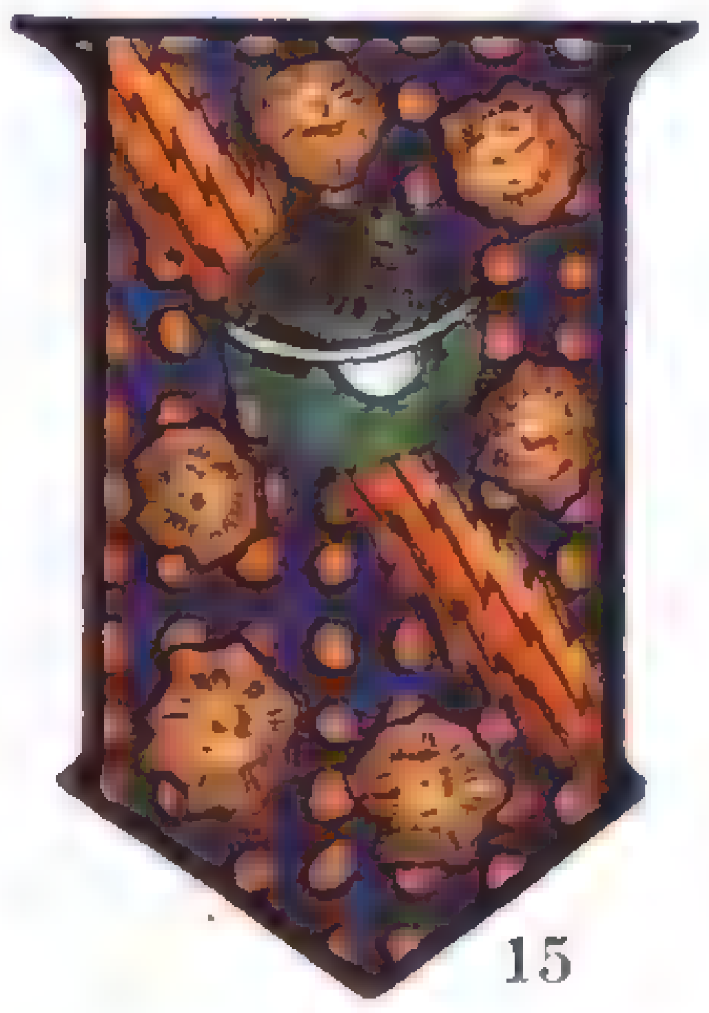
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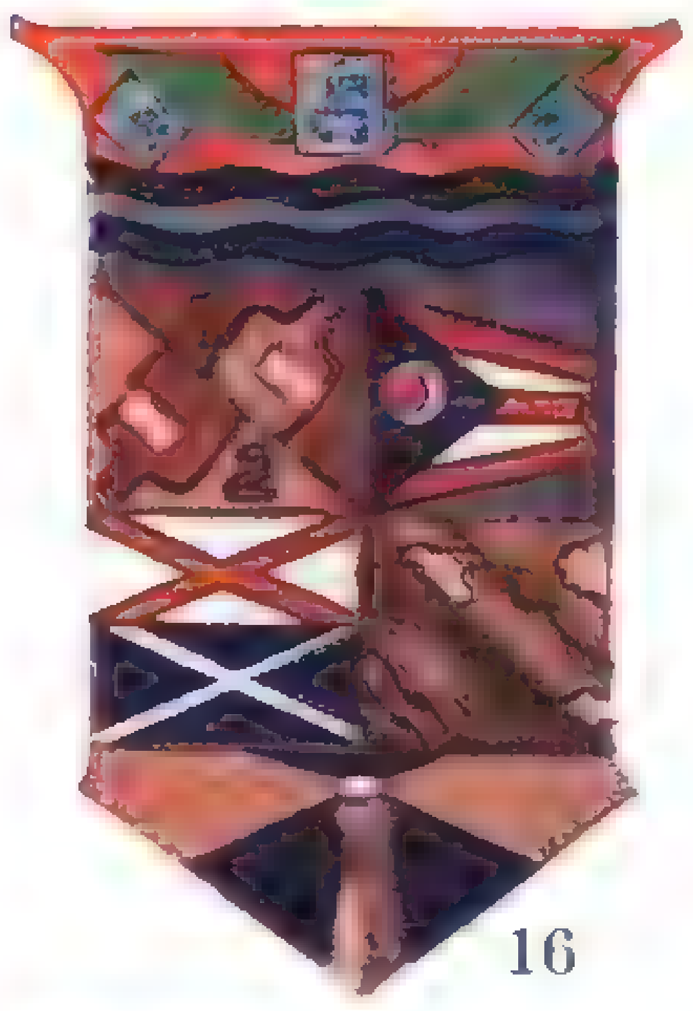
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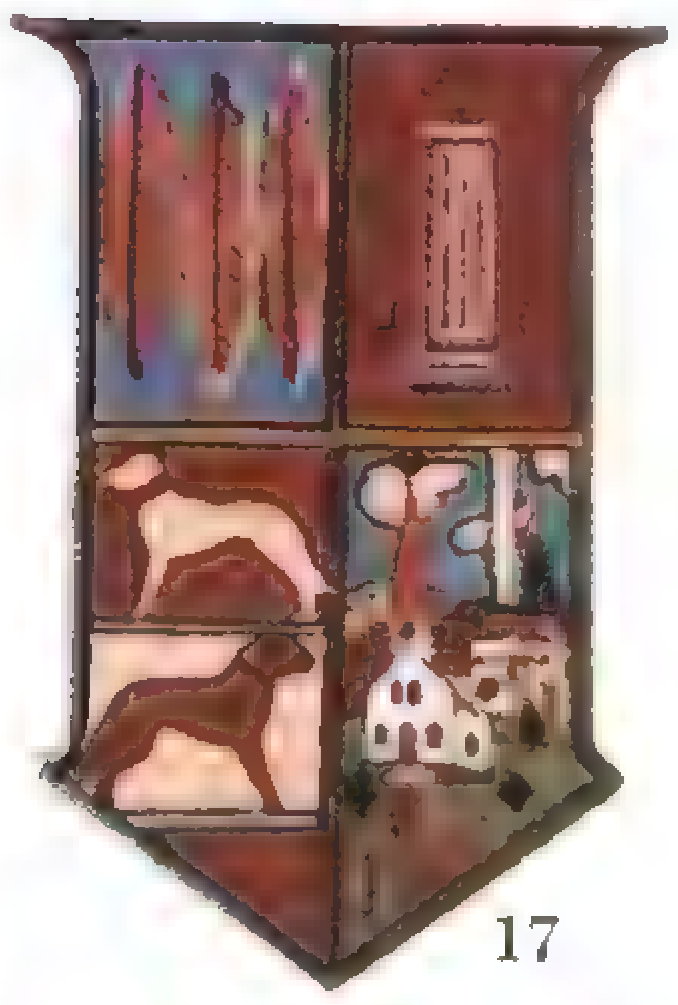
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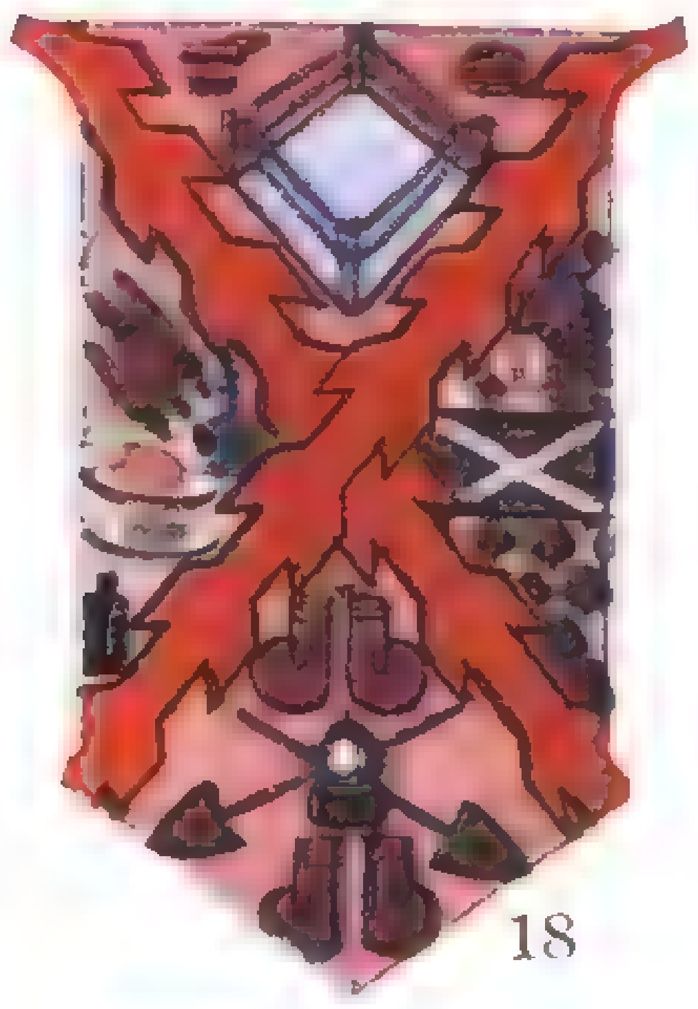
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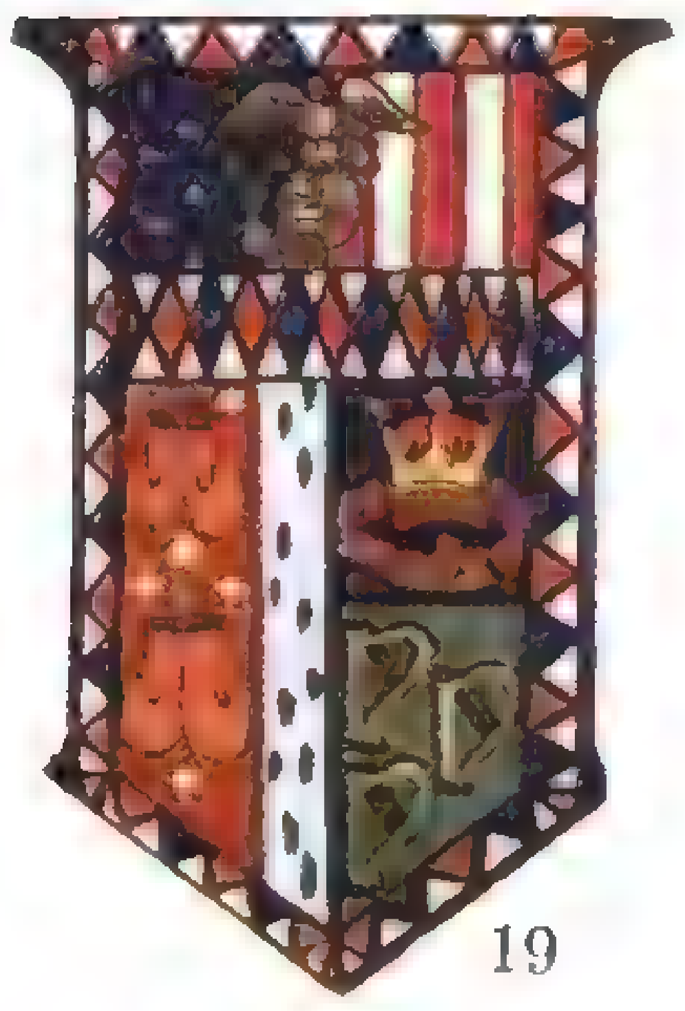
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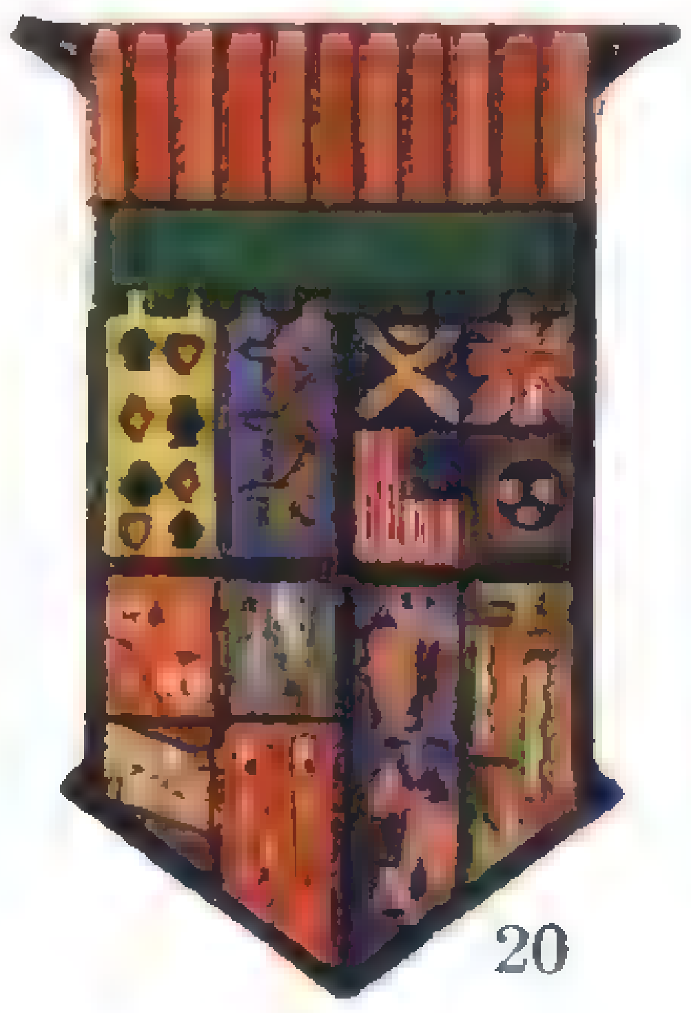
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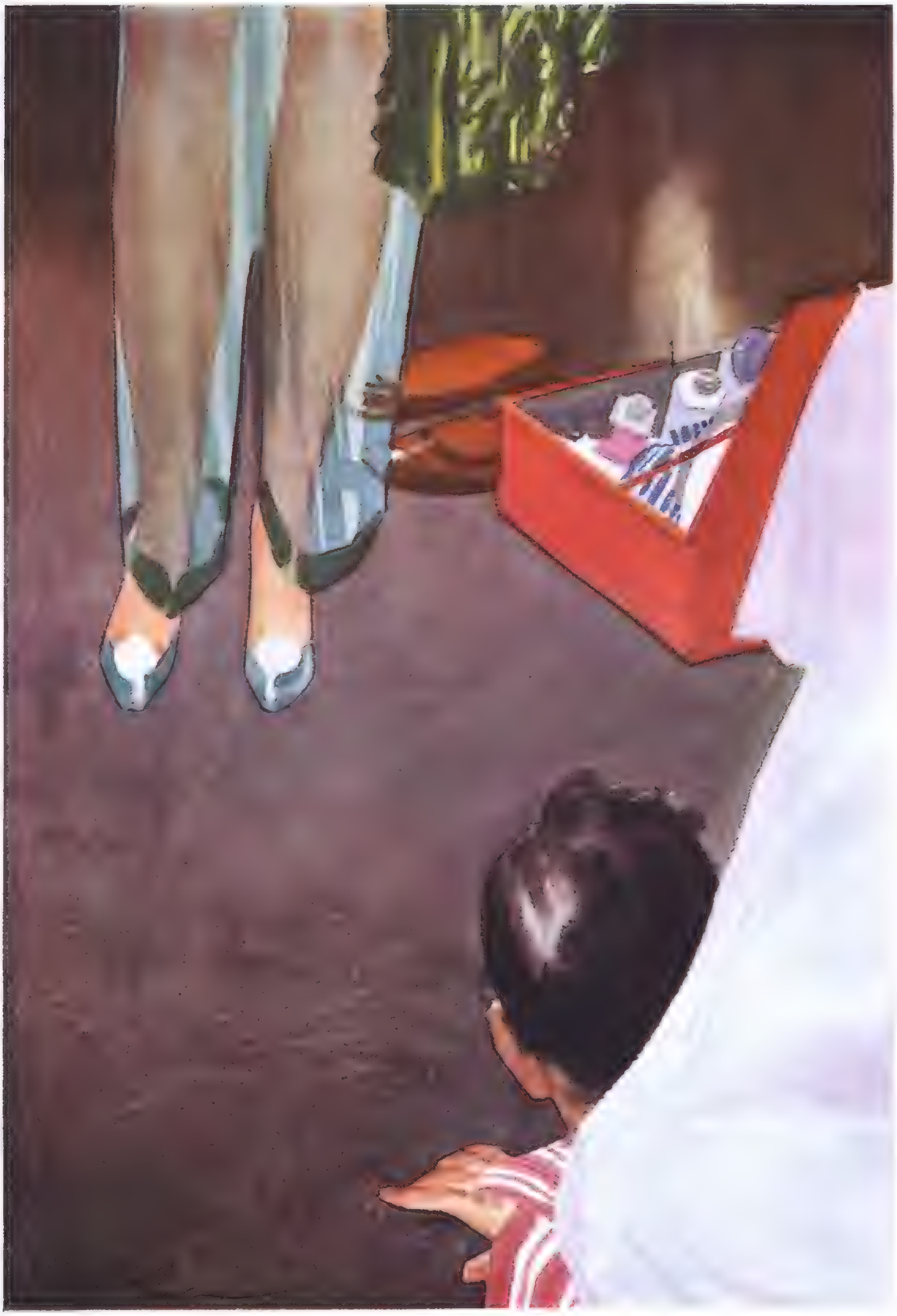
Are You Good at Public Figures?

THESE twenty crests represent twenty well-known American men. They were designed by Dean Cornwell as features of a mural frieze for the new Raleigh Room in the Warwick Hotel in New York, and are here reproduced from the artist's original sketches. The idea of this page is to see how many of the crests you can figure out. That is, identify each crest completely enough to determine the man for whom it stands.

As in bowling, 300 is a perfect score. Give yourself 15 points for every one of the crests you identify correctly before reading the list of clues (most of which are really a dead give-away of the identity) that you will find on page 237, and 5 points for each crest you identify correctly after reading this clue-list. To check up your score, the correct answers are listed on page 243.

Any score up to 100 is poor, up to 200 is fair, up to 250 is good. Any score above 250 ought to be considered excellent, but probably only goes to prove that you spend too much of your time reading the non-essential features of the day's news and listening to the less vital emanations of the loud speakers.



"That doorbell certainly gave me a scare—I forget we are married."

First Nights & Passing Judgments

When the tired little woman starts to squawk about a leak in the roof, you know, sure as Hell, what will follow

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Several years ago, a hopeful young writer for the periodicals brought to me in my then capacity as magazine editor a sheaf of his articles and asked me to read them and then tell him, if I could, why they were invariably rejected by other magazine editors. I glanced at the first pages of perhaps five or six of them and noticed that each and every one began with a question. "Magazine editors," I confided to him, "may or may not be numskulls but—that being momentarily and politely beside the point—they seem to be peculiarly prejudiced against any article, however otherwise satisfactory, that leads off with an interrogation. I daresay they will try to persuade you it isn't so, but it is. Don't ask me why."

Thus, while it may all be pretty well for Tin Pan Alley song writers and Mr. Anthony Eden to open up business with a question mark, it is bad shop in the magazine trade. *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?*, *Why Do I Love You?* or *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* may make a song writer rich, and "Whither, gentlemen, are we drifting?" may keep Mr. Eden in striped morning trousers and gray toppers for years, but let a magazine writer go to bat with anything like "Can science convince us that there is life on Mars?" or "If you had to choose between love and a large juicy plate of *Junge Hamburger Ganz mit Apfelmus*, which would it be?" or, more particularly, let a drama critic toe off with something like "What is wrong with the American theatre today?" and, so far as the periodicals go, he may just as well swallow rat poison. People do not lay out from twenty-five to fifty cents to be asked questions; they want to be told. And it doesn't especially matter how idiotic the things they are told just so long as they are told something.

Being by nature a somewhat perverse soul, I accordingly risk my readers', to say nothing of my editor's, displeasure and even pain by opening today's congress with not one question but several. (Of course, being a shrewd and experienced old hand at the game, I don't really do anything of the sort, as a backward glance at the opening sentence of this article will testify.) The aforesaid questions are the following and, though they may at first and superficially strike the reader as pretty dumb, I allow myself to believe that there is more in them than meets the casual eye:

1. Why is it that when you enter a theatre and before the curtain goes up observe in the orchestra pit a lady harpist, the ensuing musical exhibit generally turns out to be a bore?

2. Why is it that when, in the first act of a play treating of humdrum married life, the wife complains to her husband about a leak in the roof, the rest of the play invariably proves to be a waffle?

3. Why is it that the deeply emotional scenes of an English actor are always better if he happens to be suffering from a bad cold?

4. Why is it that logically reticent and lifelike direction of a historical play in which the characters wear swords and uniforms always deadens the play and makes it tedious, while a liberal dose of the old ham direction makes it relatively palatable?

5. Why is it that the actors and actresses in secondary rôles in Shakespearean plays seem always to believe that the plays were written by Gounod and accordingly read even such lines as "Bring me my boots; I will unto the king," "Come home with me to supper," or "Ah, my sour husband," as if they were composed for a church organ?

Let's consider. The latest lady harpist spotted in the orchestra pit was at the première of the operetta, *Frederika*, and the curtain wasn't up fifteen minutes before one's worst fears were realized. The stage disclosed a group of American tourists prowling about Goethe's old haunts and mispronouncing his name, for purposes of comedy, as everything from gaiter to goiter. They were finally taken to task by a straight character named Dr. Bauer who solemnly sought to instruct them in the proper pronunciation and who drew the loudest laugh of the evening, albeit unintentional, when in all professional sobriety he articulated the poet's middle name as Wallfgang, the last *a* as in Gashouse. After this, we got in succession the diminutive comedian (named Lenz) who with involved acrobatics attempted to kiss the tall leading lady, the chorus of manly students lifting their voices in lusty song, the shepherd ballet, the scene in which the heartbroken heroine pretends she is in love with another man by magnanimous way of making her lover-hero accept the commission that will bring him success and fame, and the dance number in which the men come forward in pairs and lead off each of the girls who coyly press their cheeks alternately to their right and left shoulders and simultaneously discharge arch smiles upon the boys. A few pleasant tunes by Lehar were the evening's sole relief.

The most recent wifely complaint about a leak in the roof came in *And Now Goodbye*, a dramatization of the Hilton novel by Philip Howard. And no sooner had Mrs. Freemantle in the dowdy brown dress whined to the Rev. Howat Freemantle about it than we knew, without the slightest acquaintance with the novel, that her patient husband would presently long for a little romance in his life and that, being a clergyman conceived by an English pap novelist, it would of course lead, when at length he found it in the person of the young girl to whom he was teaching German, only to wistful heartache and tragedy. It did. And the exhibit in general duly lived up to the roof-leak hunch. Philip Merivale had the leading rôle and particularly in the last act when Freemantle's grief over his beloved's death envelops him, gave a performance that seemed to me to touch a deeper and more convincing emotion than I had hitherto thought him capable of. The next day I read in the papers, to the distress and humiliation of my acute gifts as a critic of acting, that Mr. Merivale had played on the opening night with an awful cold which, particularly in the last act, made his throat so husky, his eyes so watery and his knees so quivery that he could not do justice to his rôle. It was thus evidently the bad cold which I mistook for some very fine emotional acting.

The Masque of Kings is Maxwell Anderson's interpretation of the celebrated Mayerling affair in which Crown Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera met their mysterious ends. If their ends have been mysterious up until now, there can be, however, no longer any mystery about them. On the basis of Mr. Anderson's play it becomes plain that Crown Prince Rudolph talked both Vetsera and himself to death.

That Mr. Anderson, for all his other incontrovertible virtues, loves words in pro-

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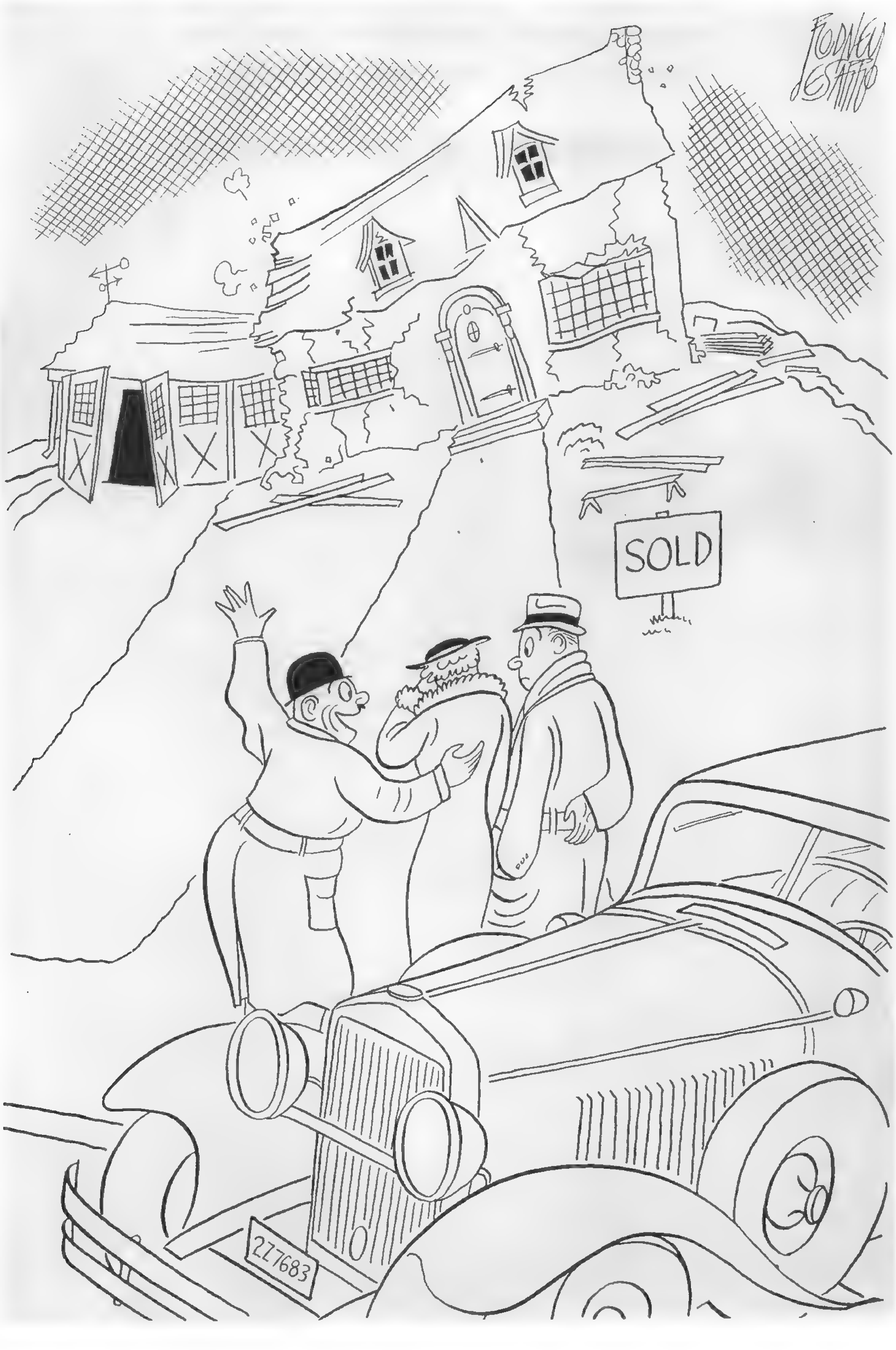
RODNEY de SARRO
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"Don't worry about that—all houses settle a little at first!"

Watchman, What of the Night?

There are untold dangers in the ghostly building as he plods his solitary way

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It was two o'clock in the morning when Night Watchman John Wyder was making his lonely rounds in a trunk establishment on North Halsted Street, Chicago.

The building was silent as a tomb as the 67-year old man plodded from floor to floor, his ear cocked and his flashlight probing the darkness for the slightest sound of trouble.

But neither his ear nor his light were miraculous enough to work in behind a pile of packing cases he had to pass near the hall, hence he couldn't know that as he stepped by an iron bar would crash on his skull and three stealthy figures would dart out to truss up his hands and feet.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the floor securely tied to the bottom trunk in a ceiling-high pile.

"See that?" growled one of the marauders, jerking a thumb upward.

And as the old man craned his neck, he saw in the dim light that each succeeding trunk in the pile had been moved out a few inches until the topmost one seemed destined to topple down at any moment.

"One move out of you," the intruder warned the watchman, "and the whole stack comes down on top of you. Now keep your trap shut. This is a union matter."

The three shuffled off, leaving John Wyder to his thoughts. For what seemed a period of years he lay there in the murk wondering what was coming next—what he should do—how he could get free without crushing himself to death. And then he began to smell smoke.

It must be his imagination, he thought. But no—it wasn't imagination. It *was* smoke, trickling up through the cracks in the floor and getting gradually thicker. His eyes began to sting and his throat rasped and he wriggled against his bonds until the murderous pile to which he was tied began to teeter in grim reminder of his predicament.

He couldn't fight the ropes or he'd be buried in a landslide of trunks, still trussed like a chicken. And the basement below him was on fire! There was no doubt now: he could hear the crackling and the acrid smoke was choking him. So between the coughs which racked him, he began to yell for help. And he yelled and yelled and yelled with rapidly diminishing volume as his voice grew weaker and his brain began to swim in the fumes.

Just then, by chance—by pure, dumb luck—a passer-by on the street happened along and noticed smoke pouring from the cellar window of the building. Dashing to the corner, he pulled a fire alarm box. And when the firemen broke in and started for the cellar stairs, they stumbled over old John Wyder, his chin on his chest, gagging for breath between the calls for help which by now had become little more than a croaking whisper.

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

They saved him, by good fortune, just in the nick of time. For down in the basement the intruders had poured three cans of lacquer over a lumber pile and touched it off. And in five more minutes the building and its solitary guardian would have been doomed.

Reads like an old-time movie melodrama, doesn't it? Well, the catch is that while the movies gave up this *Perils of Pauline* stuff a generation ago, American industry still clings so tenaciously to the plot that thrillers more or less like this one are enacted every night the country over.

The stars aren't Hollywood favorites working for $1500 a week with doubles to do the dangerous stuff—they're humble night watchmen like John Wyder, lucky if they make $1500 a year. Not all of their escapades are as diabolical as this one—but not all of them end so happily. Up in Waltham, Mass., recently a band of robbers didn't bother with any theatrical frills: they simply garroted a watchman—the father of ten children—with his own belt and tossed his body into the Charles River. And in New Orleans two men ran up to a watchman at the plant gate, yelling excitedly that their car was on fire around the corner and they needed water. When the watchman opened the gate to help them, one slugged him with a bar and the pair then robbed the plant.

But violence isn't the only hazard. In Louisville two distillery watchmen, making their rounds together for safety's sake, were both overcome by the fumes from the mash vats in the fermentation room. In San Francisco a watchman opened the door to put some more coal on the furnace and was promptly enveloped in flame by a coal gas explosion, and in Peoria another was found dead in the morning with his head pinned between the guides and the counter-balance of an elevator weight.

In Des Moines they picked up another one from a pool of blood at the foot of the boiler room stairs, his skull fractured, his collar bones and ten ribs broken. And in Reading, Pa., firemen responding to an alarm sent by a passer-by, found the 57-year old watchman in a blazing warehouse, lying on top of his shattered oil lantern with his legs practically burned off.

Talk about the forgotten man! Well, here he is in person—the typical night watchman, plodding through his monotonous rounds in the dark, not only forgotten, but isolated and ignored.

It's popular to wisecrack about them. "The slightest noise wakes me up," is a current stage version of a watchman's outstanding qualification. Yet the irony of it all is that there isn't any industrial or commercial employee in America who shoulders one-quarter the responsibility the average night watchman has to carry all alone.

You may think you have no stake in this discussion because you are neither a watchman nor the employer of one—but that's where you're mistaken. You have a definite tie-up (if you work for a living) because you are some watchman's ward, so to speak; and upon his reliability, faithfulness *and luck* tonight may depend the appearance of your pay envelope next Saturday!

Fanciful? Not a bit of it. For if you analyze the situation you may be surprised to discover that for *sixty-eight per cent of its existence* the welfare and security of the average establishment rests entirely upon the vigilance of one solitary, isolated man, plodding his lonely rounds through the night and over the week end and holiday shut-down periods when everybody else has gone home.

That's a pretty heavy load for a single pair of shoulders. Especially when you consider how we usually select the shoulders and how we equip them for the job!

Joe Dokes is a hypothetical name, but his case has thousands of carbon copies the country over. Old Joe had worked at the Hossis Textile Mills for 28 years. Punctual, regular and reliable, Joe was everybody's friend.

Continued on page 147

The Candid Cameraman

Why does Hollywood chase rainbows while there's Life—and sit-down strikes, right in its own back yard?

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

WHAT COPS THE PRIZE

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has picked *The Great Ziegfeld* as the year's best. The picture was rated as "waste" in this department, and cited as the utmost in bad taste. The Academy judges proved themselves equally capable of bad taste when they failed even to list *Fury* and *Winterset* among the ten pictures from which the winner was chosen, while including such trivia as *Three Smart Girls*. An attempt at reforming the method of selecting the Academy prize winner was made this year; judging from the results, the reformers were only trying to make the Academy more of a joke than ever.

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Amphytrion: Witty, airy French film about Jupiter and a lady on the earth. Better than *Night Life of The Gods*.

The Final Chord: Musical built around the Berlin State Opera Orchestra playing Beethoven's *Ninth*, instead of around a Broadway tap-dancer. Nicely acted. German film.

The Good Earth: See main review.

Lost Horizon: See main review.

GO ALONG TO SEE

John Meade's Woman: Film debut of Francine Larrimore. Return of George Bancroft. Edward Arnold as usual. Some truth in the last few reels.

On the Avenue: Bright new laughs in an otherwise routine musical, by Irving Berlin.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Holy Terror: A little girl being mischievous around a government air school. The brat is Jane Withers.

Midnight Court: Title tells all.

Michael Strogoff: The czar's boys against the Tartars. With spies.

Ready, Willing, and Able: The idea is, there's a young song-writer, and a young producer, both are starving, and there's a girl that can tap-dance and all she needs is a chance. Ruby Keeler.

Sea Devils: Real tough he-man stuff with Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster pushing each other around the decks of a coast-guard cutter. And a thrilling rescue in high seas, when the enemies give their lives for each other.

When You're in Love: A Grace Moore musical. She is an opera star and Cary Grant is an artist.

WASTE

Clarence: Again.

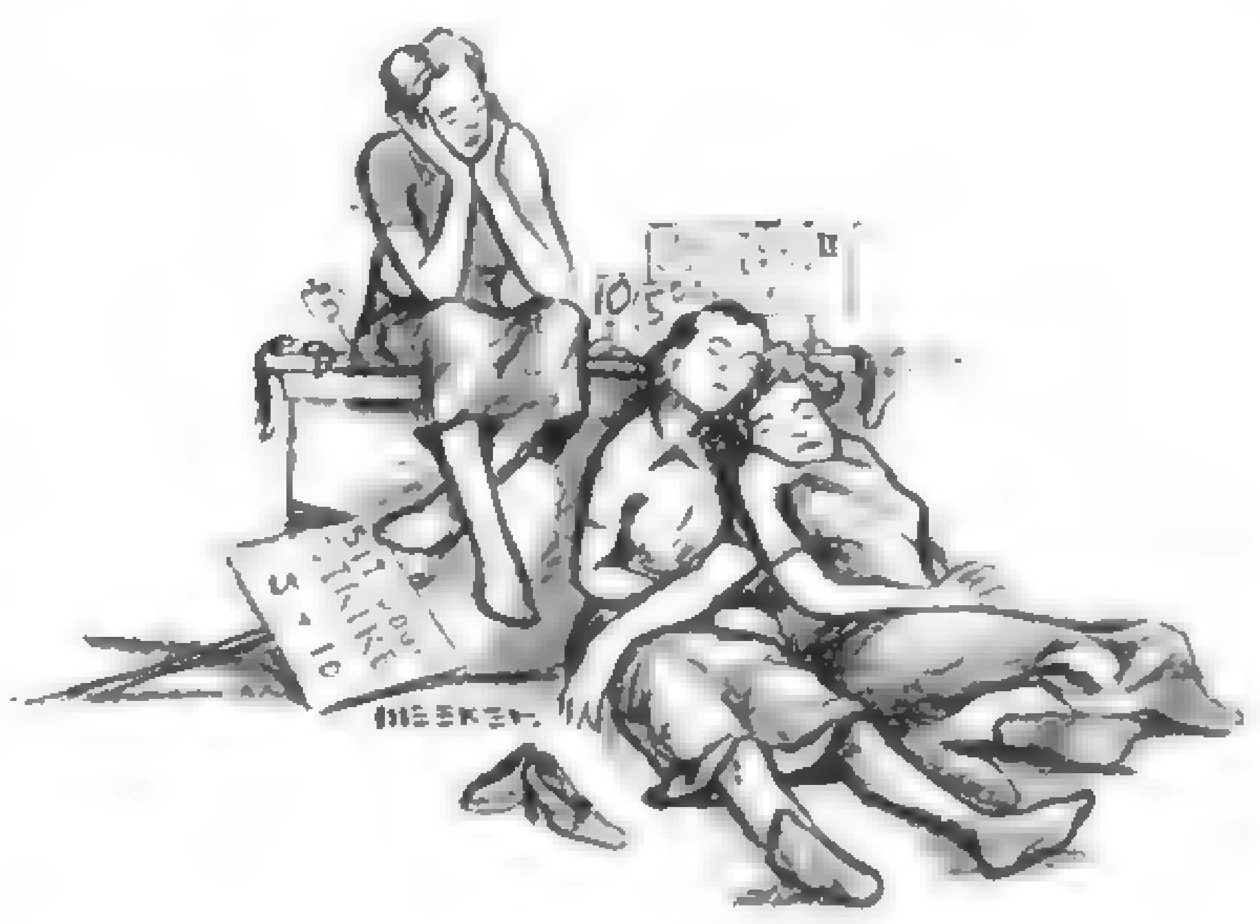
Women of Glamour: A cabaret girl marries a high tone painter.

FAR, FAR AWAY

About six million dollars seems to have been spent in the making of two motion pictures whose unveiling culminates a publicity build-up which had the public so frantic with anticipation that a march on Hollywood would undoubtedly have taken place if these masterpieces had been any longer delayed. Let me hasten to offer obeisance with the opinion that the six million dollars will come back through the box offices. Having disposed of the box office angle, let me further say that both *The Good Earth* and *Lost Horizon* are everything that could be asked for in the way of production. Photography is superb, acting is sincere and skillful, direction is warm and detail is authentic. Both films, moreover, are imposingly outfitted with messages. Each film has a celestial wrapping for the three million dollars expended; its soul is an inspirational fusion of all this terrific acting, direction, research.

A little detail which the motion picture adapters have contributed to James Hilton's fiction of *Lost Horizon* is the concise symbol of the film's inspirational message. Whenever the heroine appears, there is a reedy, celestial music. Perhaps feeling that this musical theme will puzzle the auditors, Capra-Riskin have interpolated an explanation. "What is that music?" Ronald Colman asks. Whereupon the girl calls a pigeon to her, and shows him a tiny reed-instrument attached to the bird. "Flutes on the tails of pigeons," she says. For she has a flock of pigeons, and to the tail of each, she has tied one of these little flutes, and when the pigeons fly, the breezes play upon their flutes.

There could be no better characterization for the escapist utopian idea which Mr. Capra has so glamorously dished up out of the Hilton novelette. While it is true that the utopian idea is Hilton's, Mr. Capra and Mr. Riskin have managed to visualize it so spendidly, and to translate it and underline it with a conviction so far beyond the scope of the printed story, that I believe it is to them that one must give the credit for tying the flutes to the tails of the pigeons.



In discussing this as a film with an idea, then, I think I am following the wish of the producers. Publicity has emphasized that this film is regarded by themselves as their masterpiece; that it contains "a great message."

As a piece of entertainment, as a sample of cinema virtuosity, I will agree that it is something of a masterpiece. The early section, from the excited opening scene to the crashing of the plane, comprises in itself a story-telling sequence that could scarcely be bettered as a build-up of suspense. The scene in which soft-voiced H. B. Warner, as Chang, first outlines the history of the lamasery to Ronald Colman, is a masterpiece of simple exposition, sustained by a truly fine actor. There are only a few flaws, the major one being the introduction of Edward Everett Horton, in a needless attempt at comic relief. There are masterpiece-views in the mountain photography.

But to get to the message: *Lost Horizon* is a masterpiece of inspirational evasion. It would hardly seem fair to take romantic entertainment so seriously, were it not so pretentiously portentous. And it is in this innocent mask of romance and escape that a certain danger lies.

Let us set down the by now familiar basic idea of *Lost Horizon:* An ageless head lama, once a Christian missionary, is gathering the culture of the world: books, art treasures, scientific knowledge, storing it away in the buildings of his lamasery accessible only by a hidden pass among the mountains of Tibet. For he sees mankind rushing to a war of utter destruction. He believes that his little settlement will be overlooked in this war, and thus, the best of mankind's culture and civilization will have been preserved. After the deluge, the tiny Garden-of-Eden settlement in his valley will remain as the beginning of a new and happy human race, a race of men who practice everything in moderation, and whose religion is simple kindness.

The first danger in this "inspirational" message is that it contains a subtly pervasive defeatism. The film induces the audience to accept the idea that mankind is doomed; a war of annihilation is inevitable. Secondly, it induces the hopeless attitude that hope lies only in some fantastic mode of escape, some Noah's Ark in the Tibetan wilds. This romanticism was harmless in a novel, as the thing was frankly a tale; but given the believableness of a motion picture, the romantic idea begins to function a little too strongly.

Now let us examine the utopian system of economy practiced by the lamas. First, there is a medieval paternalism about the

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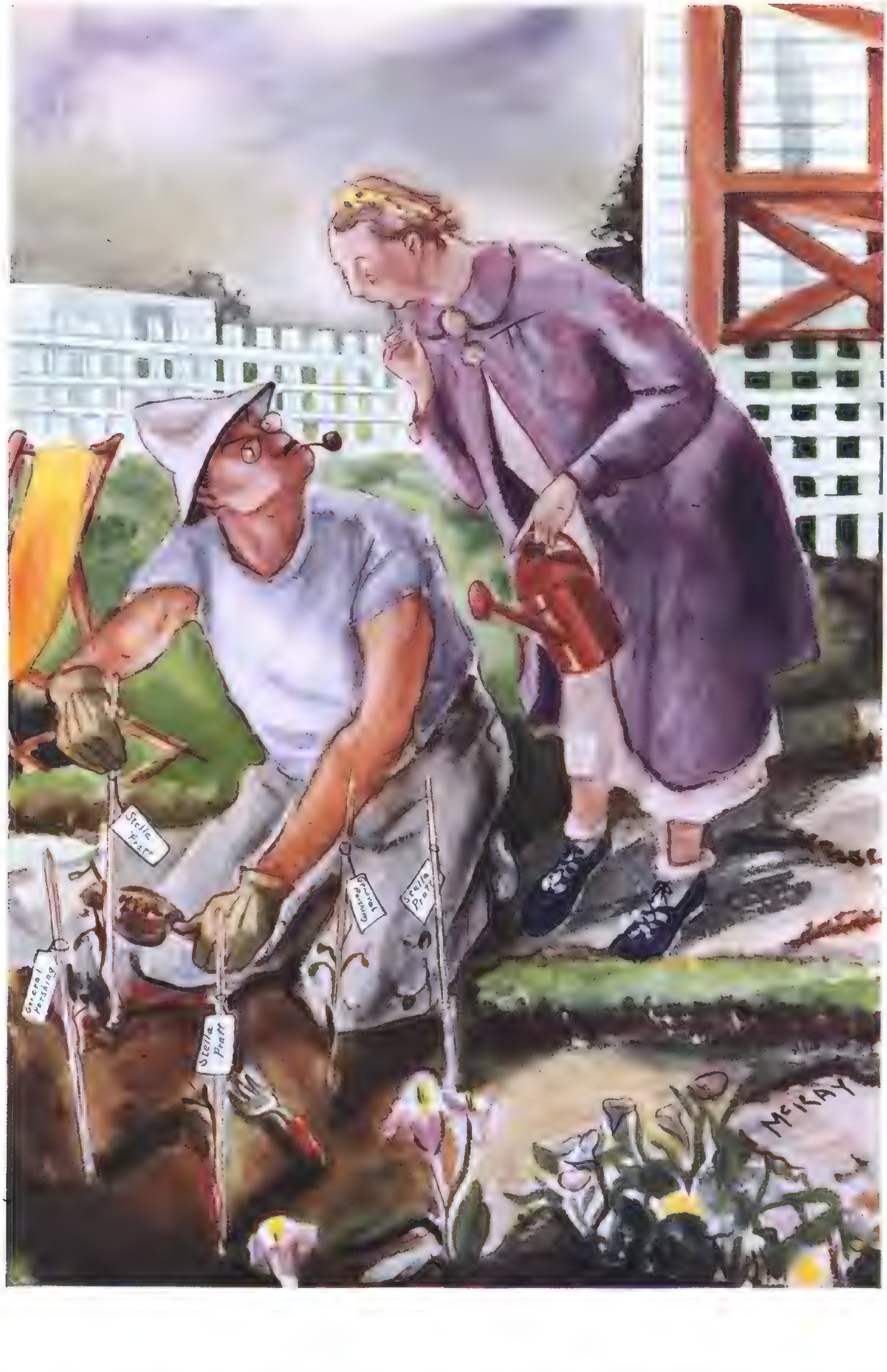
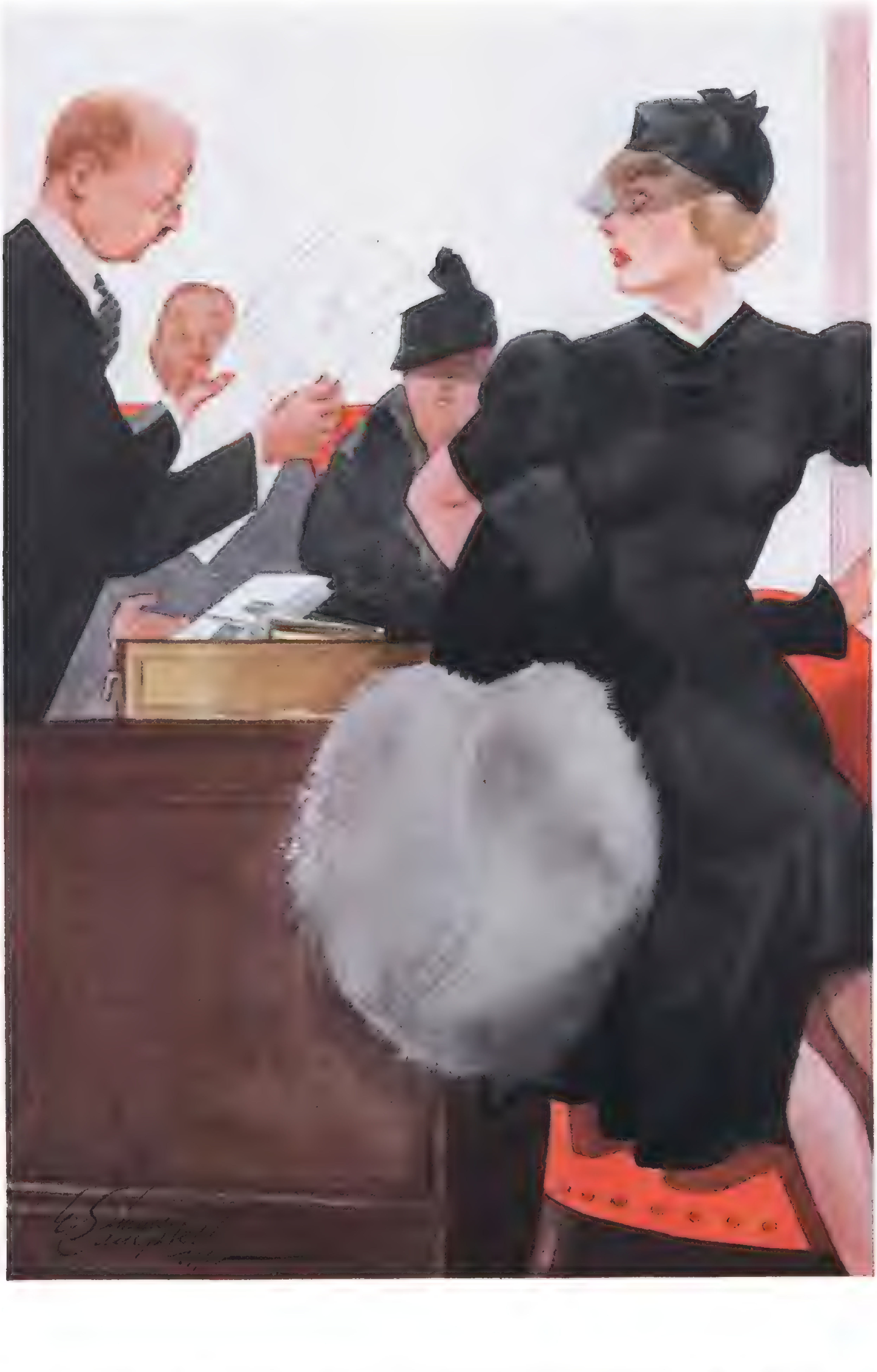

Stella Pratt
General Pershing
General Pershing
Stella Pratt
Stella Pratt
McKAY

"Oh dear!—Don't tell me you put the Stella Pratts and the General Pershings in the same bed!"



"—And to Miss 'Tootsie' O'Connor he leaves his check stubs for 1935 and six"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Peons are strong for the fuller life and strike if they yearn to learn polo

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

As I write, strikes are occurring in various parts of the country as I have observed they always do whenever there is a perceptible return of prosperity in the commercial and industrial centers. During the leaner years of a depression strikes are rare. I have never heard of a labor organizer urging the workmen to take over a plant that was losing money.

Plenty of plants did lose money during the depression, ran up deficits and suspended dividends but continued to operate against the time when they could show a profit and return something to the investors whose money had made the plant possible.

It is quite true that in the major industries the principal stockholders and directors often derive a disproportionate amount of revenue in return on the use of their money and that even in a depression the salaries and bonuses to the president and vice-presidents, as, for instance, in the steel industry, are fantastically absurd and unjust—but not unjust to the workers; unjust to thousands of small investors among men too old to work, widows and children whose entire capital is tied up in investments in these industries and whose main or only source of income is their return on these investments, sometimes meager enough even in the very height of prosperity.

Yet when a plant is losing money heavily and is operating on a rapidly dwindling credit, I have known of no instance, except in the coal industry, where there has been any labor trouble. Coal mining, like agriculture, is perennially in a precarious state; and the problem may not be solved until coal is given up altogether in favor of oil and gas as a source of heat, and agriculture is largely abandoned in favor of chemical foods, containing the necessary vitamins, synthetically produced.

Nor have I ever known of an occasion of this sort when there has been a capital organizer agitating among aged men and widows, whose incomes from investments have been cut off and who have been thrown upon charity of some sort, to demand the lowering of wages for the workers, including bosses and salaried officers. I have noticed no picketing on the part of the aged and infirm of industrial plants, with sandwich signs reading, "This plant and its workers are unfair to small investors."

Small stockholders are sometimes persuaded to chip in a dollar or so each to pay the expenses of a stockholders' committee, to demand redress at a stockholders' meeting or even before a federal court of inquiry in instances of manifest bad management, false accounting, alleged illegal use of stockholders' money or against extravagant salaries and bonuses paid to the principal officers. But even in these usually quite unsuccessful movements in behalf of justice and equitability, I have known of no instance where organized workers and labor unions have joined in the efforts of these small investors in a protest which is obviously to the advantage of both the workers and the small investors. Wherever there is managerial incompetence the incomes of the workers as well as of the small investors are at stake. But managerial incompetence is the last thing the labor organizers are concerned with; their efforts are directed toward gaining higher wages for the workers even if it means the wrecking of the industry.

You are entirely mistaken if you assume from what I have written above that I am against labor unions or against the workers or that I approve of any of the malpractices of capital or of the tactics sometimes employed by organized capital in its disputes with organized labor. Quite the contrary. But I do seriously disapprove of the seizure of property in sit-down strikes, for precisely the same reason I would disapprove of the seizure of strikers' relief depots by the minions of organized capital or the invasion of workers' homes by small investors who would occupy these homes to the exclusion of the workers, being fed by sympathizers after the pantries were bare, until the workers should return to work or they themselves were evicted by the police.

A principle is here involved which is of the utmost importance not only to the future relations between capital and labor but to the future of the country and if the principle is not adjudicated and established, as a principle, it may lead to an anarchy in which both labor and capital are to suffer miserably for many years to come.

There is nothing sacred about property. Our people have established this at least twice by Constitutional amendment: in Article XIII, abolishing slavery officially after a great president had freed the slaves by dictatorial fiat at a time when slaves were property and represented property investment and in Article XVIII, which wiped out breweries, distilleries, saloons and warehouses which were real property representing huge investments. There is nothing sacred about money when it is used as a counter representing tangible wealth if it is used to back an argument that is lost in a war, as was established by Section Four of Article XIV when Confederate money became the shin-plasters of a prostrate country, and as when the private gold of the country was confiscated by the government, the dollar devaluated, the redemption pledge to the holders of government gold bonds was repudiated and even the holders of gold certificates were given in exchange for them paper counters representing not the present but the future wealth of the country.

Confiscation of capital and the abolition of capital have been practiced from time to time by the government on the grand scale; but by legislative action representing the will of the people or at least what was believed by the legislators to represent the will of the majority of the people. There may come a time, it seems likely there will come a time, when by the legislated will of the people, the government will take over the control and operation of public utilities, or even all the major industries, (perhaps even by confiscation and without restitution to the investors as it could do by the repeal of Article V of the Constitutional Amendment); but the workers may be sure that when and if this occurs there will be no more strikes; wages will be fixed as they are in the civil, military and naval service and any attempt to paralyze the functioning of government business will immediately be put down by the whole military force of the government. Meanwhile I should think it were the part of wisdom for labor organizers to court the will of the people and not challenge it by even a temporary confiscation of property through sit-down strikes staged by employees.

Otherwise there may develop in this country a condition now existing in Mexico where, theoretically, all the agricultural land is the property of the peons, the workers on the plantations. It was given to them by government decree; and the government, at the same time, found it necessary to organize a great bureaucracy to see that the rights of the workers are not infringed upon by any act of private or organized capital.

Bureaucracies are usually staffed by men and women who are without individual enterprise or are willing to avoid the precariousness of individual enterprise for the permanent security of a civil service job at a

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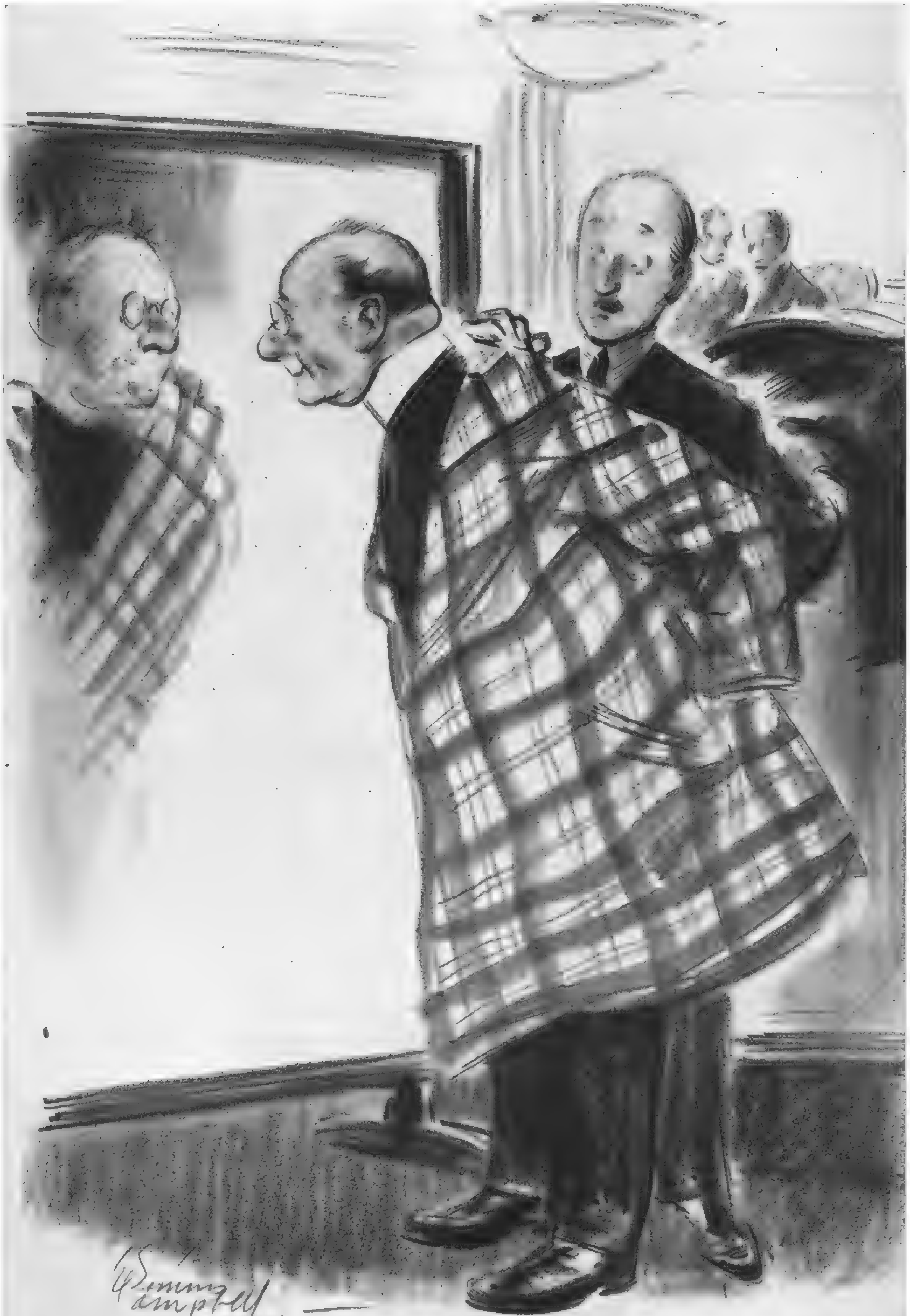

E. Simms Campbell

"Your-er—congregation is broadminded, isn't it, Reverend?"

Death of an Emperor

Not all the crazy little men can be dictators and Jacques I was an also-ran

by PARKE F. HANLEY

SEMI-FICTION

Before we come to the matter of the Emperor, Jacques First of the Saharas, a necessary background must be blocked in . . .

At that time, the years after the World War started, the women of Nassau—Nassau County, Long Island, that is—were becoming inordinately bored with their husbands. In itself that is not a historic condition nor confined to the matrons of that lovely environment, but these women, culturally advanced and independent thinkers, took up the destructive fad of spouse-potting.

It had been done before and elsewhere, but rarely with such finish. The wives and mothers of Nassau County established the habit upon a spectacular and sometimes profitable basis. The profit in some cases was merely relief from marital ennui but in various instances there were accruing coupons. Let it be said, however, that those who engaged in the sport were not actuated selfishly; the demise and not the dividend was sufficient recompense.

Reverting to the Saharan Emperor, the doer-inner was most satisfactorily repaid but, again it must be stated, this was not the motivation of her act.

Now Nassau County is one of the richest in the country but despite that, is a lovely domain. Its hills roll down to important waters; on one side Long Island Sound laps upon pebbled private beaches, and on the other the surf of the Atlantic thunders. In between these vast bodies are miles of golf courses, polo fields and aviation landings, and along the shores fly the pennants of exclusive yacht clubs.

In this de luxe setting, husband-killing for no good reason—or, perhaps it would be better to say for no-good reasons—became the vogue. Each year, as sure as Easter, some wife took a lethal weapon in her hands and practially immediately her consort was dispatched to that alcove in the Hereafter wherein erring husbands expiate their sins upon earth.

At first it was coincidence, then it became custom and finally competition. All that was required was that a woman aspiring to self-won widowhood offer a better motive and a more dramatic dénouement. With an all year round open season the male commuters watched for that inspired look in the eyes of their helpmeets. A gleam of fervid inventiveness meant gory doom. A meditative study across the breakfast table induced a hasty examination of conscience. He who in conduct could not come clean felt himself marked as an early *corpus delicti.*

Men sinfully flagrant had to shudder when they viewed the result of the Carman case. The suspected wife was freed on a wave of enthusiasm. Hardly had the furor died before the tragedy of Jack De Saulles enthralled and appalled the public. In this case a momentary deterrent to instant acquittal arose from the fact that the beautiful Chilean heiress, Blanca Vergara Errazuriz De Saulles—widowed by her personal whim—had attended many of the sessions of the Carman trial.

Following upon this came the Lebaudy killing—with which we are directly concerned. It was, as a slaying, thorough but it set a new high, one difficult for unimaginative women craving freedom.

The worst happened: A crass and avaricious person—Ruth Snyder; one unsusceptible to the finer reasons for mate-annihilation, brought about the killing that ended all killings in Nassau County. In a pair of words, she "vulgarized homicide." She gave murder a bad name.

The nicer women would have nothing more to do with this drastic manner of ridding themselves of husbands. They took to the longer and less clamorous process of divorce. The fact that Ruth Snyder had her final embrace in the arms of the electric chair—a proper punishment for her crudity and rapacity—may have been an added factor in curbing the homicidal impetuosity of the Nassau matrons.

Be that as it may, the men of Nassau once more slept soundly at night or went about their tom-catting immune to gun-toting wives and ignoble graves.

Yet, if one excepts the unfortunate outcome in the Snyder affair, no particularly great damage was done to society at large by these sudden takings-off. Juries were lenient then. In all but the instance mentioned, they were hearty in the belief the deceased had come to a deserved end. When one considers that in all these cases the juries were entirely male, it argues they either were priggishly self-righteous or else bowed to the futility of it all.

The major loss in these untimely departures was Jacques Lebaudy. When he stopped with his person a blaze of bullets, a rare personality, far more outstanding than his sacrificial predecessors, was lost to the world.

With his death, three continents sighed with vast relief, chancellories of Europe filed away for all time large and explosive dossiers which bore his name, and venerable diplomats in our own State Department settled back to let dust again settle upon their wisdom.

And now, after this long and possibly interesting preamble, we can commit ourselves without further digression to the Case Lebaudy.

It began, like many another colorful event before and since, over a bottle of wine, in the American Bar in Paris. The year was 1903. Jimmy Langerman, an American soldier of fortune, and Jacques Lebaudy were splitting the quart.

At casual glance, Lebaudy seemed in no way set apart from any other undersized and lean Frenchman. It needed a closer study to mark the constant glitter in his wide eyes, the vigor of his gestures, his restlessness and his torrential flow of speech.

One other characteristic gave him a difference. About his neck was a broad green muffler, worn summer and winter. This gaudy cloth was in itself a symbol of the man. As its fringed ends drooped over his narrow chest, he snatched them up violently and flung them over his shoulders with the imperious gesture of a Roman senator. This being France, it is more fitting to liken the tossing of his muffler to the manner of Napoleon disposing of his ermine robe as he ascended his throne.

The Napoleonic complex was an ineradicable part of the little Parisian. It was marked in his arrogance; it was indicated in his intolerance; it was emphasized in his singleness of purpose; but more than all else, in his amazing flights of fancy.

As an heir to one of the large fortunes of France, he had ample opportunity to impose his dominance upon most of those about him. His father, Jules Max Lebaudy, had been the "Sugar King" of France. Upon his death, Jacques found himself possessed of 16,000,000 francs. With this wealth, he could satisfy every caprice, indulge every whim—and he did.

Marguerite Dolière was one of his whims. When his protruding eyes first fastened upon her, she was a leading chanteuse in the Paris music halls. Lebaudy wasted little time in the give and take of wooing. He

Continued on page 238

The Painted Mirror

Continued from page 50

out more. He could not determine the true nature of the image. He had only a tantalizing glimpse of a portion of that imprisoned reflection.

Weary from his activity, and in a state of high anxiety, Nicholas pulled a couple of screens over to hide the mirror.

He tiptoed downstairs. When he heard Papa Khevi stomping around in the pawnshop, he felt better, but unrelieved. In the attic lay the road to the dark heart of mystery, or the shining eyes of fortune, if the door was not barred to him.

He tossed through a restless night, and worried in the hours of morning, his fancy gripped by the lure of the mirror. He put himself at the feet of Papa Khevi until he was brusquely told to go behave himself. Nicholas pattered from the display room in an agony of apprehension lest the attic door be locked.

The door swung open. Papa Khevi had evidenly forgotten about it. With luck, providing Nicholas was cautious, he might be able to keep the door open for a long time. There was no reason for the attic to be used, now that Papa Khevi had looked it over or stored the bric-a-brac that he had removed from stock.

Nicholas climbed, his heart pounding so that his ears heard, and hurriedly slid the screens aside from the mirror.

His heart stopped pounding. The mirror reposed as he had left it. The plate-sized opening that he had made in the coat of paint showed the same baffling reflection as before. He seized the chisel and began to chip at the black film.

The layer grated loose with maddening slowness. It fractured in flakes too small to be measured. The particles dusted the floor at the base of the mirror, and sometimes whirled into his eyes with a sting. But he became more accustomed to the work, more intent on discovering what the magic mirror concealed. He scraped twice as long and cleaned three times as much surface as the day before, nearly a third of the mirror.

Still the scene hovered beyond definition. There were hints—no more than hints—of a bleak landscape; an entrance, hole, tunnel, cave, or hill of some sort rising stark from the plain; and the limbs of a fugitive.

A captive fleeing—from what? Away from a pursuer—a monster, an ogre? Toward refuge in the great spaces, the fringes yet hidden by the black paint—

His thoughts fleeted over the ways in which the full scene might manifest itself. He wondered what far place was mirrored in the glass. Since it was a magic mirror, obviously it wouldn't act like an ordinary mirror. Instead of reflecting what lay close to it, it reflected something at a great distance; and if at too great a distance, very likely Nicholas would never know or find the exact spot.

Even after he stopped working, his mind remained nervously alert under the stimulus of the image, vibrant to its potentialities, quivering with the fever of anticipation.

When he opened the door for the third time, and climbed again to the attic, and found the mirror as he had left it, he hunted around until he brought to light an old file. With this he sharpened the chisel. His eagerness could tolerate no further delay in exposing the secret of the mirror.

The paint flaked off in the same tiny chips as before, but faster, much faster. The boundaries of the brooding landscape became wider, the dark cave stood out starkly upon the desert. Nicholas grew conscious of a glow, an aura of pallor that reflected into his eyes from the figure at the entrance to the cavern.

The mirror, stripped of the coating of black paint, disclosed a flat desert, a wilderness unbroken by stone, dune, bush, stream, or creature, a void that stretched endlessly in all directions. Upon that desolation stood only the cave, a horseshoe in shape, tunneling to the far distance. And from the cavern emerged a figure, dimly outlined save for its face which reflected the luminous pallor.

That diminutive figure seemed to be running out of the cave. The figure looked tiny, like a toy, a mere doll, because it was so remote in the depths of the mirror. Its eyes were closed. Its face showed terror, as though it fled blindly—from what? What footsteps following faster down that infinitely long corridor caused the child, the girl, the doll to keep its eyes shut with fear?

Nicholas watched the image for hours, marveling at the illusion of three-dimensional depth in the mirror; the glass acted like a telescope seen through the wrong end, and multiplied by many times the distance to the object under focus.

He found himself unable to banish the picture from his mind. It stayed with him when he left. It preoccupied him during his waking hours. It persisted in his dreams, vividly, hauntingly alive.

Not without trepidation, he tugged at the screens upon his next ascent. The phantoms of sleep had lingered on, and deep within him quaked a bell that tolled unease.

But the marvelous mirror beckoned stronger, and Nicholas knew why when it lay exposed.

The eyes of the distant doll were wide open and fixed compellingly upon him!

A strange giddiness swept over him, like a wind that wafted all familiar things away. Knowledge smote him with its evil curse, knowledge that he had half guessed, half feared, and entirely denied—the knowledge that the mirror did *not* reflect a scene from some far corner of the world, but contained within itself a world of its own.

And the light, so pale, so unearthly, continued to glimmer from the elfin features of the doll, light originating in whatever sun or moon coursed the sky of that internal world above and beyond the frame of the mirror. Under the glow, the opened eyes of the figurine possessed a hypnotic brilliance, issued a silent message across all those intervening leagues.

A message—what message? Nicholas stared at the boundless, silent world—the vast plain, the cavern tunneling into distance beyond sight, the girl-doll emerging and fleeing from whatever terror lurked behind her. The vestiges of that terror dwelt on her face, in the pallor of her cheeks, and her lips parted to gasp for breath. But hope, all but fled, had returned to her, fleeing still, as she opened her eyes and saw Nicholas.

He could only watch, unable to help, forced to wait, because of the barrier that separated their two worlds, Yet she was safe a little while longer, because of the slow, almost imperceptible life of the land of the mirror.

She was a lovely thing, a golden toy, invested with perilous beauty. She had emerged fully from the cavern, Nicholas noted with a start. Turning, he saw that the shadows of evening had crept into the attic. The day had passed, and she had moved without his awareness. He wondered about the trance into which he must have fallen, but not yet was he able to tear himself away.

He looked at the mirror again. In spite of the darkness that had fallen, the mirror stood out with a ghostly luminance, and principally from the figurine came that impalpable glow. A tremor of excitement shook Nicholas. All fear had banished itself from the face of the golden doll, golden-green, rather, under that unearthly light; an elfin princess with body as enchanting and perfectly molded as the features that had first bewitched him. She was wholly free of the cavern. She was running toward him. She had forgotten the terror that lurked in the depths of the cave.

As he backed away slowly, a state of abnormal ecstasy and dream-suspension enveloped him. So intensely vivid was the drama unfolding within the world of the mirror that he could not cast off its spell, nor did he wish to. He was unaware of descending the steps. His mind's eye had vision only for the golden-green captive; teasing him, tantalizing him, keeping him aquiver, the sculptured beauty of the figure of the tiny fugitive.

Sleep abandoned Nicholas all night long. He listened for a voice, for a bell-like call in the attic afar, for the murmur of the crystal maiden. He lay half in a panic lest she escape during the night and become lost, leaving to him only the unseen terror that had not yet burrowed its way out of the tunnel.

The hectic tautness, combined with the state of suspension, outlasted night. The anxiety of waiting through the dawn hours fostered a flame within him, like an invisible sun, whose glare gave him no peace and permitted him no restful descent into slumber.

And when at last he began again the climb up the attic stairs, he tiptoed while his ears strained for a sound from above—the shatter of glass—the tinkle of a crystalline voice—fugitive footsteps—

But silence deepened curiously, until he fancied a roaring in his ears from the strain of attempting to hear. Was it the surge of blood in his veins, violent over the scuffle of his ascent?

He stood upon the attic floor, now, and all speculation ebbed away. A torrent of reflected radiance like moonlight upon quicksilver issued from the mirror. Far larger in size, looming to almost full-grown human proportions, gigantic against the background of interminable desert, the golden-green captive seemed on the verge of stepping through the mirror. Her eyes summoned him, her arms were raised in supplication for escape.

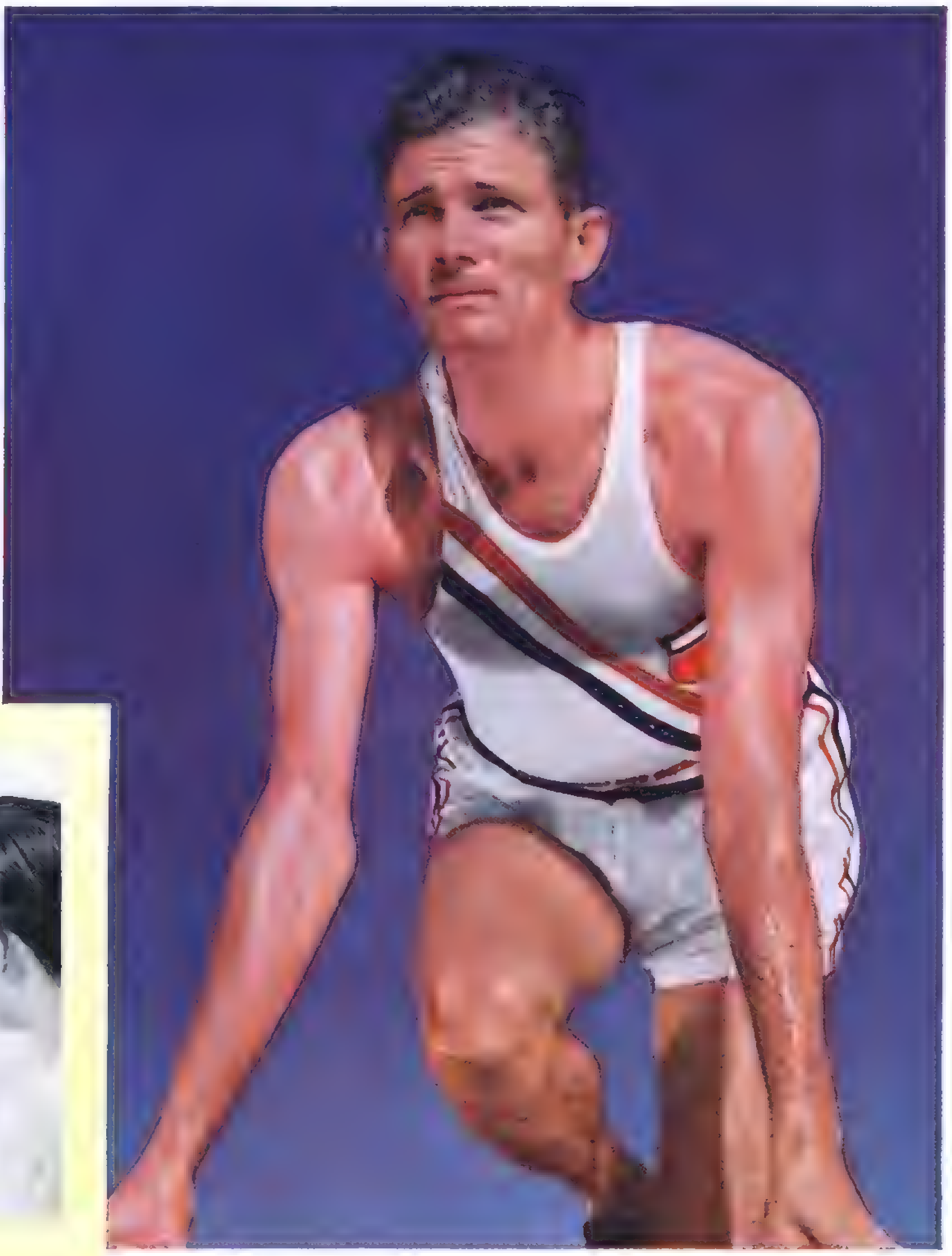
Nicholas ran to the mirror, his hands outstretched. They touched hers, dissolved, blended. He hurtled headlong, pulled and catapulted and twisted fantastically. He was rigid, frozen, unable to press his way out of a solid sea of glass.

Far away, upon the other side of the mirror, beyond the crystal cliff that imprisoned him inside a timeless world, he saw his own rightful body, Nicholas, peering down at him, at this alien figure he had become, this elfin form of the creature of the mirror. Behind him stretched the tunnel with its hidden terror.

Upon the face of that Nicholas far away spread a fiendish smile. The other Nicholas receded, only to return with a can of black paint and a brush. Stroke by stroke, that other Nicholas began to cover the mirror.

Nicholas tried in vain to make this alien figure move or shout or beat its way through the cliff of glass.

He was trapped. Night deepened around him, and became blackness. He was imprisoned forever in this golden-green figure. His despairing gaze watched that distant Nicholas, an unholy light of joy in its eyes, while it finished painting the entire surface of the mirror. He was captive in a soundless, boundless, motionless realm of black. ##



FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . . SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do—and my digestion goes along O. K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler and Olympic winner

"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes in many lines of sport. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after 'for digestion's sake.' And Camels are mild. You'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Around the clock—Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

Enjoy the grand feeling of well-being that comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. At the first few fragrant puffs, the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They bring a "lift" in energy and brighten your whole day with the enjoyment of costlier tobaccos.

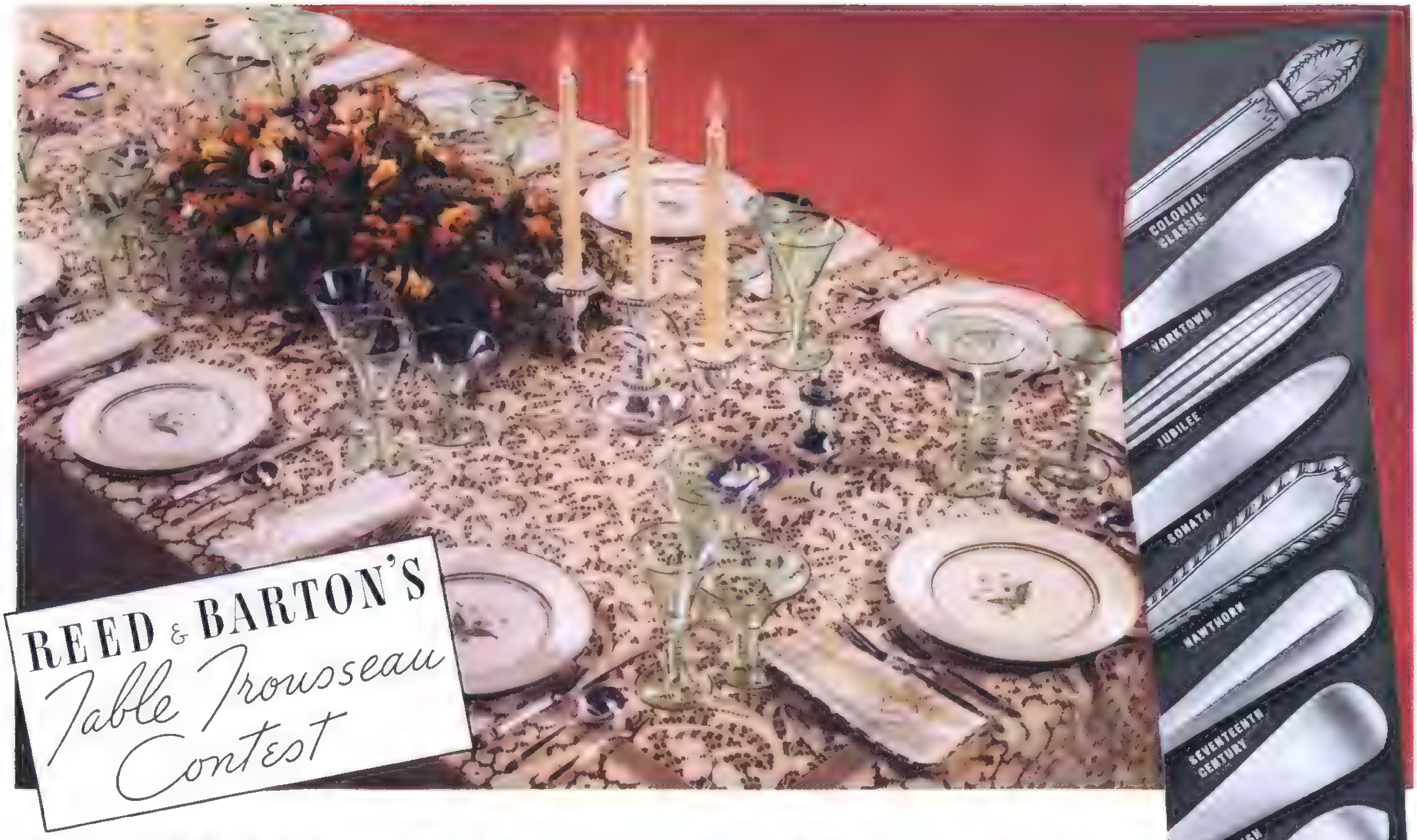
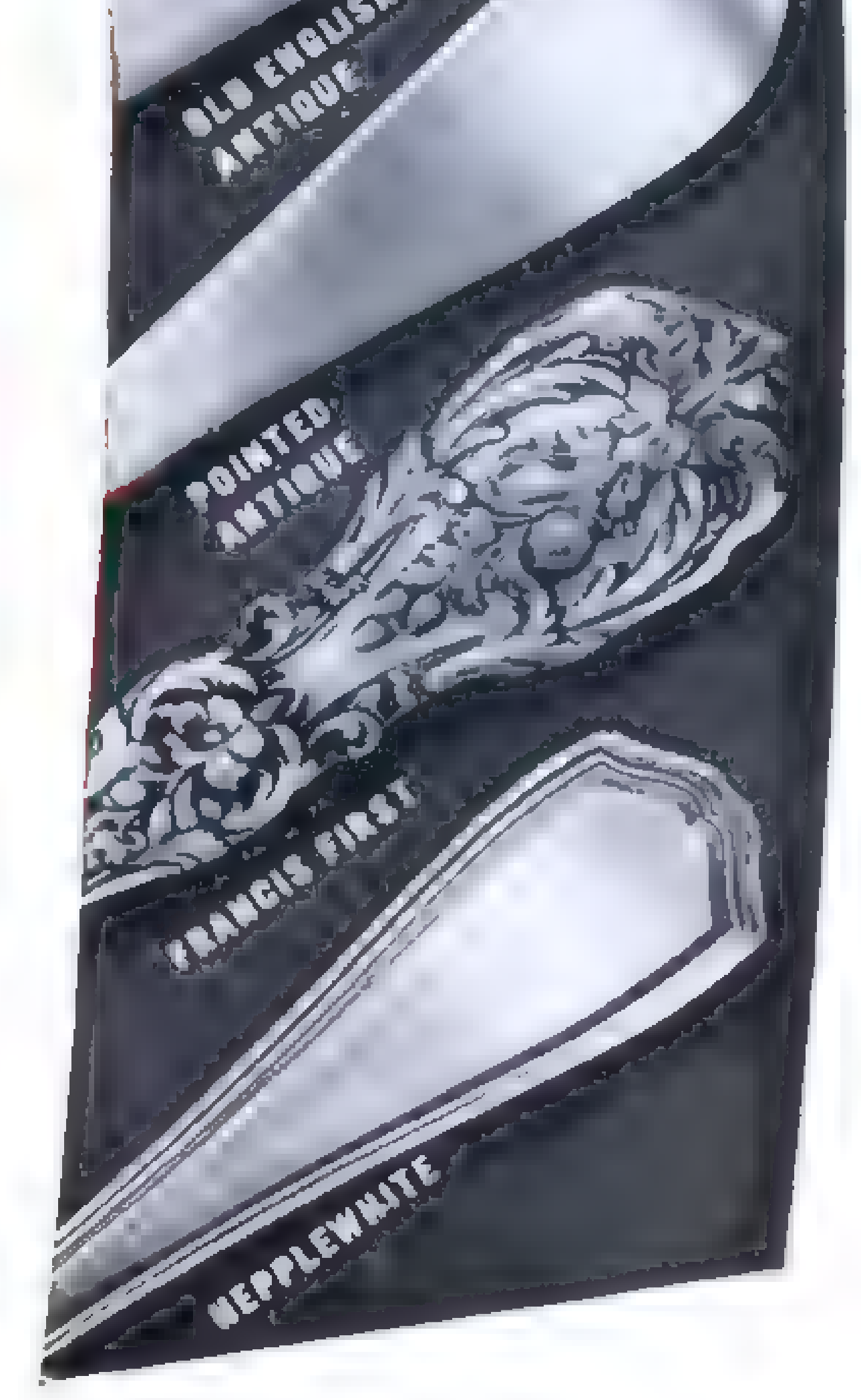
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without Camels. Camels make food more enjoyable—encourage a pleasant sense of well-being. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

REED & BARTON'S *Table Trousseau Contest*

YOU CAN EASILY WIN THIS STUNNING PRIZE WORTH $1100.00 *Free!*

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN

To give good fortune every chance, we suggest that, before writing your letter, you inspect the Reed & Barton designs at your jeweler's. This, however, is absolutely *not* a requirement. But do keep in mind that each of these solid silver patterns is of distinguished individual loveliness . . . Each has a particular charm, grace, and balance of its own. We have prepared a special Table Trousseau Contest Folder, which shows all ten of these Reed & Barton patterns in detail. This you may find helpful. Your jeweler will be happy to send you one without obligation.

After you have studied the characteristics of the ten patterns and made your choice, write a letter of not more than fifty words, explaining your personal reasons for your selection. Fancy presentations gain no extra credit. Fill in your name and address clearly on the coupon, add the date of your wedding and your jeweler's name, and pin coupon to letter. When both are received by Reed & Barton, Taunton, Massachusetts, you will be entered in the Table Trousseau Contest. Dates of contest: April 15, 1937 to May 31, 1937. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of final day. Upon receipt of your entry, your copy of "How to Become a Successful Hostess" will be mailed to you.

THIS wonderfully rich and lovely prize is yours for a mere 50-word letter. It's as easy as that to win this $1100 Table Trousseau. No purchase is required; anyone may enter. Just set down your reasons for selecting, as your first choice in sterling silver, one of the ten beautiful Reed & Barton patterns shown here.

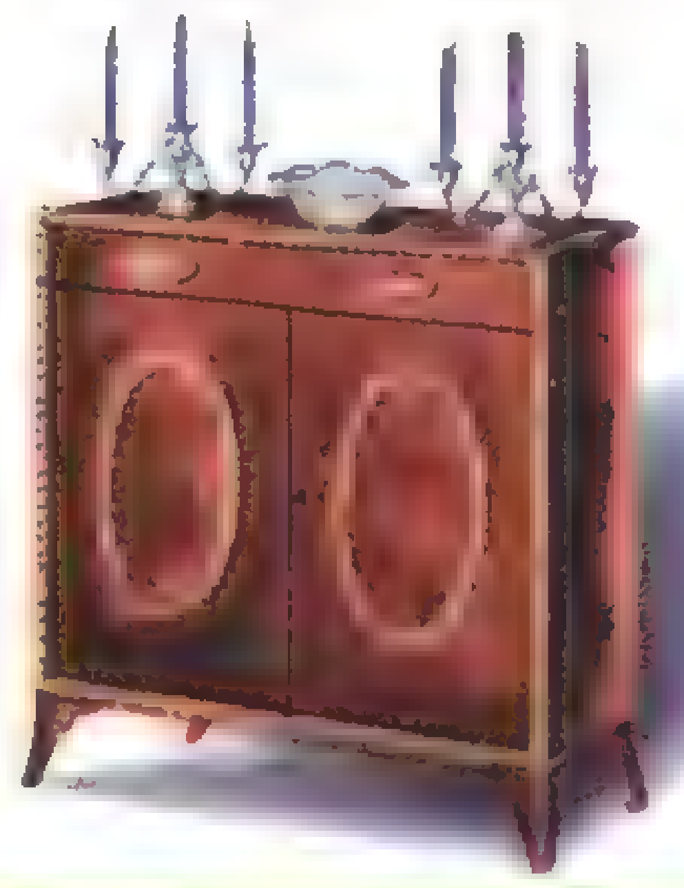
And here is the thrilling prize that goes to the silver-minded lady who, in the opinion of the judges, writes the most pertinent letter: a solid silver flatware service for twelve (120 pieces) in the Reed & Barton pattern she has chosen; thirteen matching Reed & Barton serving pieces; nine pieces of elegant Reed & Barton hollow ware; service for twelve in Syracuse China; complete array of Orrefors Glass; Quaker Lace Table Coverings; unique Danbury Table in mahogany by Charak that expands from console size to accommodate twelve; matching Charak Silver Chest, as shown.

Lovely additional prizes! To twenty other ladies will go exquisite Reed & Barton sterling salad sets—fork and spoon—each lady receiving the design described in her letter. These sets are valued at $15 or more, depending upon the pattern. (Duplicate prizes in all cases of ties.)

Moreover, to every entrant goes Reed & Barton's exciting new book, "How to Become a Successful Hostess." It is stored with enticing menus, pictures of table settings, delectable recipes, and other aids to entertaining smartly.

Remember! It's astonishingly *easy* for you to win this lavish prize. Select your pattern from this page and write your letter of 50 words, or less, this very hour.

The 133 pieces of Reed & Barton sterling flatware, included in the Table Trousseau, will fit compactly in this lovely mahogany Silver Chest by Charak. On top are three of the beautiful contest pieces of Reed & Barton hollow ware.



Complete list of Contents of Table Trousseau

Reed & Barton Sterling Silver Flatware

12 each dinner knives and forks, teaspoons, salad forks, oyster forks, creamsoupspoons, butter spreaders, coffee spoons, ice cream forks, iced tea spoons.

Reed & Barton Sterling Silver Serving Pieces

3 tablespoons, 1 each two-piece steak set, butter knife, sugar spoon, lemon fork, gravy ladle, jelly server, berry spoon, cold meat fork, pie server, sugar tongs.

Reed & Barton Hollow Ware

1 centerpiece bowl, 2 each candelabra, pepper shakers, open salt dishes, salt spoons.

Syracuse China Coralbel Pattern

12 each dinner, butter, salad and soup plates, fruit dishes, cups and saucers, and 8 serving dishes.

Orrefors Glass Stockholm Pattern

12 each water goblets, champagne, claret-wine and liqueur glasses and finger bowls.

Quaker Lace Table Coverings

Lace table cover, buffet runner, 12 matching napkins in each of 4 patterns and sizes.

Charak Furniture

Mahogany Danbury Table—can be used as a divan table with 22" width, or opened to table for six, or still farther extended to seat twelve. Silver Chest—lovely commode-type chest with crotch mahogany front, cross-banded with satinwood. Doors conceal four open-front drawers for silver and linens.

REED & BARTON *Silversmiths* SINCE 1824 TAUNTON, MASS.

REED & BARTON, Box 990, Taunton, Mass.

I herewith enter my letter of not more than 50 words in the Reed & Barton Table Trousseau Contest, granting you permission to use it as desired. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final.

Signed ____________________

Date of Wedding past or future ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________

Your Jeweler's Name ____________________

Nightmare Without Sleep

Continued from page 79

turned aside his head. I was calm, dreadfully calm, as you would eventually have to be if you were buried alive.

Our porters were huddled in a frightened group. I called to them to bring water. Carefully I lifted the head and washed it, after severing with my bowie knife the fragments of flesh which were all that held it to the body. I closed the lids over the glazed, unfocused eyes and smoothed the hair.

Robin wrapped the head in a cloth and we placed it in a basket. We threw provisions away to provide a coffin for the body. When we maneuvered to lift it, I stepped into the mud that had been made with Fritz's life blood. Neither of us said anything.

Why we took the bolos, I don't know. They were lying beside the fallen savages; one, with the blood on it not yet dry, was that with which Fritz had been decapitated. I picked it up, possibly to examine it, and kept it. Robin took the other. That night when we bedded down after a strenuous six hours' march, we placed the heavy blades by our bedrolls; a quick glance which we exchanged seemed to communicate the mutual question: why did we take these? But we had no answer . . . then.

The fatigue which accrued from the day's horrible experience and heavy march weighed on me like a punishing load and precluded my sleeping. We were up with the sun next morning and had reached a tiny coast port by mid-afternoon.

The only doctor within three hundred miles was a drunkard and knew absolutely nothing about embalming, but he managed to preserve the body well enough to get it down to Singapore.

There we had the work done properly and the body placed in a carved cedar chest. Almost five weeks later we passed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay.

We had been in San Francisco three years before and had gone fishing just outside the Gate in a little tug. Fritz had sat straddling the bow, gazing at the swift running tide and the rocky shoreline and the expanse of ocean toward which the tide was carrying us. He had been unusually quiet and when we returned to Fisherman's Wharf Robin jibed him for it. "The damned water fascinated me," said Fritz. "Sort of held me like a magnet . . . pulled me. I'd like to be thrown in there when I die."

Perhaps we were foolish to carry out this wish of his; it might have been said in jest, or at least without sincerity. But we had no other thought than to do it: literally. Of Fritz, the living Fritz, this was all that remained to us, and although now I'm inclined to the view that we were over sentimental about it, we didn't at that time think of doing anything else. Foolish, perhaps: but what is there less foolish about lowering a corpse six feet under the green grass of a cemetery? The cedar chest was thrown into the water.

That night was, in a sense, like the first which the shipwrecked Robinson Crusoe spent on his island. We, too, were marooned . . . lost . . . isolated from the life to which we had become used . . . faced with the necessity of adapting ourselves to a new environment, a new order of things . . . a new life. This was the difference: where Robinson Crusoe's difficulties were, in the main, physical, ours were psychic.

Robin and I decided to part, temporarily at least; I accompanied him as far as New York and saw him off for England at midnight two weeks later. He stood leaning against the railing, one hand raised in farewell, the faintest shadow of a mocking smile hovering about his lips and eyes, the other hand clutching something wrapped in burlap. It was the bolo.

The next month was thirty days of prolonged agony for me. Nothing I did was satisfying; nothing seemed of any consequence. Try as I might, I couldn't sit through the three acts of any play I attended. Even eating became a trial . . . and this is a most subtle form of torture. Everything lacked savor, was tasteless; the drabness of these days was all the more dismal by contrast to those which we three had lived when Fritz was alive.

I remember one day accepting the invitation of a friend to weekend at his place in Connecticut. Where before I should have refused on the principle of the thing, knowing how week ends usually bored me, I now accepted with an almost rude haste merely because of the change that presented itself.

I arrived on a Friday evening and was up early next morning to follow the suggestion of my host and go for a ride on one of his horses. The hills were beautiful in their rolling symmetry and I breathed with the deep stirring exhilaration of one who returns healthy from a long siege of fevered illness. The quiet, penetrating air, the broad sweep of the blue, unadulterated sky, the various stirring and chirpings by the roadside, the warmth of the morning sun: all these combined to produce in me a sensation of well-being that I had thought was lost to me. I was able to believe in what I had tried to explain to myself before without success: that there were greater things, profounder forces and movements, than my own petty circumstances; things which, when given their due respect, would help me to forget my own comparatively insignificant trials. Under the influence of the solitude and beauty of

Continued on page 122

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SHETLAND JACKETS

Just north of Scotland, one hundred tiny islands produce a grade of wool and a kind of weaving which is unrivalled throughout the world. Hand-woven Shetland Homespuns—despite their countless machine-made imitations—are more desirable than ever. For Odd Jackets they are unequalled. Brooks Brothers' current importations of these materials, including 20 entirely new patterns, are exceptionally comprehensive.

Odd Jackets of hand-woven Shetlands $48 *to* $58
Odd Jackets in other materials . . . $38 *to* $48

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BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."..

Briggs will soothe your troubles!

If you've been smoking expensive pipe mixtures, you're especially the man we want to try Briggs. Thousands of men like yourself have found more pleasure in Briggs than they ever got before at *any* price.

That's natural enough. Briggs is a luxury blend—made of several exceptionally choice pipe tobaccos, each one *aged-in-wood for four full years*. The result is rich, fragrant flavor plus delightfully mellow smoothness. Until Briggs was introduced, such a blend of fine, fully-aged tobaccos was found only in high-priced mixtures. Briggs is only 15¢. But don't let that low price fool you. Just *try* it!

Copr., 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Nightmare Without Sleep

Continued from pages 79-121

that morning's natural setting, I sensed a returning vigor. About two miles along the road, I stopped at a farmhouse for a glass of water. As I raised the glass to my lips, I saw down its side the hired hand swing an axe with a muscular arm and hack off the head of a struggling hen. Immediately the glass became a gun barrel. I swore, jumped on the horse, and galloped away in a quiver of excitement, neglecting even a word of thanks. I hadn't ridden far when I halted the horse, dismounted, and gave it a wrathful blow between the eyes. Stunned, it wheeled and trotted off. This was only one incident. Little matter what I attempted to do, I was always reminded of that which I desired of all things to forget.

And then I was robbed of sleep. All the agony, all the torture that I had previously suffered were as nothing compared to those long nights of sleepless unquiet. Up to that time I had always looked upon disease and infirmity in a purely objective manner, with the detachedness so characteristic of the young and healthy. Insomnia was to me something to be studied in an impersonal way, if it was to be bothered with at all. Until, however, I discovered myself to be an insomniac; then I was made suddenly and forcefully aware of my affinity with all malady. I felt that I was rotting.

For the first few nights I lay in a nervous calm, trying desperately to fall asleep. I would try to concentrate on nothing but an expanse of clear, deep sky, or a billowing wave, or a green hillside, or a tree gently responding to some soft, invisible breeze, but extraneous objects would introduce themselves: whirling blades, or grimacing savages, or dumpy, decapitated bodies. Then I would open my eyes and lie stiffly on my back, clutching the bedclothes with the grip of a woman in labor.

One night, lying thus, my body sweated and cold, I became irritably conscious of the reflection of a street light that the mirror was throwing on the ceiling. In a Protean manner it assumed shape after shape, dancing and mocking and ridiculing, an evil spirit come to torment my sleepless body. In a sudden fury I threw a pillow. Then, realizing the grotesqueness and irrationality of this act, I lost my mental balance. Madly I leaped out of bed and hurled a chair at the mirror, smashing it to bits. Viciously I beat against the walls with my arms and head, falling eventually into a senseless heap.

I had the entire room done in black: the furniture, the draperies, the bedclothes, the rug . . . even my comb and brush. At night, when I retired, the room was in utter darkness. Still there came no sleep. I began to pray, but I would catch myself, after several minutes of quiet address, babbling incoherencies. The strain was telling on me; I grew visibly thinner each day, until I no longer recognized my likeness in the mirror; I had no control over trembling hands; my hair grayed. I became mortally afraid of the night, hoping that some unforeseen circumstance would prevent its reoccurrence for me. Several times I contemplated suicide, but my nerves were never up to it and I cast the thought aside abruptly, frightened.

One night, weary to the point of dizziness, I suddenly decided to inspect the bolo with which Fritz had been slain. I had never closely examined it, having brought it along solely for the fatal attraction it exercised over me which prevented my disposing of it. I lifted it carefully from the closet recesses where I had hidden it and laid it gingerly on the bed. Breathing irregularly, I bent over it and studied the markings on the grasp, the niches in the blade. Spots of rust were scattered over the cold surface. I secured some oil and carefully polished the metal, holding it on my lap and rocking back and forth with a steady, easy motion: the rhythm of dotage. Slowly I ran my finger over the edge.

"It's not very keen," I mumbled to myself.

I had a sandstone which I found after some rummaging. Seating myself again in the chair with the knife on my knees, I began to hone, humming songs that I for some reason recalled from childhood. With utmost care I sharpened it to a razor edge. Holding it up to the light, I could just barely make out the fine line of the cutting surface. For some strange reason, all this activity gave me a rare pleasure; I had feared the blade up until then because of what it stood for, and now my reaction was the opposite of what I had expected.

After several hours of such goings-on, I wrapped up the bolo and went to bed. For the first time in weeks I slept!

Several nights later, feeling the insomnia once more clutching at my sanity, I again brought out the bolo. Although I inspected it, sharpened and fondled it much as before, I could not feel the same tonic effect. I slept fitfully. The third time I took it under examination, the knife did me no good at all. I put it away and retired, but arose within an hour with the full knowledge that once again I was doomed to sleeplessness. The thought paralyzed me mentally. What I did next is only a vague, hazy recollection for me now. I recall dressing and leaving my apartment with the bolo under my arm. There were few people on the streets. I stumbled along dazedly, completely unaware of anything about me. Turning into a particularly dimly-lighted street, I came upon a figure, a man, trudging slowly ahead, his back

Continued on page 124

● There's rhythm—sweep—power—co-ordination in every stroke of their crimson-tipped blades as Harvard's varsity crew heads down toward the Charles River Basin on an afternoon of crew practice. This vivid scene was snapped by Paul E. Morgan with a Kodak Retina.

Highlights at Harvard

SNAPSHOTS BY UNDERGRADUATES

NOBODY knows when the first Kodak appeared in Harvard Yard; but today, wherever you look, somebody's clicking a camera. And those snapshots, taken so casually, come to have an inestimable value with the years.

Snaps of the crew streaking down the Charles in the late afternoon—football practice on Soldiers Field—singing on the steps of Widener before the June exams—these, and a hundred other chance-caught scenes from America's oldest college, make up a record no Harvard graduate can look back over without a thrill of fondness and pleasure.

F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., '38, Noble Dean, Jr., '39, Paul E. Morgan, '39 and William S. Rowe II, '39 snapped the characteristic views on this page.

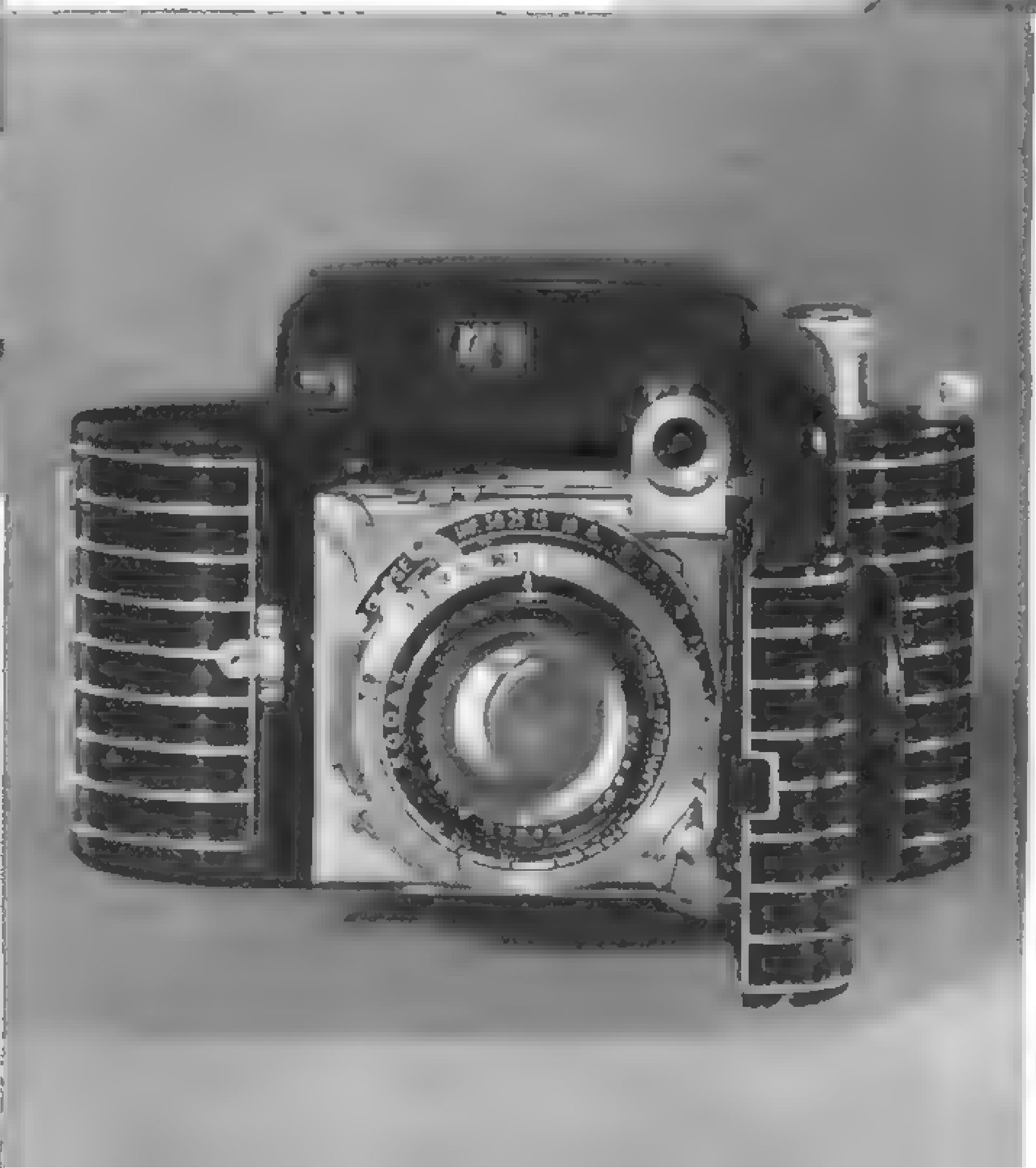
● French's statue of John Harvard, the young Puritan minister who died at 31, leaving half his estate and some 400 books to the college, sits serene in front of University Hall. Snapped by F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., with a Kodak Bantam Special.

● F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., '38, crack polo player and snapshooter, about to go into action with his Kodak Bantam Special. Snapped by William S. Rowe II, also a member of the polo team.

● The celebrated Harvard Yard, where Nathaniel Eaton, the first headmaster, once set out 30 apple trees and put up a fence to keep out stray cattle and wolves. Memorial Church, in the background, built in memory of the World War veterans, seems to typify, with its urbane Georgian architecture, the very spirit of Harvard—serious—scholarly—sophisticated. Snapped by Noble Dean, Jr.

● (right) Paul Fox, F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr. and William S. Rowe II, three of Harvard's outstanding polo players, at practice on Soldiers Field. Snapped by Paul E. Morgan with a Kodak Retina.

● (left) Three members of the *Crimson* board—Harvard's daily newspaper—on the steps of the *Crimson* offices. There is said to be considerable rivalry between the *Crimson* and the *Lampoon*, the *Lampoon* sometimes getting out a fake edition of the *Crimson*, and the *Crimson* retaliating on one occasion with the announcement that the whole *Lampoon* board had been suspended. Snapped by Noble Dean, Jr., with a Kodak Six-16 *f*.4.5.



● **KODAK BANTAM SPECIAL** —the new miniature camera. Super lens, Kodak Anastigmat EKTAR *f*.2.0. Compur-Rapid shutter, speeds up to 1/500 second. Coupled range finder. Besides black-and-white pictures—gives gorgeous, full-color transparencies when loaded with Kodachrome Film. Price, $110—at convenient camera counters . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

Nightmare Without Sleep

Continued from pages 79-121-122

to me. I delayed an instant only, and then, passing, I turned abruptly to confront him. He stopped, looked up in surprise, raised up his arm to fend off the blow I was already threatening him with, and then I swung. Desperately I brought the bolo in a powerful arc to cleave with a crunch into his neck. I had aimed well; his head fell cleanly off. Hastily wiping the blood from the blade, I hurried back to my rooms, undressed, climbed into bed, fell asleep, and did not awake for a full eighteen hours.

I felt not the least remorse for what I had done; it was beyond my power to prevent. Ethics, under which the emotion of remorse must be categorized, inasmuch as it is the sentiment indicative of the consciousness that something wrong has been done, does not apply to acts which are without alternatives. The very concepts of right and wrong imply freedom of choice between two alternative ways of acting. I was without this freedom; what I did was all that there was to do. This I maintain neither to pardon myself nor to justify the deed but to state a simple fact. Just as the narcotic addict must periodically strengthen his potion to achieve the same transcendent calm, so I had been forced to administer myself a more powerful sleeping opiate, fearful sedative that it might seem to others. It is not given to any man, though, to deny physical laws and compulsions.

The Press played up the murder with its usual appetite. It developed that the murdered man was an old vendor of pencils and shoelaces who had become a well-known figure on the streets. The inefficiency of the police incited editorial rage, and while I followed these developments religiously the furor left me undisturbed. I was gradually regaining my health . . . until I began to lose sleep again two weeks later.

Faced with the dread, dark hours of fitful tossing and insane terror, I once more lost control of myself. Whatever scruples or conscience I had possessed were completely anaesthetized. I had become insensible to everyone and everything in my mad, frenzied desire for quiet sleep. Thus it was that I again went out one night with the bolo hidden beneath the folds of my overcoat. I tramped about until I discovered a tiny park with a convenient hiding place in the shrubbery. Stealthily I concealed myself. No one passed for almost an hour, but I was not for a moment restive. I relished the prolonged anticipation. Then I heard footsteps. Peering through the leaves, I made out the shining badge and glittering buttons of a policeman. Gripping the knife in two hands, I waited until he drew abreast of me, and then, uttering a gutteral noise, I sprang. He stood paralyzed, transfixed with fright. The blade whistled and bit, but the blow was unclean and slanted down into his body. He had made no effort to resist and now fell to the pavement without a sound. I wrenched the blade out and struck again, this time severing the head. Again I slept the sleep of the blessed.

This latest murder struck terror in the hearts of every citizen. Extra men were set on my trail; newspapers devoted full pages to the demoniacal deeds; people petitioned for police protection on the slightest of pretexts. The officers, on their side, mingled their indignation with a genuine fear of this unholy terror. As for me, a consciousness of further instability began to steal over me. I was infirm.

It was only a week after the last beheading that my illness returned. I trembled at what I might do as I took down the bolo from its hiding place, but proceeded to prepare myself, powerless to do otherwise. Slowly I made my way out of my room . . . along the corridor . . . down the elevator . . . through the lobby . . . and onto the street. Slowly I walked to the corner.

I was oblivious to everything about me now; my entire consciousness was focused upon one desire, one compelling need. I must feel the weight of the knife as it whirled toward the mark; I must hear the dull crunch of cold, sharp metal meeting warm, soft flesh; I must see the headless body collapse, the head fall and roll, the blood pour; I must experience the intensity and excitement of the act.

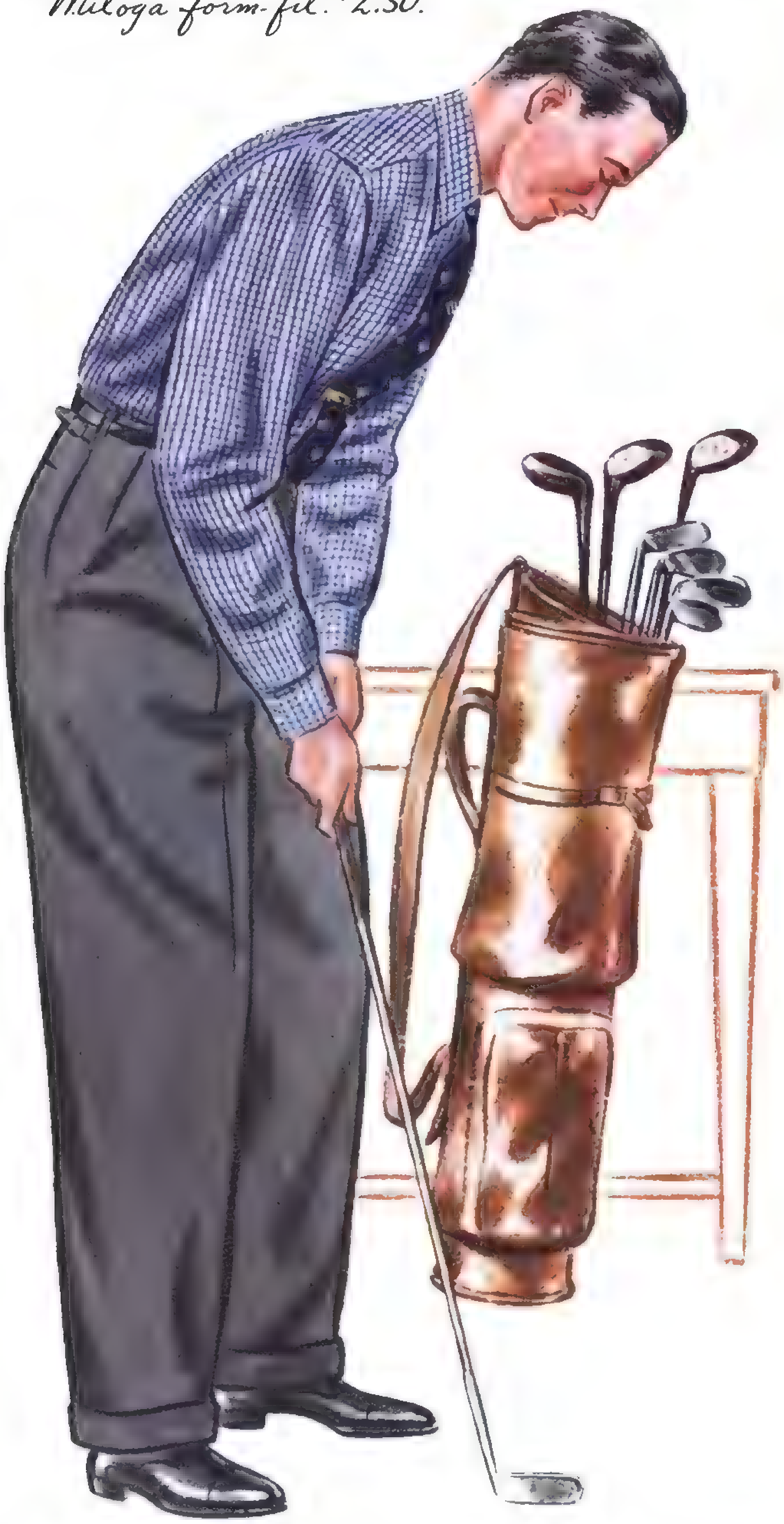
I hurried on to a spot which I had previously chosen in my mind. It was an alley near the business district, deserted, as I knew, at this time of night save for an occasional passerby. As I neared the place, my breath came with increasing difficulty. It was all I could do to control my emotions; I whimpered like a wounded pup.

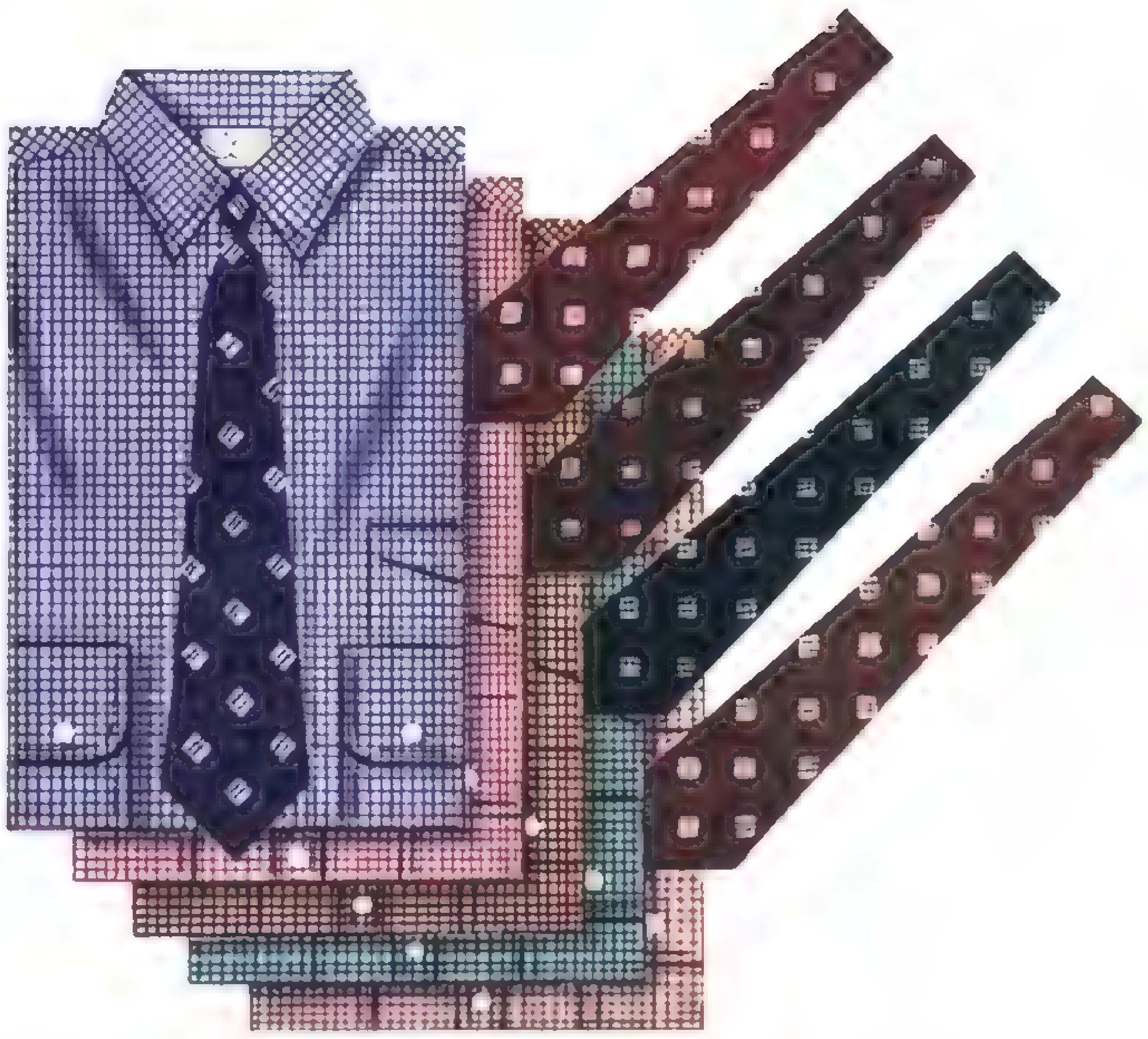
Five more steps would bring me to my hiding place: I heard nothing but the reverberations of my anxious footfalls. I rounded the corner into the alley, clutching the bolo.

What I saw there chilled me to the marrow; my heart ceased pumping and my circulatory system froze. I stood petrified, mouth agape, staring.

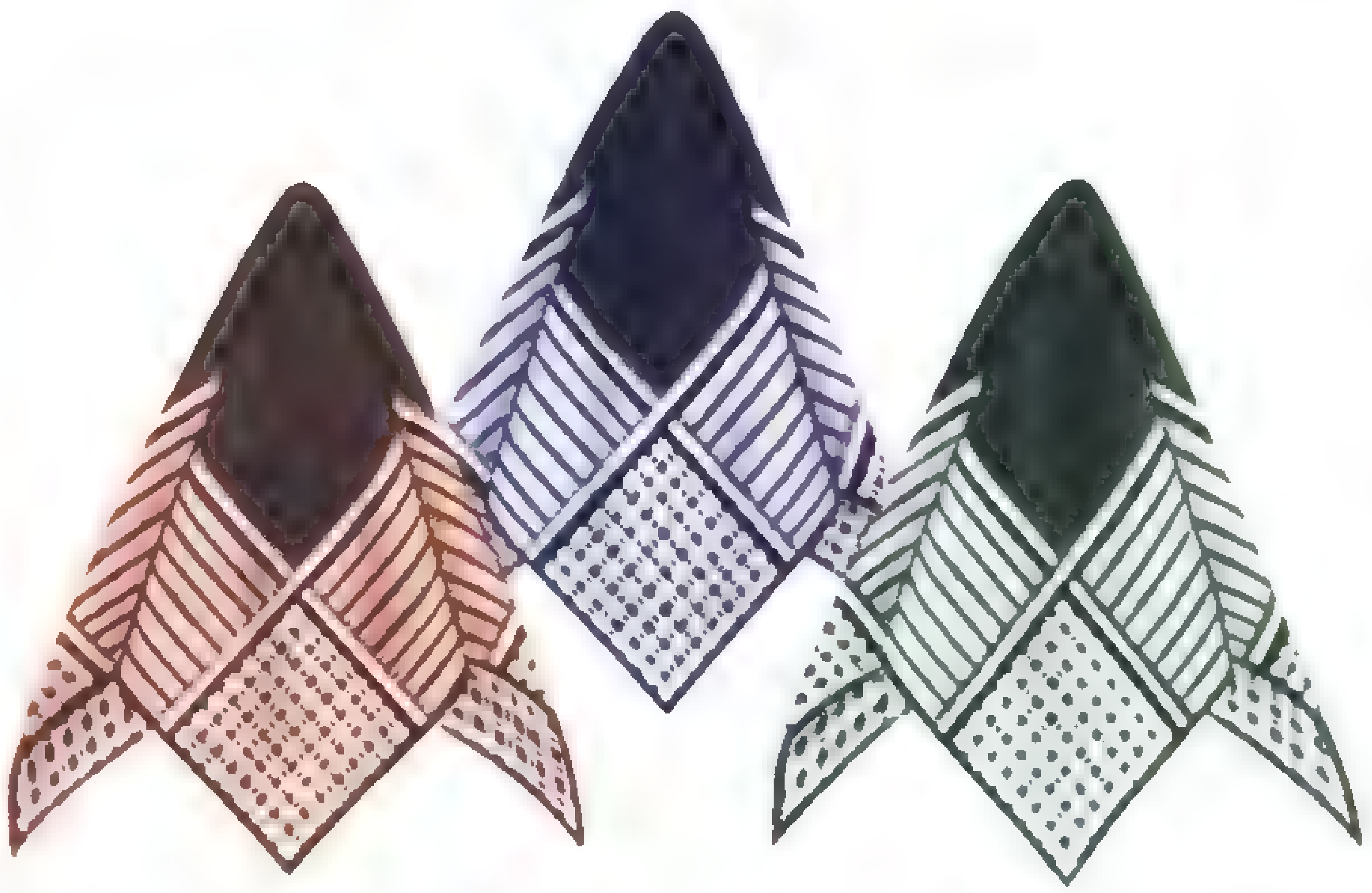
There on the dimly lighted street, floating, it seemed, in a running stream of blood, was a head, an old woman's head, eyes and mouth wide open and terror stamped into the features. In a shadow was the body, twisted into a grotesque position. The arteries had not yet emptied themselves. For minutes I stood. Then slowly . . . very slowly . . . the bolo slid from under my arm, falling finally with a ringing clatter upon the street. There was no other sound. #

Importance of pattern in men's clothes continues to grow. Arrow Tick Check shirts carry out this trend... in an unobtrusive, smart way. Sanforized. Mitoga form-fit. $2.50.

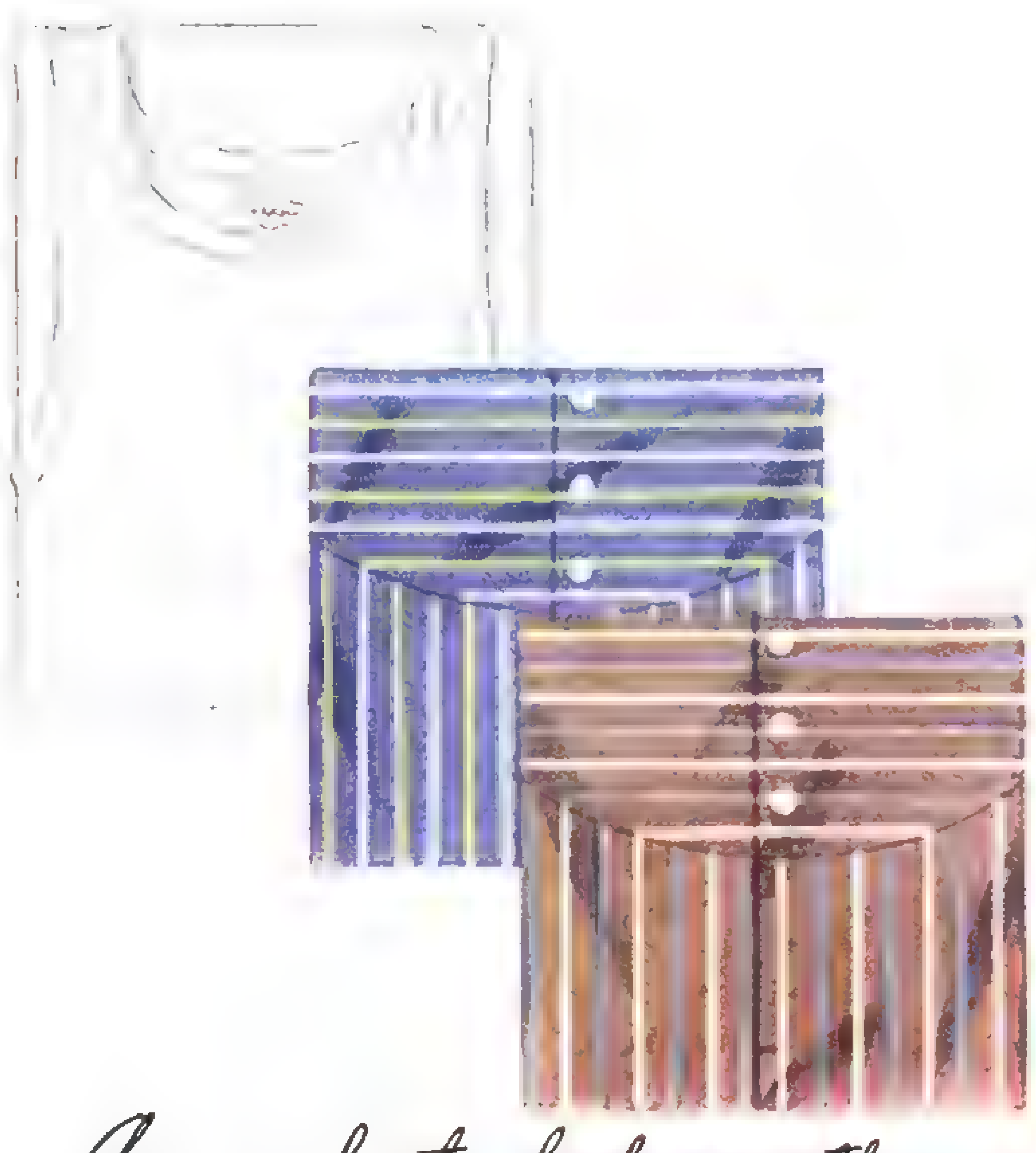




Arrow repeats the Tick Check of the shirt on a luxurious cravat. As a team, shirt and tie are perfect. Tie, $1.50.

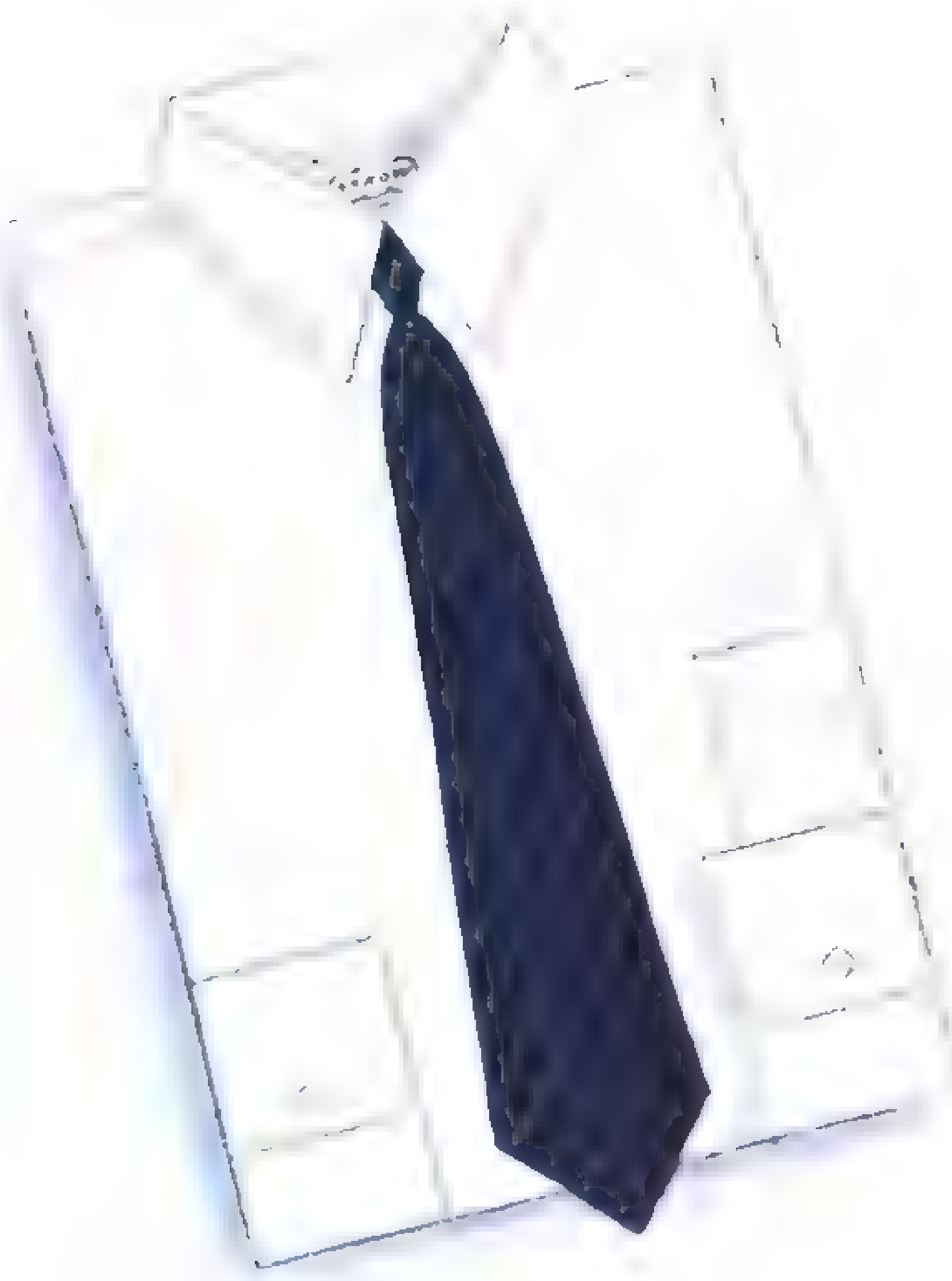


Look closely at the corner of these Arrow handkerchiefs and you'll see the Tick Check again. How's that for being thorough? 50¢



ARROW
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



The Aroset collar is Hitt's chief glory. Aroset is unstarched, yet lies trim as a starched collar till the curfew knells. Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. $2.

Arrow shorts lack something— that mean center seam which tortures your crotch in other underwear. Sanforized. 65¢ up. Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.

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Now see America

TO South America

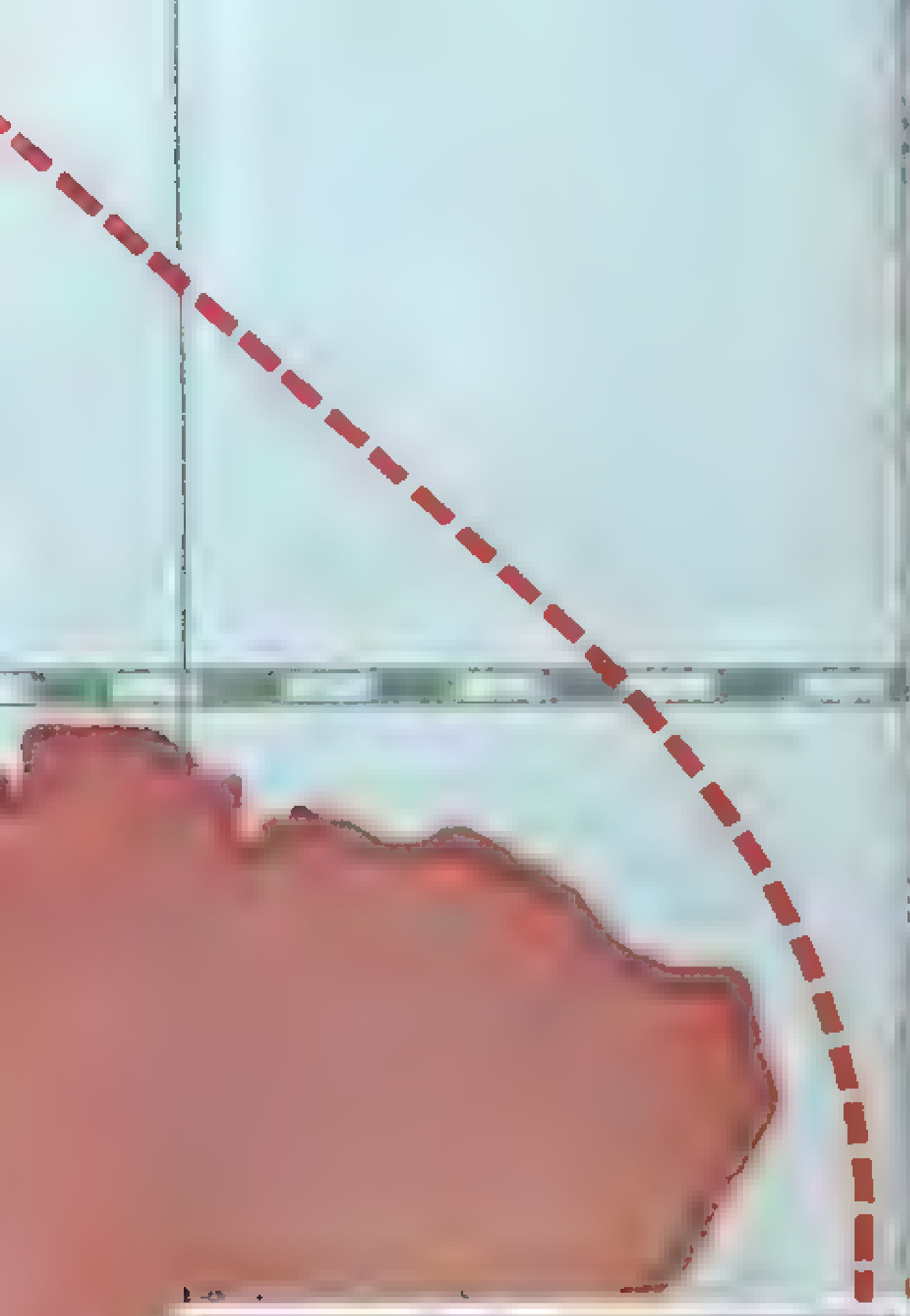
Modern Grace Line "Santa" ships sail to South America from New York every week—from California every other week. Cruises include 32 day trips to Lima, Peru; 39 day tours to Cuzco and the interior of Peru; 39 day cruises to Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile. Stop over privileges permit visits to the Chilean Lake Region and Buenos Aires. En route Panama Canal, Havana and 12 to 17 other Caribbean and South American cities. Connections at all ports with Pan American-Grace Airways (flying time Santiago to New York 4 days, from other points proportionately less).

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND California OR MEXICO CITY

Grace Line presents fortnightly cruises and rail-water trips between New York and California or Mexico City—the only cruises visiting en route Colombia, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, and, eastbound, Havana. These splendid Grace "Santa" ships offer all outside staterooms with private baths; outdoor, tiled swimming pools; light, airy dining rooms high up on promenade decks; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons and pre-release talking motion pictures. One of these luxurious Grace "Santas" sails every two weeks from New York and from San Francisco and Los Angeles.

FOR FULL INFORMATION, ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE, ITINERARIES, FARES AND ALL-EXPENSE CRUISES, CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR GRACE LINE, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, WASHINGTON, D. C., CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE

by Grace Line

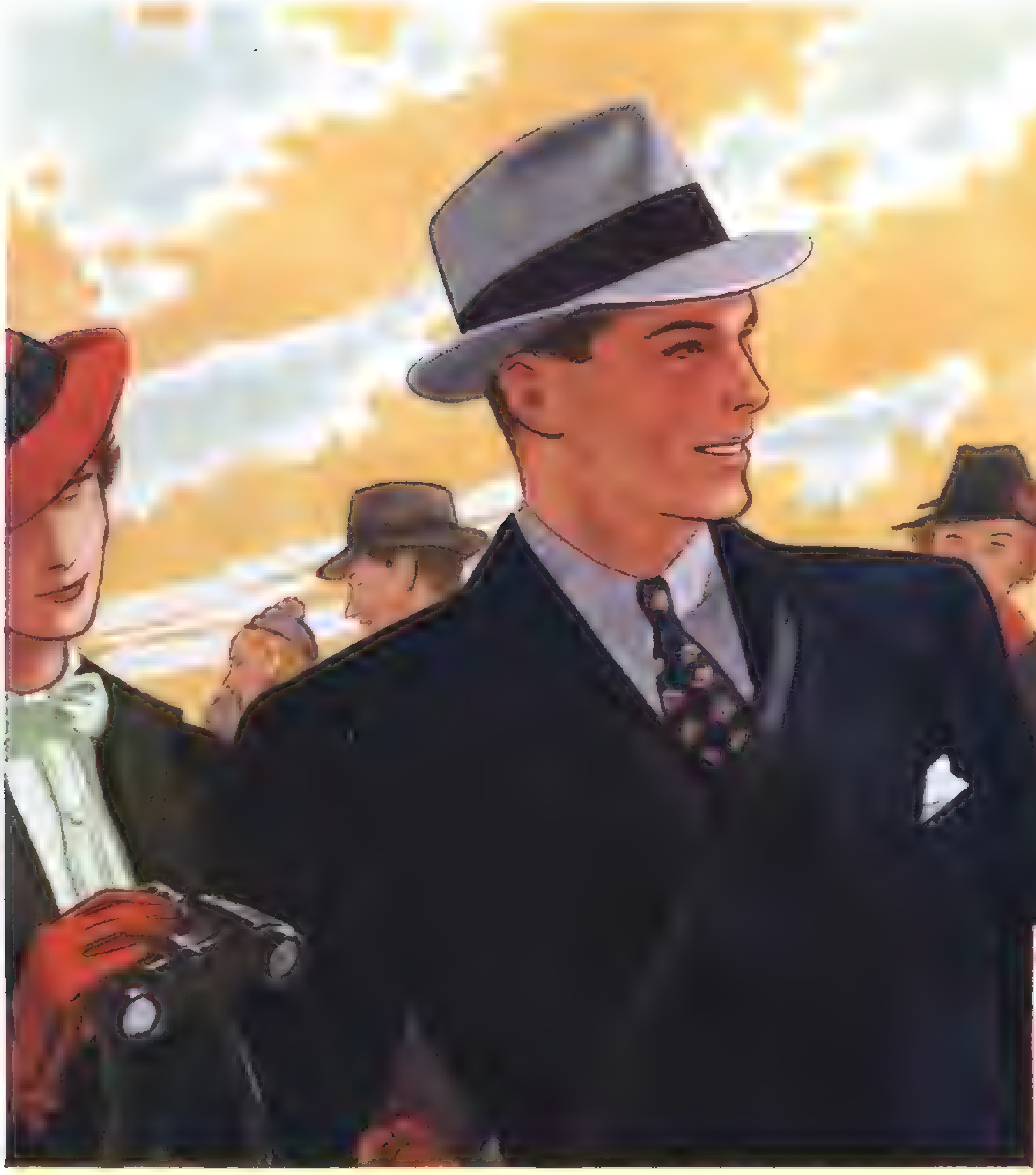


On Lake Todos Los Santos, Chilean Lake District—A natural color photograph made by Ivan Dmitri in October (springtime below the Equator where our seasons are reversed).

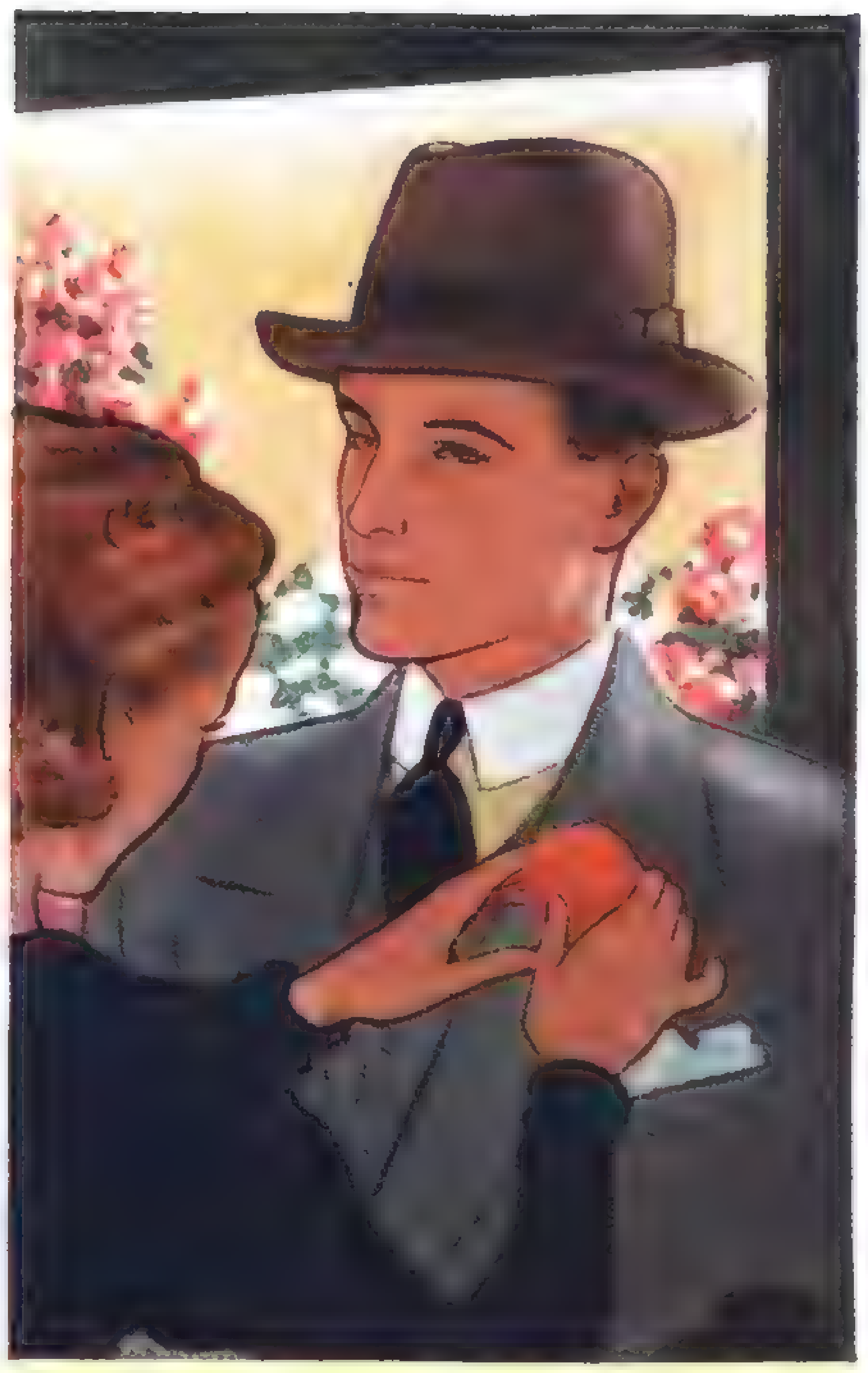
GRACE LINE

Modern Grace "Santa" liners visit Cartogena while en route between New York and California or Mexico City

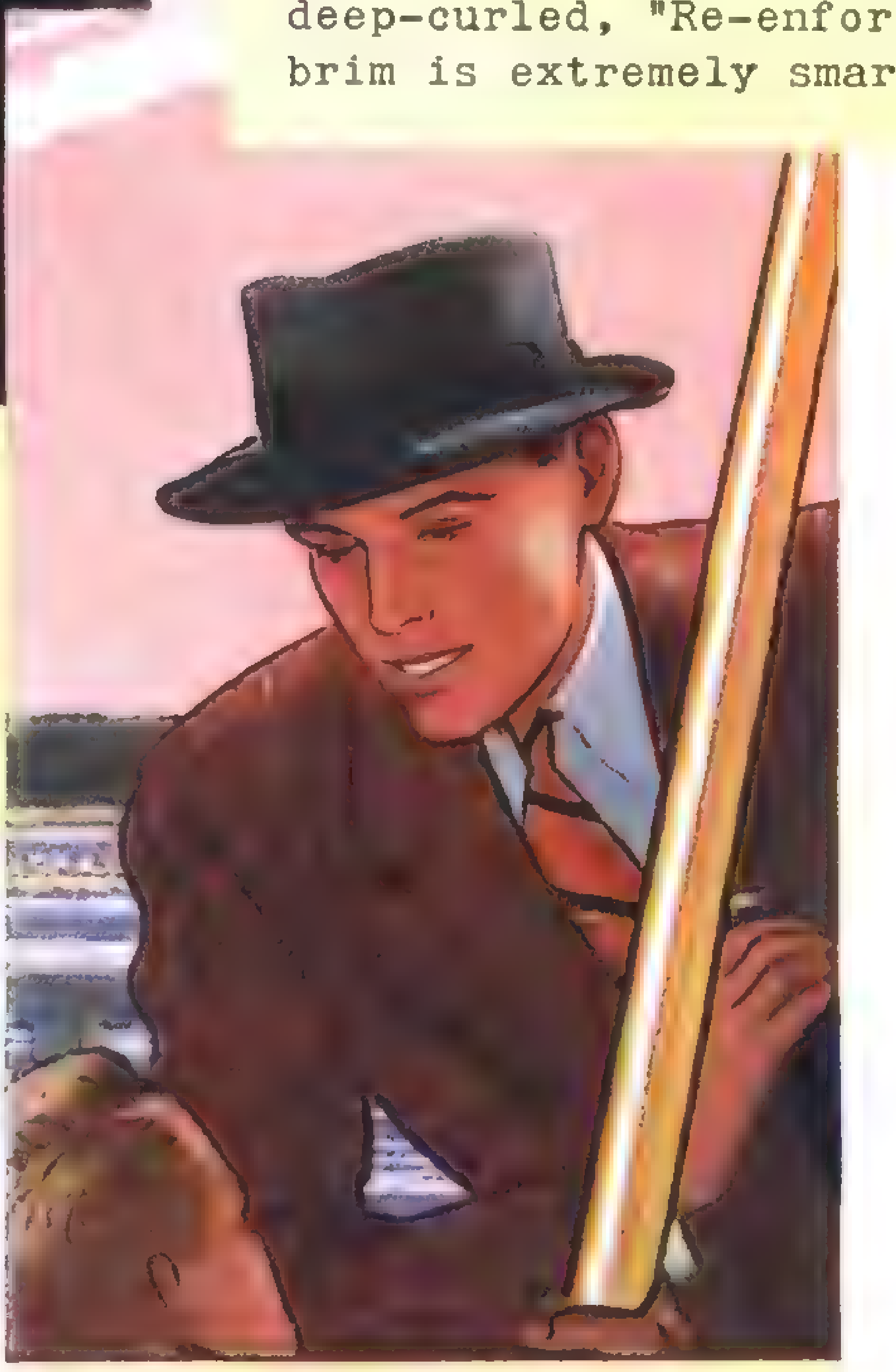
See yourself in all three!



INFORMAL WEAR...town to track and back to town again ...in a new "corded" snap-brim. See how smartly that low black band and light "corded" binding will contrast with your suit. Notice, too, that the brim has the new "forward snap." The hat to ask for is "Napier."



TOWN FORMALITY...flower in your buttonhole, Stetson's newest dish-brim on your head. This "Royal Stetsonian" with deep-curled, "Re-enforced" brim is extremely smart.



SPORTS...over the week-end in your tweeds... with Stetson's latest pork-pie to top them off. That low "blocky" bow is very special. Ask for "Ramsdell."

Choose your Stetsons as you do your clothes—appropriate to the occasions when they will be worn. There are Stetsons for every need —formal, business, sports—and each one is endowed with that famous Stetson ability to hold its smart style till the last day you wear it. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

STETSON HATS

Royal Stetsons, $10. Air-Light Stetsons, from $5. Other Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined, $7) to $40.

Every Opportunity

Continued from page 99

He caught the driver getting in from his last delivery and the driver took him in to see Mr. Blocker, the manager, and he got the job. Six in the morning until six at night. Half hour off for lunch. Sweep up in the morning and after lunch. Help run the machines when not making deliveries. Make himself generally useful. $14 per week.

He didn't think it was so hot but it beat a blank, anyway.

He ate a seventy-five cent chicken dinner that night at the Ritz, dropped in Tony's afterward for a few games of straight. His game was rusty. He quit and went down to the Tavern and tanked up on beer.

He hit the street again about twelve o'clock and began strolling, just looking at the night drift. It felt swell to be in the swirl again. He prowled through Theatre Square, paused a moment before the Mayfair. Two o'clock found him over on Prospect in front of the Ambassador Hotel. He could see the lights in the Terminal Tower. Cars passed. The trolley cut a new moon in half. A woman's voice behind him said: "Why, Goddamn! Why, *Goddamn!* A dollar? I ain't hungry." He threw back his head and laughed. *Home!*

A tall, angle-faced dame in a mannish suit parked a Buick coupe at the curb, stepped out. She stopped and watched him laugh.

Then she hooked her arm in his and said: "Let's get drunk and be somebody."

He said: "All right," quick, before she could change her mind. Then he added: "Let's be two people in a mattress ad."

She looked at him out of the corners of her eyes and her age dropped five years.

"Double Scotch and soda for two dry owls," she began.

He put the Scotch on top of the beer. It sent him. He retained vague impressions of her saying something about "variety in sex . . ." and ". . . take care of you so you won't have any worries . . ." and ". . . you're pretty but you're masculine, too."

He woke up in bed with her about ten the next morning in a third floor, four room walkup on 100th Street between Euclid and Carnegie. He dressed and hurried out without awaking her.

When he got to work Mr. Blocker gave him a lecture on the unemployment situation and docked him for half a day. All that afternoon he kept thinking of this dame on 100th Street. He guessed he had told her all about his being in prison. It made him a little ashamed.

As the alcohol drained from his brain he could remember more of what she had said. Two sentences stood out rigidly in his mind: "With eyes like yours, you'll give some woman a lot of worry some day; and I don't mind being that woman," and, "I'll take care of the parole. I know how." But he couldn't remember much of what had taken place. He got a queer feeling.

He told himself he'd have to stay away from her. The first thing he knew he would get picked up drunk, or in some questionable place, and be right back in prison.

He dropped by Tony's when he got off from work and got his parole papers, then went over to Mrs. Mulvaney's on 38th Street and contracted for room and board at $8 per week.

After writing a letter to the Parole Clerk, he started to a show. He had $1.42 left. He stopped at a bar on Chester and didn't get to the show. Things began going and coming, like slides in a still picture machine, after his sixth double shot . . . He was joking with the bartender about the horse and the darky in the Green River picture . . . He was staring at two girls in a booth . . . He was getting in a taxi . . . He was telling somebody that the taxi man was waiting for his fare . . .

It was twelve o'clock the next day when he awakened this time. The tall, angular dame snored gently at his side. She didn't look so squarish with her clothes off. Then he noticed a bottle of Scotch on the dresser. He got up and took a long swig, then looked at his face in the mirror. His eyes looked bloodshot. He had a feeling that she was watching him, but when he turned his head she appeared to be asleep.

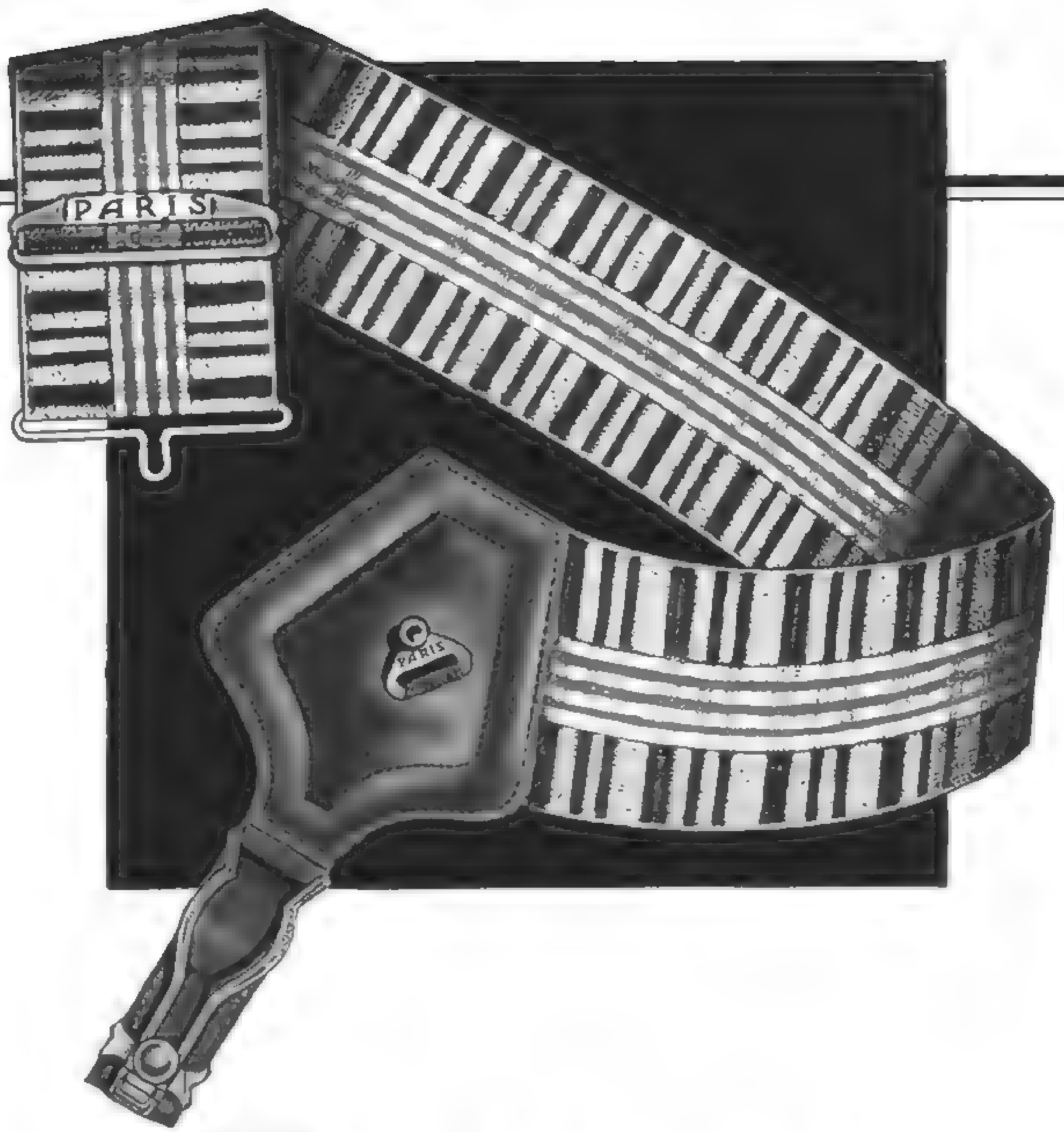
When he got to work that day Mr. Blocker gave him one dollar and dispensed with his services. Mrs. Mulvaney took his room and talked of having him jailed.

Along about five o'clock that afternoon Tony told him he'd rather he wouldn't hang around the place so much. He spread his hands. It was as much for his own good as for his, Tony's. The cops might see him in there and pick him up on a zoom. He spread his hands a little wider. People might see him in there and think he, Tony, kept a hangout for crooks.

He was pretty hungry by then. He decided to use fifty cents of his dollar for a dinner and the other fifty cents for carfare in locating another job. He rode out to Euclid and 105th Streets. That left him eighty-nine cents. He got four cents worth of peanuts from a penny slot machine. Then he started working the shops up toward Keith's, asking for a job in each one. The fourth place he tried was a restaurant. They needed a dishwasher. Twelve to eight. Two hours off. Ten to two. $8 per week. He was hired. The manager told him to report for work at ten that night.

He decided to wait until he went to work to eat. He'd get a few drinks and see a show. He

Continued at top of page 130



The BEST
at the price of the
NEXT BEST

The world's best garter is Paris.
The world says so in Paris sales.
It has, of course, many imitators.
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Your protection is the Paris package.
Look for the famous "Paris Kneeling Figure" on the package.
Substitutes cost the same price.
So, if you can get the best . . .
At the price of the next best . . .
We leave it to you: What's best?

At all Better Stores 50c *and up*

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GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

You'll also like Paris "Free Swing" Suspenders —and Paris Belts

A. STEIN & COMPANY
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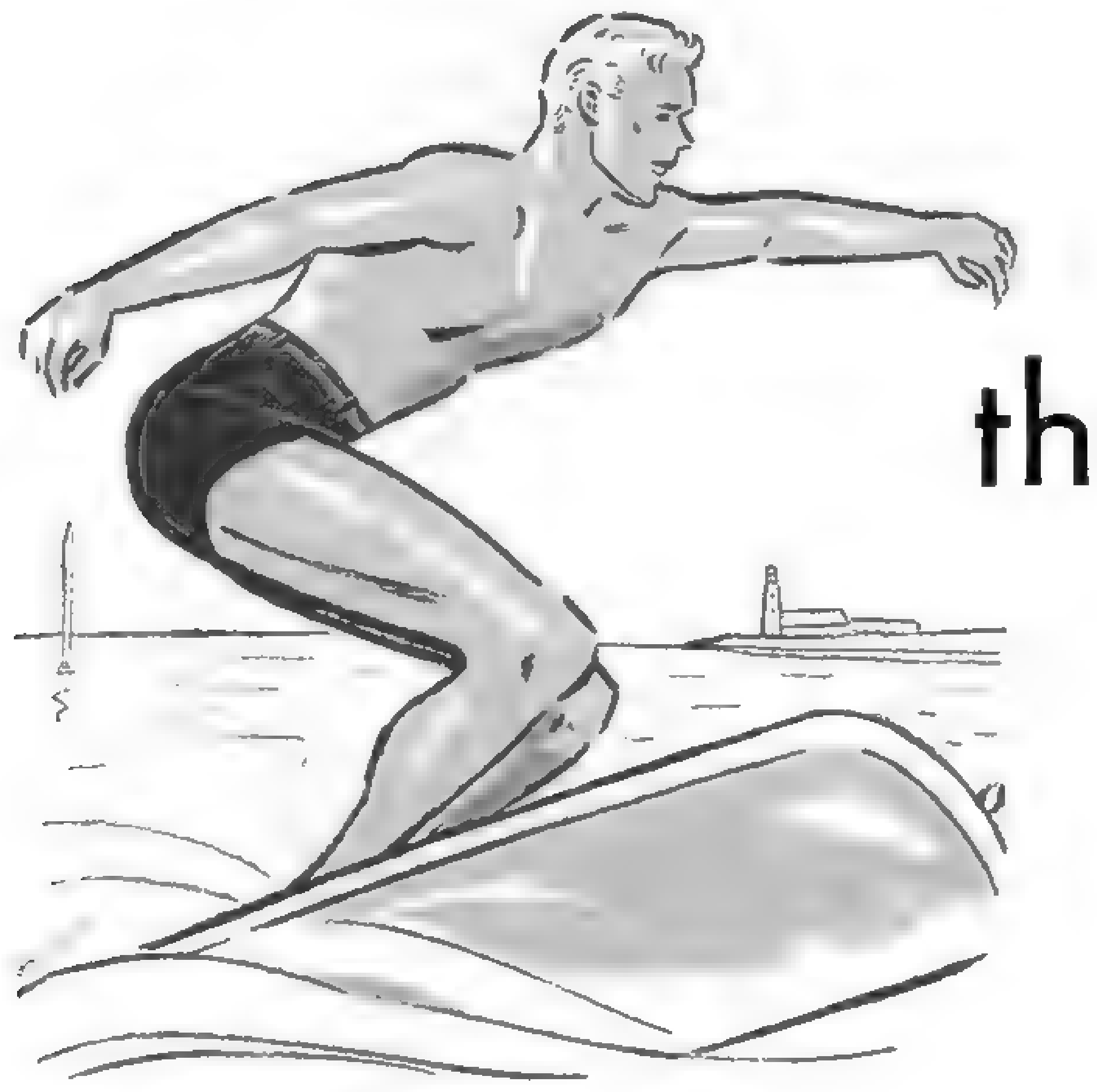
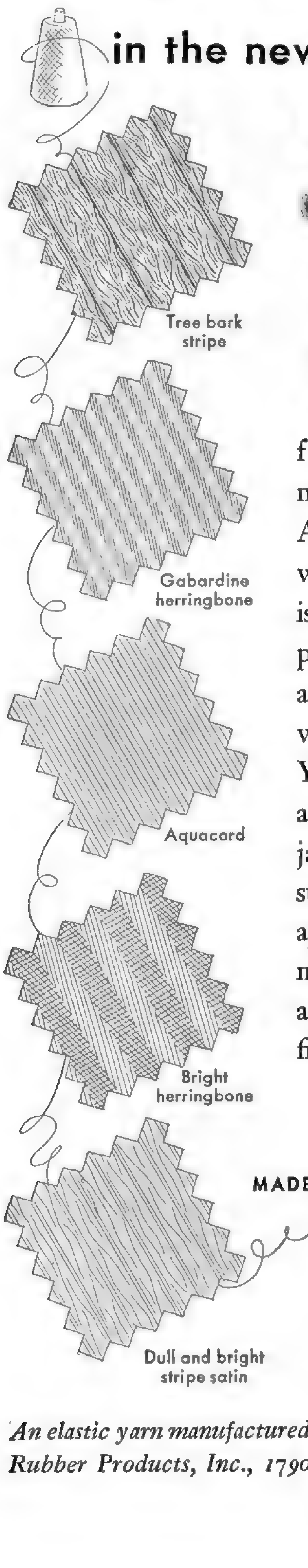
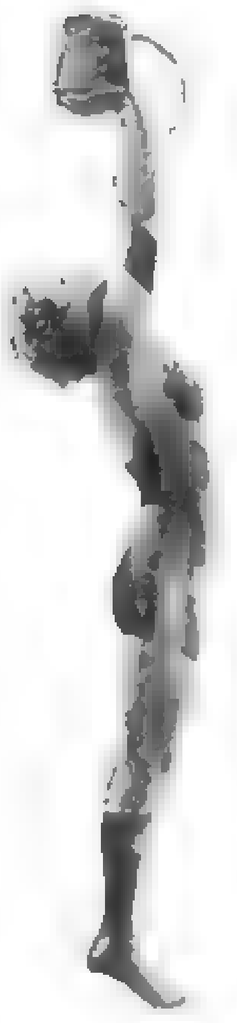
Perfect fit and comfort ride the waves with this elastic yarn



in the new woven water wear





They're sweeping the seas—the new men's bathing trunks, in woven fabrics made with "Lastex" yarn. Form-fitting for appearance sake and easy-breathing for comfort sake. All the leading makers of men's trunks feature these new woven fabrics, made with "Lastex" yarn, this season. And all the smart swimmers are wearing them. "Lastex," you know, is the elastic yarn which imparts a permanent and washable stretch to any type of woven or knitted fabric, whether silk, cotton, wool or rayon. You get a better value in fit, comfort and wear, in socks, underwear, pajamas, bathing trunks, in vest backs, suspenders, shoe laces, slacks, riding apparel and what not—when they're made with "Lastex." Ask for any apparel you want, made with benefit of "Lastex," at better stores.

MADE WITH Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City

Every Opportunity

Continued from pages 99-129

went over on Cedar, looking for cheap bars. A quarter after nine found him drinking doubles at the Douglas Club at 79th Street for fifteen cents a throw. He made the last one a triple, killing the eighty-five cents. He lingered over it, like parting from his true love. He contemplated its beautiful amber color. Like gazing into a crystal ball. He could see himself and the dame on 100th Street in Monte Carlo, drinking champagne. He could see them drinking Sherry in London. He could see them sipping Burgundy, or was it Benedictine?—in Paris.

He thought of his newly acquired job. Washing dishes. Certainly no job for a person of discriminating tastes. But alas, he was on parole. He must *take* every opportunity to succeed. Was that what the *Chief* had said? Or was it *make* every opportunity? He frowned, trying to recall the exact phrase.

In the ardor of his reflection, he forgot the time. It was nine-forty-five. He jumped up and hurried out. He went over to Carnegie, walked east. He staggered a little and the long, endless chain of headlights made him dizzy. He thought of the dame on 100th Street. She would have a bottle of whiskey on her dresser. Scotch! Good, old Scotch! She was something of a connoisseur, like himself.

He began to tell himself: "I better quit thinking about her and hurry on to work. I'll find myself right back in stir."

He walked faster. He could hear her voice, just as plain, saying: "I'll take care of the parole. I know how."

He walked faster still.

Christmas morning he said: "Oatmeal *again?*"

The hack heard him. The hack said: "Now don't start that bellyaching. You had every opportunity to be eatin' cake and chicken and—" #

Come and Get Hit

Continued from page 92

it when alone—with the second-best axe. His normal technique is to chop its head off, hold it up by the tail and remove the looser of the insides with the same motion a teamster uses when he cracks a whip.

If it is a trout, it now is ready for the pan. If it is a scaly fish, he prefers to drop it momentarily into a pail of boiling water, so he can rub scales, skin and all off with a single sweep of the palm and pluck out the fins as though they were the leaves of a well-steamed artichoke. He has a frying pan over the fire with some luke-warm grease in it. He now either rolls the pieces of fish in flour or cornmeal or he does not, and tosses them toward the pan. Most of the pieces hit the pan and stay there. An occasional piece misses and falls into the fire or the ashes. It is not a bad idea to grab this and stick it in your shirt. Before Jacques gets through with the fish in the pan, it may come in handy: you can take it to bed with you and eat it under cover of darkness.

The frying pan, however, does not reign supreme in the North. It does in the West, where water is scarce and kettles hard to pack, but in the well-watered forests the nest of telescoping pails is standard equipment. Boiled fish are common fare: it separates the flesh from the bones, and, if the cook is an Indian or half-breed, his mouth is watering at the prospect of boiled fish heads—especially the eyes. The Indian, in fact, is inclined to boil everything that comes along, whether it's good to eat or not.

Your guide also knows the secrets of baking. Good biscuits, up in the woods, depend for success on Jean's ability to work your appetite up to a state in which it will flinch at nothing. Then flour is mixed with baking powder or sourdough, shortening is sometimes worked in, and the lumps of dough placed in a reflector oven or a tilted frying pan or anything else that's handy, including the pail used for washing dishes—and hands, face and underwear—and cooked until Jean thinks they are hard enough to eat. They are. On the outside.

The guide, you see, has ideas about food that are different from yours. I never have been a licensed guide, but I have cooked hundred of meals, thousands of meals, outdoors. I have cooked for fire-fighting crews as well as for myself and partner or guests, and I am fairly fancy, in a plain way.

I never have seen the time yet I wouldn't trade—or any of my contemporaries wouldn't trade—the entire larder, including fish or fowl you can wrap in clay if you want to, flapjacks that have been turned over ever so many times in the air, and biscuits that either will melt in your mouth or melt it, for one large-size can of peaches, any standard brand.

The blind spot possessed by the American male on the loose in respect to Pierre's cooking is nothing compared to the blind spot he reserves for appreciation of his own efforts. It may be that at home the only time he ever sees the kitchen is when the front door is locked, but once in khaki jeans and lacking a shave he is just a damned old *cuisinier des bois*.

If your prospective camping partner begins to show a fiendish interest in the food supply, if he frequently describes the coups he expects to execute at the campfire, the remedy is to hunt another

Continued on page 132

Round out your Spring wardrobe with these new WILSON *Shirts*

Here's an inside tip about an important new trend in shirts: Colors and patterns are quieting down—just a little. Wilson has supplied your favorite store with a handsome group of shirts in the new spirit. Misty backgrounds with clever shadow stripes and checks are featured. And they're V-shaped to do away with unnecessary waistline bulk. . . . Stock your shirt drawer with a few of these new shirts and you're all set to face spring and summer with a well-groomed bosom.

Bonus Checks . . . tailored from fine end-and-end Madras. The background is misty blue, tan, green, grey or wine—striped in white and crossed with a triple shadow stripe. Right for campus, business or sport wear. $2. (*Silk Rep Tie*, $1.)

Crown Stripes . . . woven into fine broadcloth. A neat pattern that's right for all informal occasions. Choice of blue, tan, green, grey and maroon. $2. (*Congo Cloth Tie*, $1.)

New . . . *Iridescent Stripes* against a Madras background of misty blue, tan, green, grey or wine. Especially good for wear with light-colored summer clothes. $2. (*Congo Cloth Tie*, $1.)

Copr. 1937, Wilson Brothers

FEATURING
WILSON'S NEW
OBAN
COLLAR

1—Smooth and seamless. Band and collar are one continuous piece of material.

2—Permanent roll front adds smartness. Natural fold line adds extra durability.

3—Everlastingly smooth. A new advanced process gives the OBAN a crisp freshness all day long and prevents "blistering" no matter how often the shirt is laundered.

Now featured by
leading men's wear stores
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WILSON BROTHERS CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO
Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Nobelt Super Shorts, Skipper Sportwear, Buffer Hose, Wilson Neckwear

Sta-Smooth Innersoles
FEATURED EXCLUSIVELY IN
BOSTONIAN De Luxe SHOES

A Modern Step forward in shoe luxury. Soft glove-like leather-bound innersoles...flexible and shape-holding. A surface underfoot that stays smooth and can never crack, curl nor lump-up. Found exclusively in Bostonian DeLuxe Shoes. $\$8^{75}$ to $\$10$

THE MARBRIDGE... *Quarter Brogue Oxford Cretan or Black Luxura Calf*

Come and Get Hit

Continued from pages 92-130

partner. He will not make a good partner because, first, he will want to get fancy and try to invent new processes, and secondly he will get madder than hell if you don't eat it all up.

The amateur camp cook is carried away, his judgment befuddled, by the fact that the things he cooks have a certain resemblance to the actual article at which he is aiming. The fact that his biscuits have about the same shape as other biscuits, that his fried fish comes up with an odor somewhat like that of other fried fish, leaves him in a hypnotic trance. The soft, doughy centers of his biscuits don't register on his consciousness, nor do the calfskin flapjacks, nor the duck he has baked in what he thought was clay. The only novice I ever knew who accurately rated his contribution to the table was a chap who spent an hour over the coffee. "A good cup of coffee," he said when he had finished, "will wash down anything." He was right. It *will* wash down anything. In all too many cases it has to, and I have seen the time when it has had to wash down even itself.

It is generally understood that in the more highly organized centers of pine-forest cooking, such as lumber camps, the food that is served approaches a certain bucolic, he-man perfection both in quantity and quality. The reading public is led to believe that when it's time to come and get it, the tables are heaped with all the bounty of nature converted into fancy form through a knowledge of cooking entirely foreign to the less hardy cooks of the cities. I have gulped my share of this grub. I have poured corn syrup, once removed from vaseline, over flapjacks not quite once removed from flour. I have eaten doughnuts browned all the way through and pies browned only in the center. I have swallowed plenty of oatmeal lost in its own soup, and salt pork and bacon of which every slice pictured the entire history of man's use of fire: no fire at the beginning, medium fire in the middle, and incineration after all.

But the outdoor appetite needs no curry. When the belly really is empty and the muscles screaming for sustenance, the human mind does not dwell long on spices and wine sauce and capers. It is bent on refueling, and its only extraneous interest is in trying to avoid biting the fingers. This is not so easy as it sounds, under the intense competitive conditions which prevail in the ordinary lumber camp. With a man-eater on each side of you and one directly opposite, you have to avoid not only your own fingers but foreign ones as well, and the pity of it all is that this works both ways. It takes delicate control. Among rank novices, the right index finger usually is the first to go.

Yet so satisfying is this experience that I have seen more than one white, adult American male, his stomach crammed with dough and grease, go back to the cookhouse and, with the education of his wife in mind, soberly ask for recipes from astonished, inarticulate cooks who he thought should be in the Waldorf but who I knew should be in the Tombs.

This idea of trying to recapture the charm of forest meals by imitating the technique in the family kitchen not only is hopeless but often is downright tragic. What you really want to reproduce is your appetite. This, under modern conditions, is difficult. I once witnessed such an effort on the part of an operator of a large Western dude ranch, who should have known better. This ranch, with an eye cocked on business for the coming season, gave a party for its mailing list at a fashionable Chicago hotel. The idea was that they would set up the old chuck wagon in the banquet hall and the ranch hands would dish up the same old chow, the kind the guests had enjoyed and raved about in the mountains.

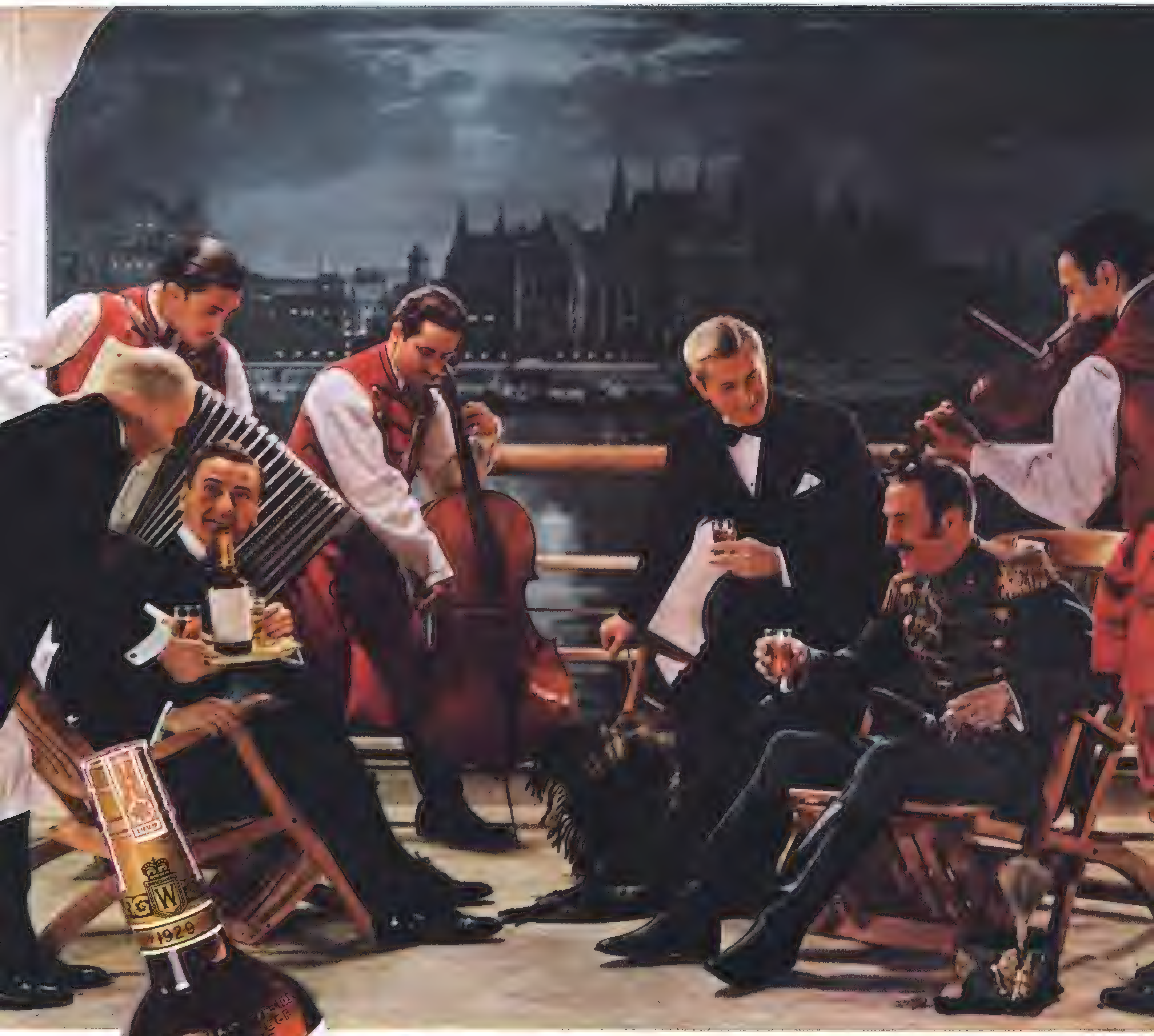
The idea caught hold on sight and the response was enthusiastic. The guests arrived, mouths dripping, dressed in the interpretations of cowboy regalia they had worn last summer at the ranch. Potbellied cowhands with grey moustaches, giggling cowgirls with remarkably stable legs, swarmed around the chuck wagon and yipped and yummed and boasted to each other of the great quantities of food they were about to consume. They had a hell of a swell time, just thinking about it.

It was well they had their fun in advance. They attacked the camp victuals with a roar, but the roar wore off. Every time a tin plate, still loaded, was pushed under a couch it bumped into another one already there. The innocent drapery masked little piles of sandwiches, hastily tossed. The crowd of happy dudes began to thin, and the beaneries of the neighborhood began to do a fine, steady business in viands entirely foreign to the vast sweep of American outdoors west of the Mississippi river. The party was a bust and the chuck wagon had failed, as chuck wagons will when they try to operate within sight of a railroad.

If vacation food flops badly when taken out of its natural element and placed in competition with the store variety, the reverse is not necessarily true. Take the case of Hendrick Van Loon, about whom Mr. O. O. McIntyre, the columnist, currently writes. Mr. Van Loon, says he, frequently motors to a tiny fishing village, buys a tin of sardines and crackers and wanders out on a pier end to munch and reflect.

And there, dear reader, let us leave the smart Mr. Van Loon. #

EZ A PÁLINKA BUDAPESTEN IS KAPHATÓ *


1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

Ambassador
of good will
to
87 countries

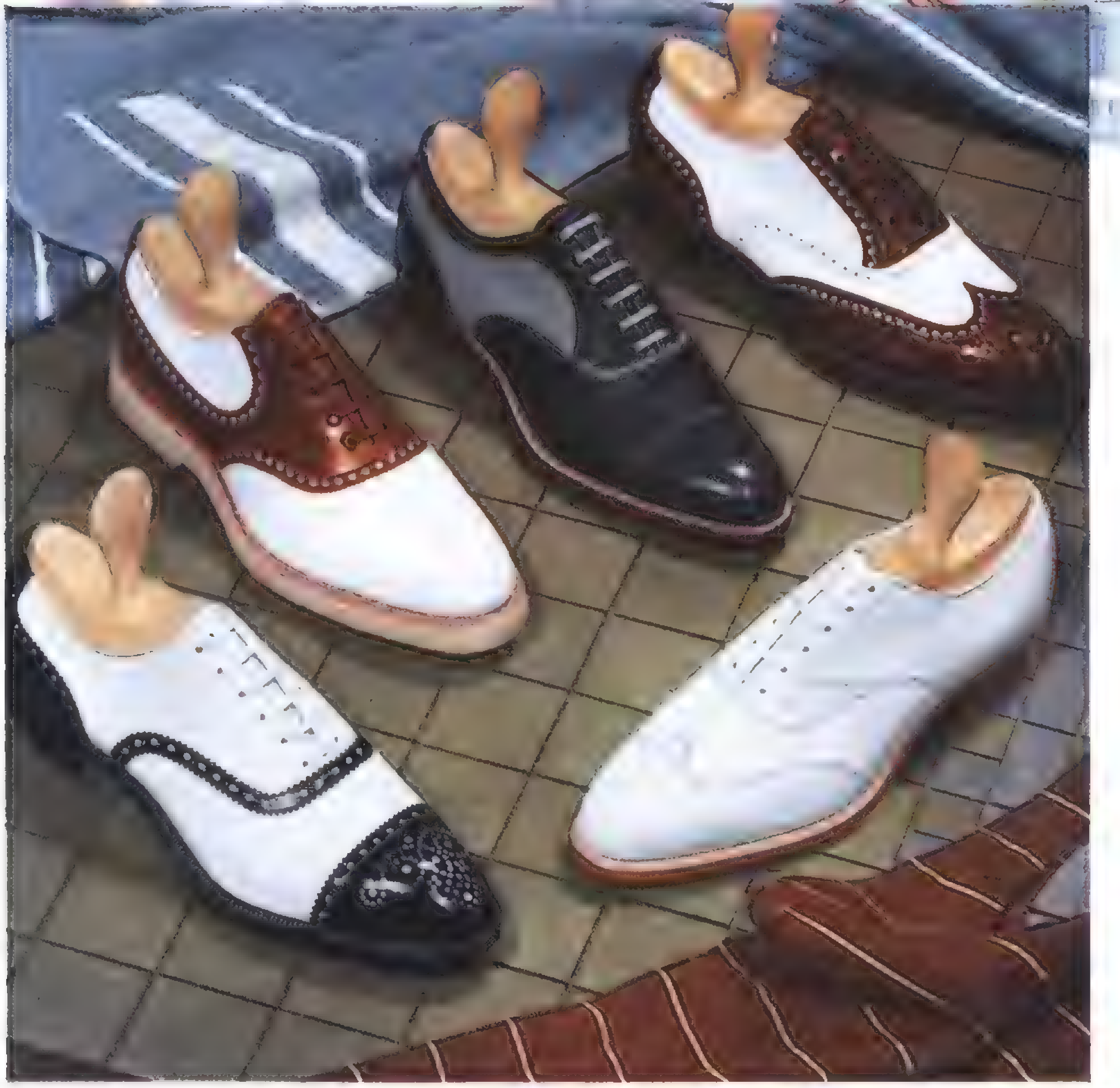
* EVEN IN BUDAPEST YOU WILL FIND THIS WHISKY...

"Budapest," writes C. L. Comstock of Nantucket, "is one city I wouldn't want to miss—only it isn't one city, but two. The beautiful blue Danube flows right through it! And the favorite delicacy of both halves isn't gulyás, but good old Yankee-style corn-on-the-cob! Nor is this the only Yankee custom. On the Promenade Ship on the Danube I was served 'Canadian Club'! I had to look twice to convince myself we weren't on the Sound! But I had to sip only once to recognize the smooth flavor of this welcome friend from home!"

If you've an eye for quality, look for the name Hiram Walker. In rye or bourbon —rich, or mild and mellow—there's a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at leading clubs, bars and hotels.... Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois and Walkerville, Ontario.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD. 90.4 PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"



JARMAN STYLE IS THE NEW STYLE

They're timed to the minute to be correct with the new Spring and Summer outfits. That's why these new Jarman styles are getting the call from well-dressed men. For your sports wear, for business, and for formal occasions, Jarman designers have created footwear to harmonize with the subtly-shaded fabrics so right for the coming season. The Harris (worn by the chap with the stop watch) is shown in the lower right hand corner. It's of Genuine White Buffalo, an unusually smart new leather. The five style leaders pictured here—and others—have now reached your Jarman dealer. If you can't locate him, we'll be glad to send you his name and address. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn. *Division of General Shoe Corp.*

Jarman

$5 FRIENDLY SHOES

CUSTOM SHOES $6.50

MOST STYLES

Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones

Continued from page 83

But don't pull your punches. So long.

Henry Weinberger
Care of the
General John J. Pershing Hospital
Bismarck, Texas
P.S.—The grub here is bum.

Dear sir:

I am a little colored boy of eleven years of age. My teacher has given you to me for an essay. Will you please quick send me your photograph and the story of your life and tell me what you wrote and what it is like. Please have it here Thursday because I got to write my essay Friday.

Respectfully yours,
Wash Montgomery
11 Front Street,
Montgomery, Ala.

Personal! This is Fan Mail! Please read!

Why do you use the word "required"? "Requireder" is more euphemistic. E. M. L.
(No address)

Dear sir:

The Brotherhood of St. Herbert of the Small Flower is about to send two of the Brothers to Mexico to study the situation as it exists there. Naturally, this involves heavy costs. Contributions would be appreciated, at this time.

Sincerely yours,
H. J. Donnely, S.J.
New York City

Señor J. Aloysius Jones, Esq.
Dear and honored sir:

Knowing extensively your interest in Mexico, his people and social problems, and being fully assured of your humanitarian sentiments, we, on behalf of the welfare of civilization, request you to write angry in the American press against the priests. The churches are beginning to open here again. We request that you demand, in the press of your great free country, that the great Government of the United States intervene in Mexico, and send an armed force down here, and make justice done.

Respectfully yours
Enrique Diaz Montega
President of the Guadalajara
League of Free Thinkers

Dear Mr. Jones:

Are you breathing pure air? Clean air? Cool air? Air that is good for you? If not, telephone us. We are here for service.

Loyally yours,
Hendrickson
Air-Conditioning Co.
Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Jones, Jr.
Honored sir:

Respectful greetings.

I have learned that your venerable father died recently. When he comed to Japan I was always his guide in visiting art, of which your venerable father was very attached. He often told me how wonderful interpreter I am. He loved me very muchly.

I am sure he did not forget me in his will. Please send money at once. Tourist-trade bad this year. If you do not send money at once, will hire big San Francisco lawyer to persecute you.

Respectfully yours,
Tako Takoshima
Licensed Guide,
Yokohama, Japan

Mr. Jones:

I hear you are a great poet. Now, will you tell me how to bring up my children. Eddie is so bad. I beat him and beat him today, and it hardly did any good. And Eddie is the same—I mean, old Eddie, his papa. Eddie goes out every evening and gets drunk. And Margaret, why, she does things I wouldn't mention. Why she actually goes out on the road and actually pulls up her skirt right in front of automobiles that are going by and says to them—"Look! See what I have!" Please tell me what to do, because I know you are a great poet, Mr. Jones. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. James Olds
Mission Ridge, Kan.

Dear sir:

The Japanese League to Preserve Peace in Asia is soliciting funds to continue their campaign of education among the Chinese. A new cruiser, to be named *The Dove*, is urgently required. The kind aid of foreign friends is requested.

Sincerely yours,
Lt. Gen. Mitsumoto Hayashi
Minister of Education,
Tokyo, Japan

Dear sir:

It is understood that you are a great American writer who is sympathetic to Communism. You are hereby invited to visit Russia—the land of Dostoevsky and Gorky—all your expenses to be paid by the Soviet Government. You will be permitted to see all the things that we consider most notable. One of our notable authors will be assigned to you as guide and to help you in writing your impressions.

Respectfully,
Boris Artzibashef
Director of Propaganda, Moscow

Dear sir:

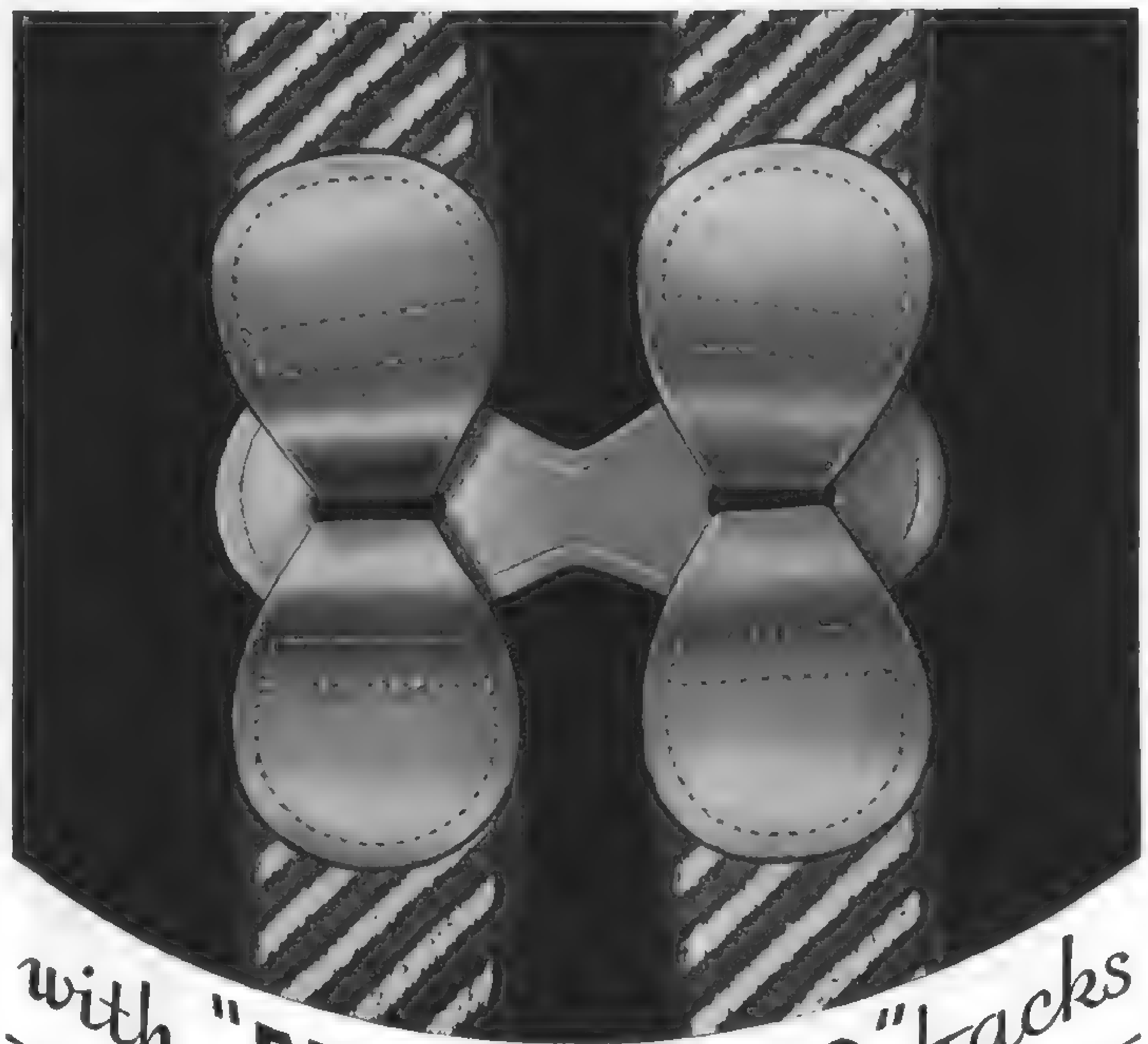
It is understood that you are a great American writer who is sympathetic to Fascism. You are hereby invited to visit Italy—the land of Dante and D'Annunzio—all your expenses to be paid by the Fascist Government. You will be permitted to see all the things that we consider most notable. One of our notable authors will be assigned to you as guide and to help you in writing your impressions.

A salute to you!

Rudolpho Cappelli
Director of Propaganda, Rome

Continued on page 136

PARIS
SUSPENDERS



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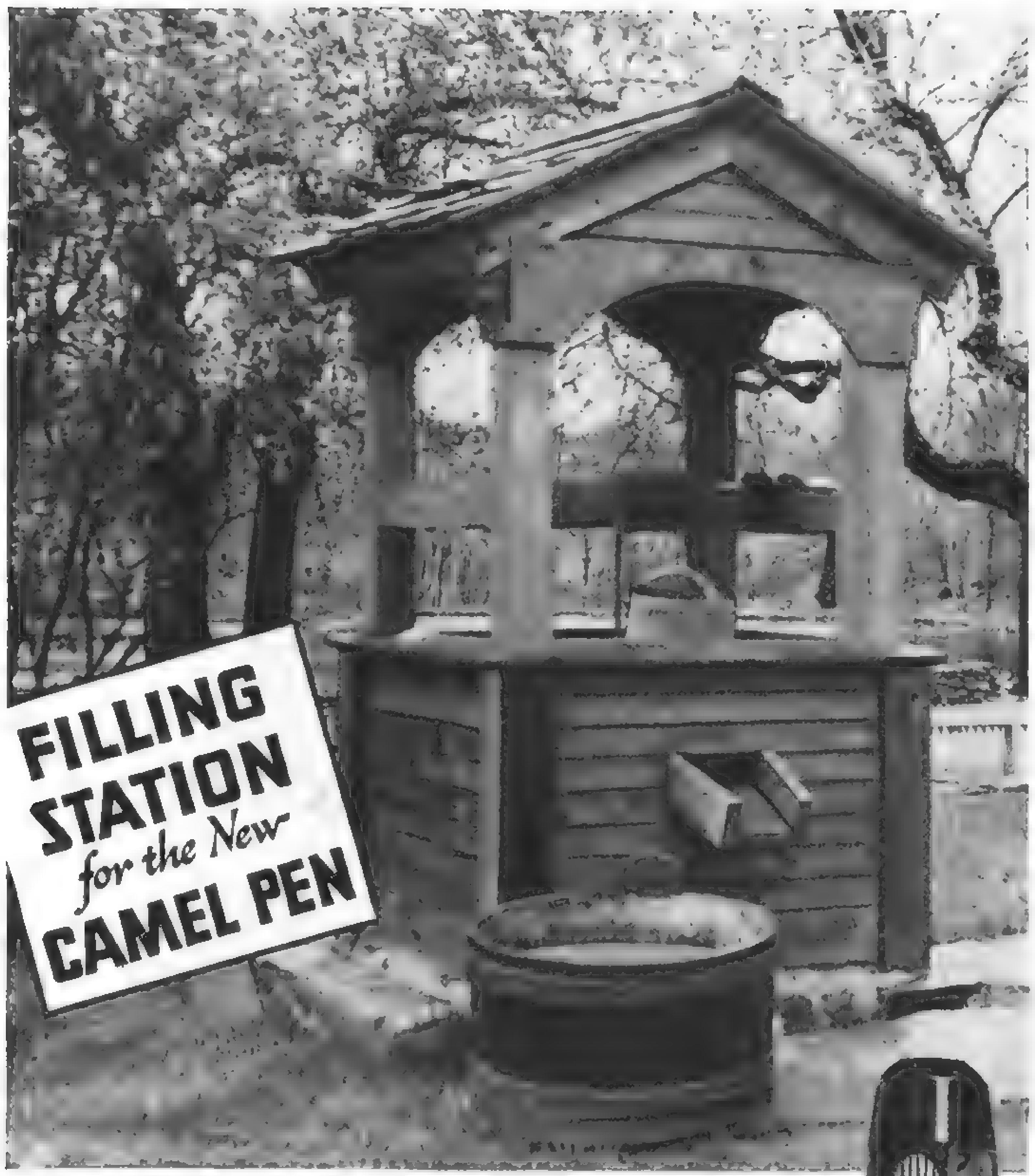

YES, INDEED! If the occasion should arise, you *could* fill your Camel Pen right out of the old oaken bucket!

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THE CAMEL PEN
Fill with water - write with ink

Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones

Continued from pages 83-135

Dear sir:

It is understood that you are a great American writer who is sympathetic to Deutschland über Alles. You are hereby invited to visit Germany—the land of Schiller and Goethe—all your expenses to be paid by the German Government. You will be permitted to see all the things that we consider notable. One of our notable authors will be assigned to you as guide and to help you in writing your impressions.

Heil Hitler!

Dr. Lax
Director of Propaganda, Berlin

Dear Mr. Jones:

I am in the painful situation of having to choose, before October, a suitable subject for the thesis which I must present next June for my Doctor's degree at Columbia. As you doubtless know, most of the interesting subjects have been used up in previous theses—so I am in a quandary.

Having just read your poem in the *Weekly Humanist*, I got an idea, and I hope I may have your permission to use it. I believe that I could write a very important doctoral thesis on *The Sources of the Rhyme-schemes of John Aloysius Jones*. That would lead me straight back to Shakespeare, Petrarch, and many other rich sources of material.

I hope I may have your consent.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Emily Strick, M.A.
Department of English,
Columbia University,
New York City

Dear Mr. Jones:

Too bad that all your writing is so obvious. A half-witted nigger could understand it. You say "The quiet moon came out from tattered clouds." Why not say "The mooney moon came out from cloudy clouds?" That would be poetry. Why don't you study Gertrude Stein?

Sincerely yours,
Oscar Mink
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear friend:

A great poet said: "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." Is it possible to say more? Is not all poetry already written in that line? Why write?

Sincerely yours,
H. K. Partridge
Honolulu

Dear sir:

The nature of your poem in the *Weekly Humanist* convinces us that you would be interested in subscribing for our unique service—which is offered only to lawyers, doctors, authors, and clergymen of mature years. We require a sworn statement from each of our subscribers that he is a serious person and is not interested in pornography.

For the small sum of $12.00, we send our subscribers, once each week for a year, a loan-volume of the choicest and most startling erotica. The Love-life of Savages, Scenes from the Harem, Prostitution in Siam, and Female Infatuation with Apes in the Congo are only a few suggestions of the thousands of titles on our shelves. Many of the books are illustrated with actual photographs. The books are sent by express, in plain wrappers.

By remitting at once, you will save $8.00, for next week our subscription-price will have to be raised to $20.00.

Yours truly,
The Hunting Horn Publ. Co.
New York City

Dear Mr. Jones:

I am asking a number of distinguished persons to assist me in a cause in which I am deeply interested. It is the "League for the Establishment of Orders of Nobility in the United States." You will at once appreciate the merits of this great project when I call your attention to how much more dignified "Baron Jones" would sound than the present mere "Mr." Next week I am holding in my apartment a sale to provide funds for the League. Will you please send me autographed, first-edition copies of all your books. I understand you have written fifteen. If it is not asking too much, I should like to have you send *two* copies of each, so that I can keep one of each for my collection of modern poets which I am just starting.

Gratefully yours,
Grace Hamilton Mayne
(Mrs. Stanley Fish Mayne)
300 Park Avenue, New York City

Dear sir:

How do you know you can't write? Others are making big money in their spare time. Send $1.00 for our complete course of instruction. Tells you just how to crash the big magazines.

Author's Mutual League
Kernville, N. J.

Dear Mr. Jones:

I am asking the leading poets of America and England to enter a competition which I am organizing. It has long been my feeling that a rhymed version of *The Song of Songs which is Solomon's*, in the stanza-form of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* would be a desirable addition to our literature. So I am offering a prize, of One Hundred Dollars and an inscribed copy of my book of poems *The Violet in Subway*, to the successful competitor. I will be the judge.

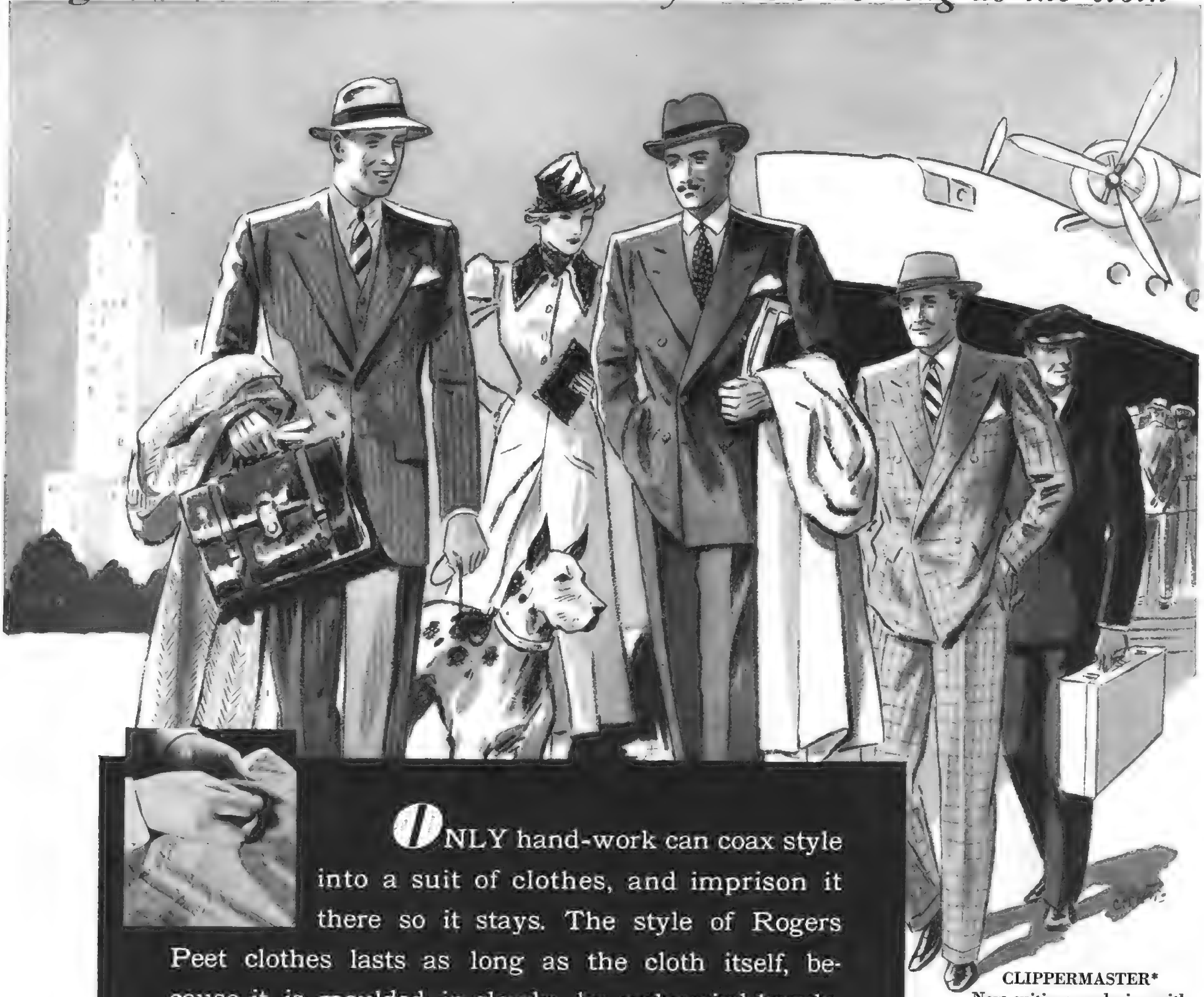
Manuscripts must be in my hands before midnight, October first.

Cordially yours,
Mary Margaret Watts
(Pen-name, "Heloise d'Harcourt")
300 Park Avenue, New York City

P.S.—I have not yet received the entries of Mr. Masefield, Mr.

Continued on page 138

Rogers Peet Clothes—*"their style lasts as long as the cloth"*



ONLY hand-work can coax style into a suit of clothes, and imprison it there so it stays. The style of Rogers Peet clothes lasts as long as the cloth itself, because it is moulded in slowly, by unhurried hands. Throughout its entire life your suit fits you with its original smartness and comfort. It retains its well-tailored lines. With Rogers Peet clothes you feel well dressed even after a suit is months, or years, old.

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TO YOU

When your barber suggests a Kreml tonic, you can thank your lucky stars that he *is* acting on a selfish motive. He wants to help you keep your hair. The bald-headed man gives him blessed little business with the clipper and shears.

Don't let this happen to you! If you have dandruff, if your comb shows traces of falling hair, ask your druggist for a bottle of Kreml and start using it every day at home. Ask for the new Kreml scalp treatment every time you see your barber.

For removing dandruff, for checking falling hair, stimulating and cleansing the scalp and lending lustrous new life to the hair—Kreml enjoys the most spectacular success in America today. Kreml is also an excellent dressing—not sticky or greasy, yet keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, find they love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the hair, especially after permanents.

KREML *now greatly reduced in price*

REMOVES DANDRUFF • CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY • MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones

Continued from pages 83-135-136

Yeats or Mr. Jeffers—but you can see that the standard is going to be high. So do your best!

Dear Mr. Jones:

We have noted with great interest your admirable poem in the *Weekly Humanist.* We wonder if you have not perhaps on hand a considerable number of manuscripts, and whether the time has not now arrived for you to issue your first book.

Our admiration for your little poem is so sincere that we can almost assure you in advance that your book, if submitted to us, would be accepted for immediate publication.

Since books of so high a class do not always make an immediate success with the undiscerning public, we would suggest that it might be only fair that you help us carry the burden of the initial cost of publication. Your share would probably not be more than about $800.00 for the First Edition of 300 copies. Of course, this initial investment would be repaid to you many times over in the royalties accruing from the subsequent editions.

Please let us hear from you by return mail—for we are holding open our already-crowded Autumn Announcement until we receive your confirmation.

Cordially yours,
The Elite Publishing Co.
by—Samuel Hand, Pres.

Hello, Old Boiled Owl! Very nice poem. You're learning how to write! Keep it up: our ship has not yet sunk, in spite of all the rotters in the world. You've heard about that stiff upper lip, haven't you—as you Americans say. Possibly if we keep on there will come a day when I won't be ashamed of you—or you of me. I wrote a goodish poem yesterday. It's about Chesterton. I'm heartbroken over his death. You have no idea how generous he was to me.

Love forever!
Rupert
9 Parham Street, WC. 2,
London, England

Dear Mr. Jones:

We enclose check for $10.00 in payment for your poem *Cabbages, Also, Are Things.*

Sincerely yours,
The Weekly Humanist
by Katharine Beale,
Associate Editor

New York Telephone Co.
to
John A. Jones, Dr.

Monthly rental..........	$12.00
Tolls to New York City...	8.15
TOTAL........	$20.15

My dear Nephew:

I saw a recent poem of yours copied in the Pasadena *Chronicle* from the *Weekly Humanist.* Would you do your old aunt a favor: would you write and explain to me what it is about? I always follow your career with loving interest, and, old as I am, I would hate to miss anything that was going on in the world.

Affectionately, as ever,
Your Aunt Clara
Pasadena, Cal.

P.S.—What a nice boy you were when you were nine!

Mr. Jones:

Your School Tax this year is $80.10. You explained to me last year that you hadn't no children, and I explained to you that it makes no difference. I hope you understand.

Respectfully,
Mrs. Clarence Van Buren
School Tax Collector for Union District

The editors have read your manuscript with great interest, but do not find that it is suited to their present needs. This does not imply anything discouraging. We hope to see more of your work.

Cordially yours,
The Big Bough Magazine

J. A. Jones, Esq.
Dear sir:

We have already informed you in detail that nothing can be salvaged from the estate of your father, the late W. H. Jones.

As shown by the enclosed documents, the Federal Government insists upon the immediate payment of the inheritance tax, as it was assessed two years ago. They are correct in their contention that the subsequent depreciation of the property is no valid reason for a re-appraisal. The total amount of the tax is $19,341.62—of which your personal share is $4,835.43.

We shall be glad to receive your certified check for this amount, in order that the matter may be settled at once.

Yours truly,
Smith, McCarthy, Schmidt and Van der Veer
Attorneys at Law,
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear sir or madam:

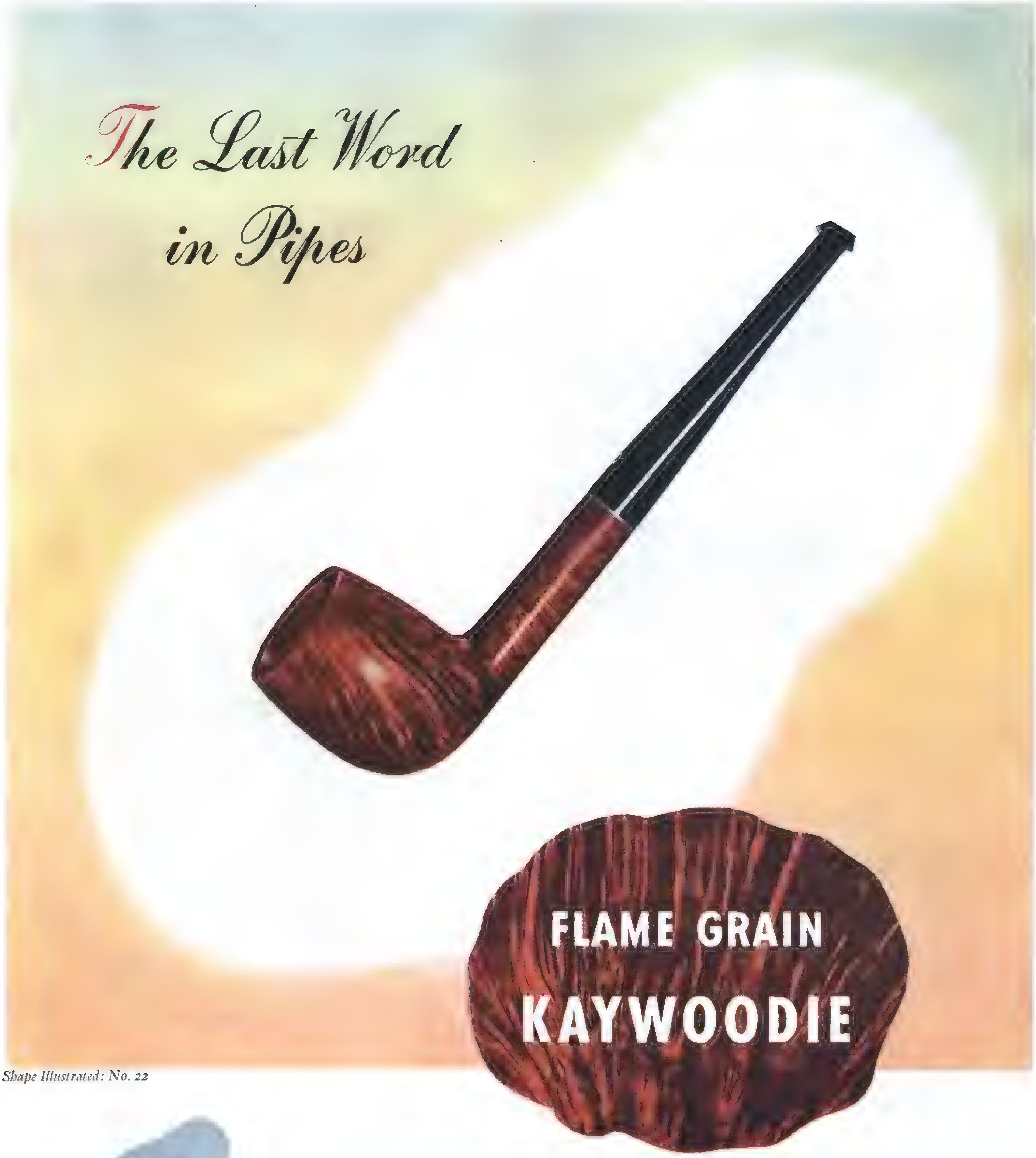
The Piney Gulf Sanatorium offers a quiet, restful home for nerves that are overstrained by the tensions of modern life. Beautiful surroundings. Good food. Refined companionship. Rates reasonable. Two psychiatrists in constant attendance, night and day.

Yours truly,
H. M. Marsh, M.D.
Director

Dear sir:

As is perhaps known to you if you have seen our advertising in the Albany papers, we are able to proudly boast that we are the leaders in our line in Northern New York. Our motto is "Service at any cost!" and we go anywhere, anytime, in any weather. We also have lady-professionals—for we

Continued at top of page 141



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We will supply names of dealers near you who have Flame Grain Kaywoodies for your inspection. Write our New York office, International Bldg., Radio City.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK *and* LONDON

Now you pipe-smokers can boast! You've listened to the art buyers, the collectors of rare editions, the ceramic fanciers. Now, it's your turn—with Flame Grain Kaywoodie—the most beautiful thing in wood.

Flame Grain Kaywoodie, like the true and perfect Oriental pearl, is *found*—not made. It can't be copied. It's nature's classic in wood—deeply, exquisitely thumb-printed by Mother Nature, herself. Nothing else has such variety, purity and beauty of "grain pattern." It takes more than a hundred years—and as many as four hundred years—of rugged growth in the high mountains of Greece and on the wind-swept Mediterranean slopes—to produce Flame Grain Kaywoodie. And every Flame Grain, like every thumb-print, is an Individual.

A man may own a score—a hundred—good pipes but until he owns a Flame Grain Kaywoodie—*something is missing.* How can you be happy until you own "the last word" in pipes!

NOTE

Perhaps among five thousand picked bowls of age-old briar, there'll be *eight* or *nine* Flame Grain—a dozen, if the luck is good. We are the largest makers of pipes and use millions of briar blocks a year. Only such vast quantities make it possible for us to offer you Flame Grain Kaywoodie for $10.

In London
Dark Clothes
Town or Country
Rainy Weather
Country Week Ends
And Travel
Dining Dancing
and Theatre
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and Garden Parties
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HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DRESS and ACCESSORIES
FOR a GENTLEMAN ATTENDING
THE
Coronation
OF
HIS MAJESTY
GEORGE VI
The Flagon
The Saltcellar
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The Spurs
The Gloves
The Ampulla
Leslie Saalburg

Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones

Continued from pages 83-135-136-138

have found that this touch of refinement is appreciated by our patrons. Our charges are as reasonable as the high class of our service permits.

Hoping to have the pleasure of serving you, we remain

Fraternally yours,
Frank B. Rouse and Sons
Morticians

Dear sir:

In view of the inevitable rise in the value of real-estate due to the inflation, we would suggest that this is an opportune time to select a nice plot for future occupancy. Please come soon, for the demand is very heavy in these days.

Yours truly,
Hillburg Cemetery Assn.
Hillburg, N. Y.

* * *

This, as they say in novels, is "The End." There you are, gentlemen. That is all of my April first mail, except a few bills, circulars and newspapers. The war has not yet started in Europe, so I suppose we should all be happy. But I am not. I am just waiting until they come with the ambulance or with the hearse to take me away. I don't care which. I really don't care. ⋕

Paul Bunyan—Golfer

Continued from page 69

of the Detroit Tigers and Jimmy Dykes of the Chicago White Sox. Ice water flows through their veins in a crisis, and the more money that's on the line the cooler they get."

That's true in any field. Some guys do their best when it's a labor of love and some when there's money on the line and the mosta of the besta goes to the money-players who approach life's problems with no soft spots in their armor.

The nearest approach to such a player as Montague was the old time trick shot billiard expert. Charlie Peterson of St. Louis, for instance, could play any trick shot made and beat any man in the business, any man but a top money player like Hoppe. Hoppe learned three-cushion billiards from Peterson and then took the world's stiff shirt away, Peterson's included.

Montague is like that in golf. He lives and earns. If there's money involved, he'll play eagles and birdies wherever the stakes are biggest. I asked him why he didn't win a couple of "opens" just to get his skill into the record. He said he wasn't interested enough to play in a tournament five days running.

No, he's hardly interested in records. On the Pebble Beach Course, world famous for its beauty and difficulty, Montague once reached the eighteenth green with two putts left for a 66 and a new course record. Instead of holing the ball, he reached down and picked it up and walked off. He wasn't interested in records anyway, was his only explanation.

His specialty is out-sharking sharks when the game goes fishy. His many trick bets often bring up arguments when the pay-off comes. His most potent trouble-settlers are two enormous fists backed up by something better than two hundred pounds of hard muscles.

"The bet was fair," he will say. "Now pay me, sire, or I'll break your goddamned neck."

He usually collects pronto.

He was approached on one occasion by one of those fishy-eyed guys who carry a deck of aces up their sleeve and a heart as weak as a pullet's under their vest.

"Where you've got it on us, Monty, is in your drive," he said.

"All right," says Johnny. "I'll play you a hole for a thousand bucks and swap balls after the drive."

The other man agreed. Montague, leading off with the driving, sent his ball over three hundred yards down the fairway with a tremendous whack. The shark teed up and deliberately dubbed his drive for about ten or fifteen feet.

Montague took the shark's ball and got 320 yards on his brassie shot, but even so the shark came in one stroke under Monty.

"I don't like to get beat this way," said Johnny calmly. "What do you say to playing another hole for—two thousand bucks under the same conditions? We'll change balls after the drive, same as this time. Maybe my luck will change."

"Okay," said the shark.

This time he was afraid to top his ball, so he made a fair drive about 150 yards.

When Montague came to bat, he very carefully teed his ball as if he were going to drive it 300 yards and give the guy this hole too. Then he stepped up, got his position, and drove his ball with the wind for about 375 yards—but it was in the opposite direction from the green they were playing for.

"Now pay me," he said to the shark. "Or I'll break you in two."

The shark paid off.

But he has a reputation for square-shooting so long as his opponents keep on the level. He will play with anybody and bet any denominations on any points of the game. He doesn't mind playing with dubs even, and will give them their own handicap so long as it is at all reasonable. With Lakeside's par at seventy Montague gave Jack Oakie a handicap of sixty-five strokes and beat him twice.

Of tremendous strength, in actuality as well as legend, he is easily capable of hoisting an aver-

Continued on page 142

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GO FARTHER
BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

● Whether you ride a sleek, purring town car or just a "good-old-bus," Quaker State is your kind of oil. It is one luxury that draws no class distinction. The rich use it because they don't care what their oil costs as long as it is the best. The thrifty use it because they can't afford to be buying oil all the time. Quaker State wears longer because it is *all* oil. The exclusive refining process takes out the "light-ends" . . . gives you an *"extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."* Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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"Hello Old Man!

. . . get yourself a Barbasol Face"

Barbasol does to your face what it takes to make the ladies want to touch it.

Barbasol not only gives you the smoothest, sweetest shave of your life.

It also keeps your skin soft to feel, young and handsome to look at.

And that's the beauty of Barbasol—no harshness to bite the skin. No dry, tight feeling after the shave.

Being a wonderful cream—no brush, no lather, no rub-in—Barbasol soothes and refreshes your face like the cool kiss of dawn.

If you have never tried Barbasol, buy a tube, use it for two solid weeks, and note how much smoother and younger your skin looks.

Then you'll understand why Barbasol is favored by millions of men—why Barbasol is America's fastest-selling shaving cream. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And for 15¢, five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving
Barbasol
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PRIZES FOR GOOD GUESSERS

Are you good at guessing? If you are you may win any one of the valuable prizes given away every week—a new automobile, big money prizes, hundreds of $3 Barbasol Razors. Absolutely free to enter, takes only a few seconds to do. Simply guess a number, that's all. For details, tune in Singin' Sam (NBC Blue Network) every Friday evening. See your paper for time.

Paul Bunyan—Golfer

Continued from pages 69-141

age man without bending his elbows. Lakeside once suspended him for heaving a fellow member over the bar in a little tiff.

George Bancroft, strong man of the films, made the mistake of questioning Montague's physical prowess once. It was in the Lakeside locker room. As if it were much ado about nothing, Monty seized the film player, bundled him struggling into a locker and turned the key. No one had any desire to bring his strength to bar after that.

But when he came upon a man in Hollywood who was demonstrating his strength by jiggling the front end of a light car off of the ground, Montague ogled him scornfully and reached down and hoisted the front end of a Lincoln eight inches above the sod.

Even at Lakeside he remains a mystery man. As a mystery man he is accepted. No fellow member is interested in prying too closely into Monty's personal affairs. There are rumors, of course, plenty of them. He is commonly credited with having a hidden gold or silver mine in the desert as fabulously rich as Death Valley Scotty's. It is definitely known that he drops mysteriously out of sight from time to time and no one knows where he goes.

So just where reality ceases and legend sets in no one knows, unless his friend, Oliver Hardy, does. And Oliver Hardy has nothing to say about Johnny Montague.

But Johnny knows among other things the character of a legend from its peasant birth till it becomes enobled as enduring literature. Sprout an anecdote and leave the story-tellers to make an epic of it. Keep quiet and let the poets do the work. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, kept quiet and shunned publicity; he became the most famous flier in the world, although there's plenty of guys who can fly circles around him. And when Johnny Montague pulled off a few stunts that made the peasants gap, retired to his Scotch and soda, and refused to be interviewed, he became folklore around the nineteenth hole.

There is no doubt that he is a tremendous golfer. Grantland Rice was in dead earnest when he said the national amateur championship tournament in golf would not be won by the best man because Johnny Montague wasn't playing in it. Mysterious Montague had no need of loving cups when he could have a library of legends woven around him. Paul Bunyan didn't go in for medals either. He waited until the peasants built a statue of him so big they had to use a pine log for his moustache.

So when Johnny took his 18 ounce driver and in five strokes drove a golf ball for a distance that varies in every account from a quarter of a mile to a whole mile (a member of Lakeside who says he saw Montague do it swears to me it was a mile) the press thought it was news, and cameramen went out to mug him. When they snapped him, Montague politely asked for the negatives and tore them up and let it be known that he was not for publication. The gentlemen of the press went home with a better story. Here was a man of tremendous feats who for some reason shunned publicity. Mysterious Montague was born, and Paul Bunyan frowned with apprehension amongst the temples of Valhalla.

It is an old Garbo tale, and it's as old as civilization. One by one the scholars slay all of our heroes, all of those they can find out anything about. Bill Shakespeare had enough sense to put all of his work into his plays and keep his biography under cover, and look what's happened. A couple of centuries of scholars have been reading themselves blind trying to find out who Shakespeare slept with on the night of August 3, 1603, and they still don't know who he slept with, and his plays are still best-sellers.

So in a short time tales that would stun a Spaniard's imagination were afloat about Silent Johnny, the golfer who wielded a colossal club like a fairy's wand and kicked in the faces of news cameramen when caught in the act of sending a small white pellet on a one way trip to the moon.

Even *Time* could only march on by catching this Goliath while dozing. The news-weekly cackled like a hen that had laid a bigger egg than Wall Street when it got a couple of very bad snaps of the mysterious Monty by trick photography.

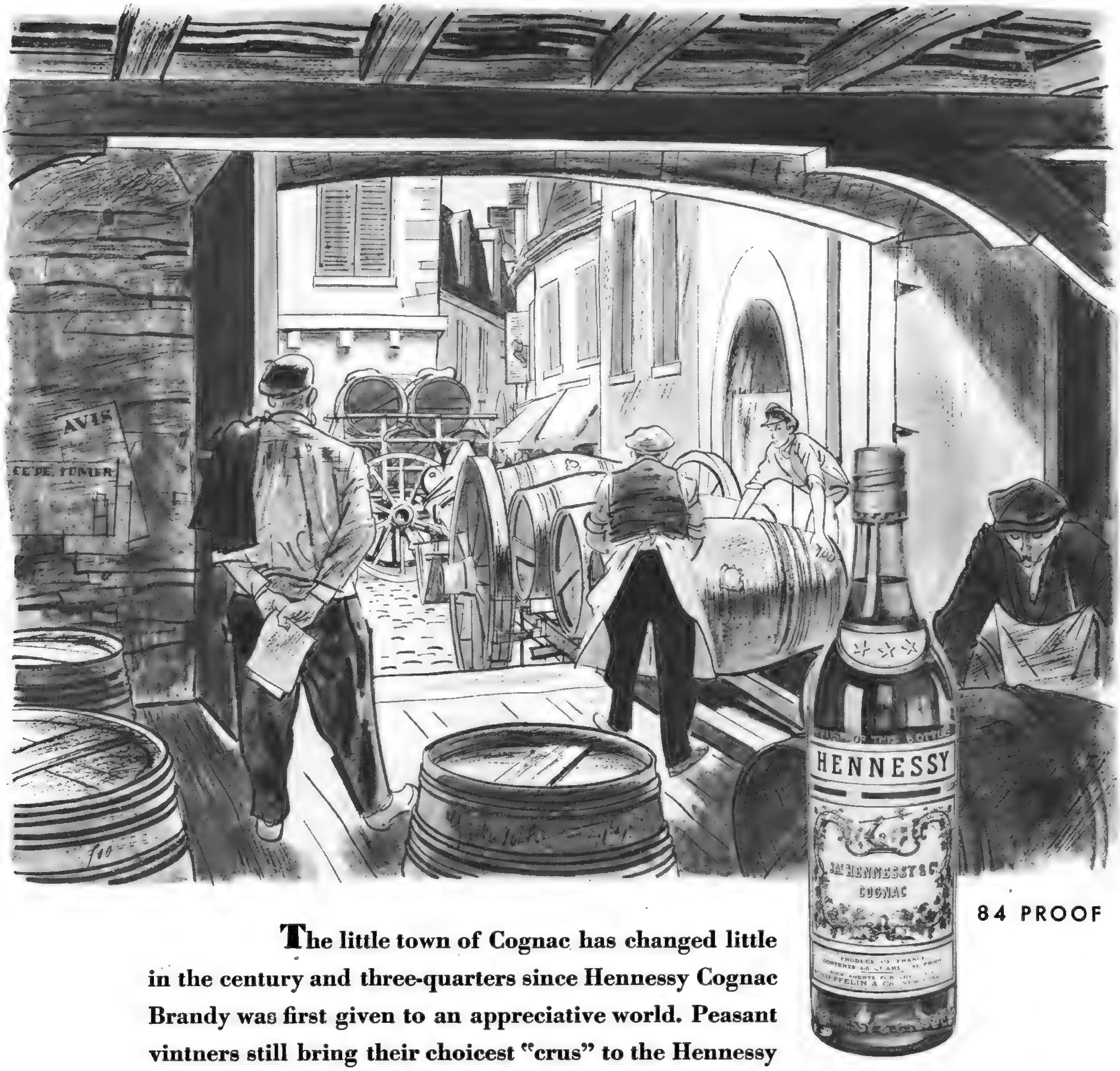
Bob Wallace hid in a clump of bushes at Lakeside, clicked Montague twice with the aid of a long range lens, handed the films to his brother, stuck another film in the camera's magazine, clicked a few more shots, and made enough noise doing it to attract Monty's attention, and then surrendered the stooge films when Monty came running over and demanded them, or else.

The pictures Wallace's brother got away with show a guy putting, and his white cap so completely blackens out his face that it could be a picture of anybody weighing 200 pounds. You have to know Montague to know they are pictures of him, whereas the real value of pictures is to help you recognize in the flesh somebody you know only from pictures.

Monty isn't adverse to giving out a few tales himself at times, when he feels like it. I asked him if the tale of his killing the bird with a golf ball was true. He said it was.

He was playing a foursome at the Fox Hills Country Club. At the tenth tee the party was forced

Continued on page 144



84 PROOF

The little town of Cognac has changed little in the century and three-quarters since Hennessy Cognac Brandy was first given to an appreciative world. Peasant vintners still bring their choicest "crus" to the Hennessy establishment. Hennessy Cognac Brandy is still made by the old-fashioned "pot still" method. The uniformity of Three-Star Hennessy, generation after generation, is one of the factors that make it the preferred liqueur.

★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

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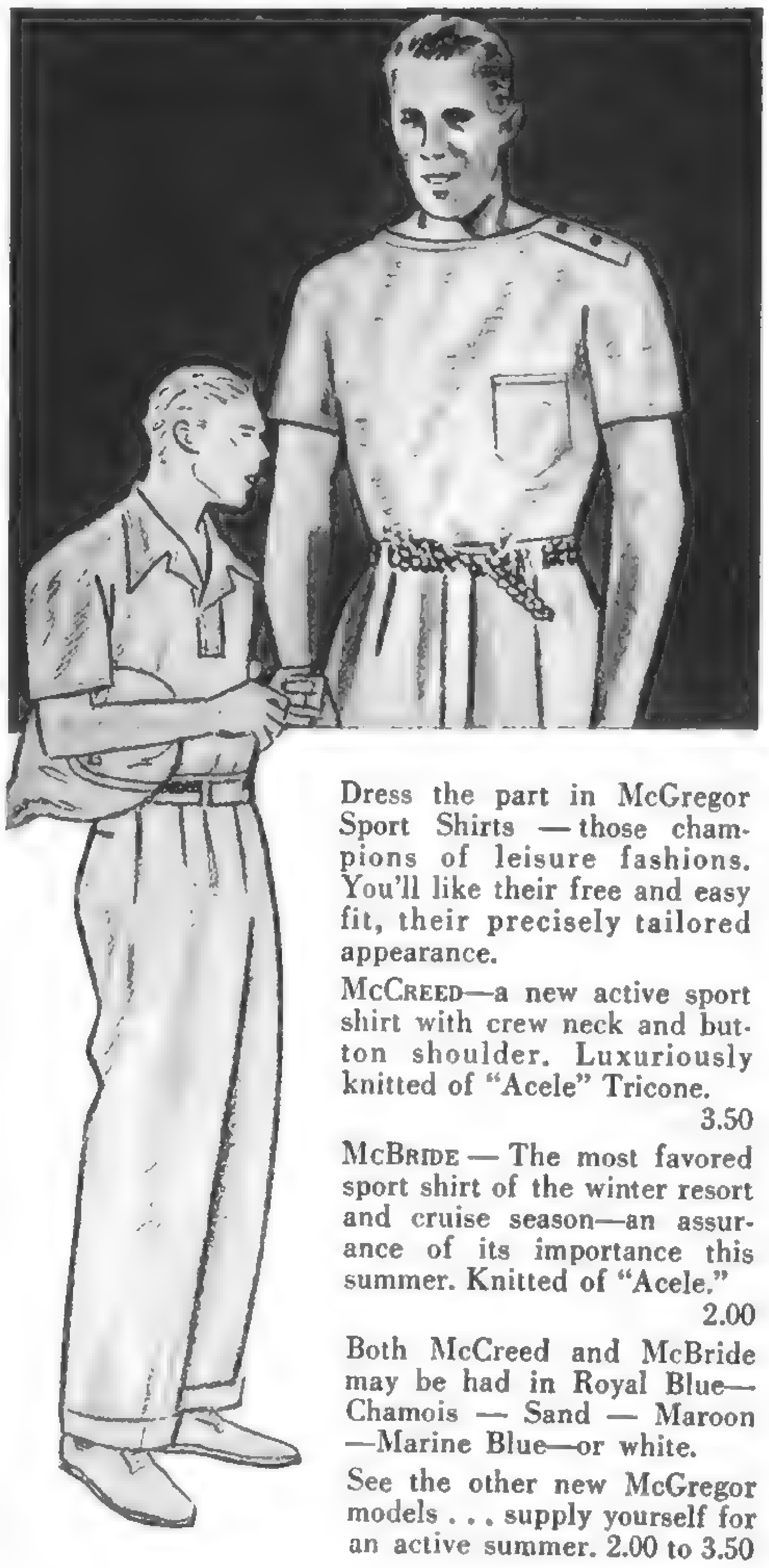

Dress the part in McGregor Sport Shirts — those champions of leisure fashions. You'll like their free and easy fit, their precisely tailored appearance.

McCreed—a new active sport shirt with crew neck and button shoulder. Luxuriously knitted of "Acele" Tricone. 3.50

McBride — The most favored sport shirt of the winter resort and cruise season—an assurance of its importance this summer. Knitted of "Acele." 2.00

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ACETATE DIVISION, NEW YORK

Paul Bunyan—Golfer

Continued from pages 69-141-142

to wait for players ahead to get out of range. Bored with the idling, Montague's roving eye spotted a row of birds on a telephone line 175 yards away.

"See those birds," he said to the others, "watch me pick off the one farthest to the right."

Teeing up an old ball he took his brassie and hit a full drive. The bird fell with his head snapped off as cleanly as if guillotined.

That's a sampler. Other more credible tales are no less remarkable.

There is, for instance, the time he made one of the queerest handicap wagers in link history with Bing Crosby. The crooning film star takes his game seriously, and he shoots a good par at 70 at Lakeside. In fact he's club champion. So when the mighty Montague offered to take him on for good at twenty bucks a hole, using only a baseball bat, a shovel, and a rake for clubs, while the crooner used his regular full set, it looked like pennies from heaven for Bing.

Playing from the tenth tee at Lakeside Monty, as a drive, hit the ball with his bat fungo-fashion as a baseball player does. It landed in a trap about 300 yards away and to the left of the green. With a terrific heave of his shovel Monty got out of the trap and on the green. Then he sank the ball for a birdie three, using the rake as a billiard cue for his putter.

Crosby holed out in five, paid off, and went home.

And no less celebrated is Montague for the way he took that difficult stretch of ground that lies between the fourteenth green and its tee at the Pebble Beach Course. The distance is 560 yards, and it's full of hazards. In 1929 Bobby Jones set the galleries agape by making the green in two strokes. Last August Montague in a private game took one drive and one iron and landed his ball fifty yards beyond the green.

Just to prove it wasn't an accihent he made the Lakeside's river dole, a par 5 which has a forced carry of 100 yards and 550 yards from tee to cup, and reached the green in two shots. His drive brought him within 250 yards of the green. Instead of using a brassie to the edge of the gully and then taking an iron for the 100 yards across the river bed, Montague followed up his drive by smacking an iron shot for more than 250 yards, clearing the last 100 yards of river and canyon and landing on the green.

Asked if he really had made the green in two, Montague said no.

"I've never been on the green in two," he explained, "but I've been thirty yards beyond it."

While every duffer is awed by Monty's terrific driving power, top flight golfers are more impressed with his pitch shots and putting. He will put out a dozen balls on the green and instead of dropping them six or seven feet from the cup he will place them twenty feet away, and every one of the dozen will roll right up and in. They don't fade. They don't hop the cup. They just reach the lip and drop in.

As a trick shot, it is claimed that Mysterious Monty excels even Joe Kirkwood, the dean of tricking on the links. But even there Montague bets. On one occasion he won his wager by striking a match held in the mouth of a caddy on a full iron swing. Again he amused a drawing room party in Reno by playing a box of matches off of the head of his hostess' dog. He used a niblick, while the pooch sat up in begging position.

And the legends do not stop at the links. He is reputed to be as expert at cards as at golf. You've heard of Three Card Monty? Well, here's how it got it's name. One tale credits Johnny Montague with flipping three cards and making them stick into the crack of a door five feet away. Get it?

For relaxation from making suckers of golfers around a clubhouse he goes out to the Santa Anita Racetrack. At Santa Anita Montague's hunch on the ponies is more valued by the peasants who go there to clean up a fortune than any inside dope from the bookies or insiders at the track.

Wherever he goes he becomes tales and legends. One evening he and his bosom buddy, Oliver Hardy, were barred at the door of a swank supper club, because Hardy was wearing a gaucho shirt without a tie to his name.

"What's this?" said Johnny.

"No tie," said the head waiter, pointing out the comedian's scarcity of neckware.

"Is that all?" said Montague, ripping off the elegant tie that went with his dinner jacket and giving half of it to Hardy, keeping half of it for himself.

The two huskies then proceeded in to dine, while an abashed head waiter fell framing another Montague legend.

Typical, too, of the folk lore giants with which he is undoubtedly classed, the mighty Montague is credited with a handsome figure and a genial disposition—the kind that would squash giants and is kind to dumb animals and dumber children.

With all the ethics of Popeye, after whom he has sometimes been called, when Montague leaves on a mysterious trip to the desert each year just before Christmas, he never fails to leave money behind to be distributed among the caddies for their holiday.

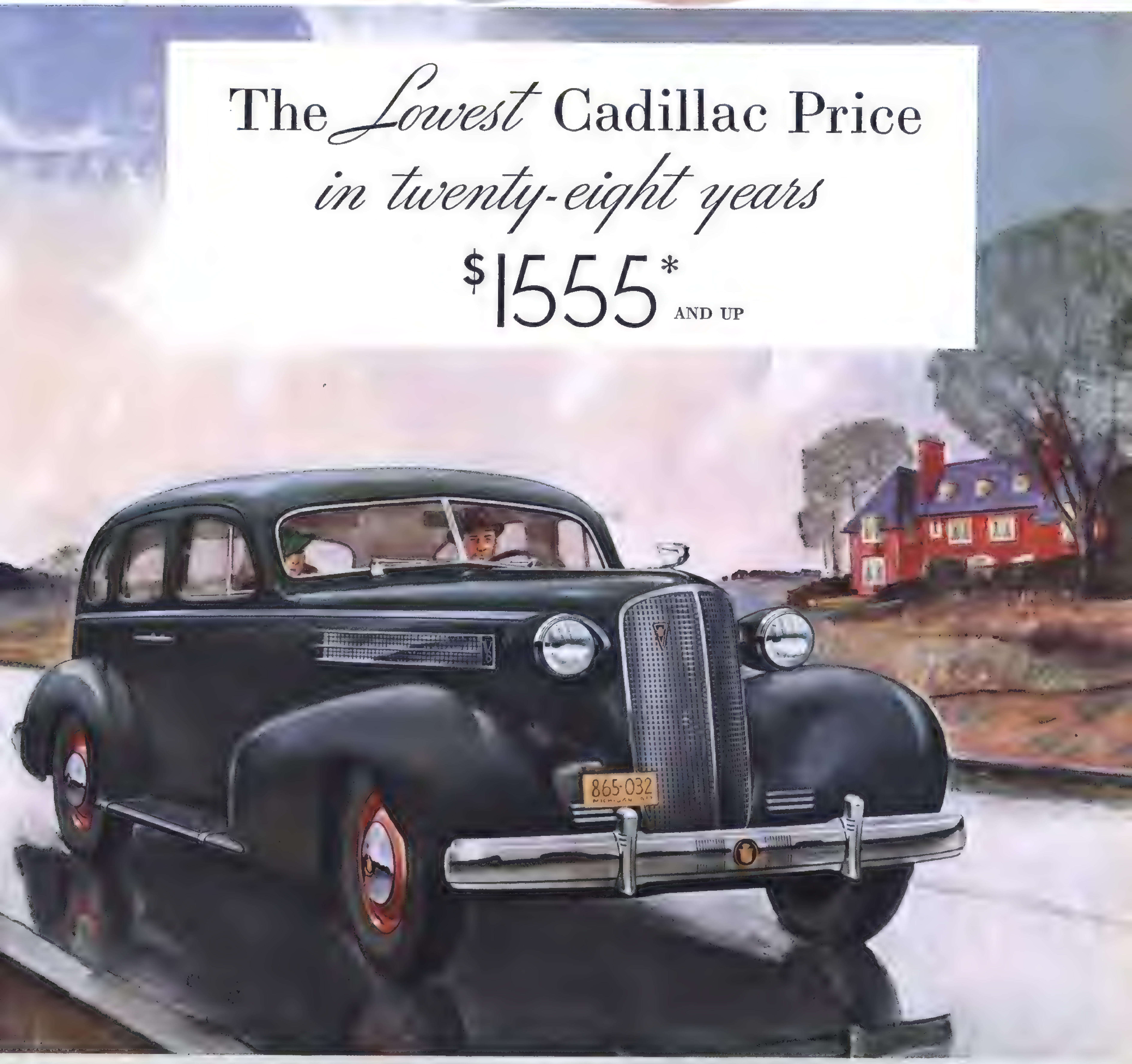
And the crowning touch that legend gives to this Bunyan of Golf is this: Naturally soft-spoken himself, he dislikes hearing men swear in the presence of ladies.

That last one slays me. #

CADILLAC SHOWS THE WORLD!

The *Lowest* Cadillac Price *in twenty-eight years*

$1555* AND UP



Model illustrated: Cadillac Series 60 5-Passenger Touring Sedan, $1660. A General Motors Value.*

Not since 1909 has a Cadillac car been priced as low as the new Cadillac V-8, Series 60—now only $1555* delivered at Detroit, including all standard accessories.

Certainly, this ranks with the most sensational price news of 1937. In fact, Cadillac ownership can hardly be thought of as expensive at all—because five other American-made motor cars now have models which cost more than a Cadillac.

And this low cost of the Series 60 becomes even more significant when you learn that it is finer than any V-8 Cadillac that has gone before it.

It reaches new heights for performance. It is easier and safer to handle. Its riding comfort, we believe, is the finest on the road today. And it is much smarter, more beautiful and more economical than any of its predecessors. In fact, such a car at such a price is almost unbelievable—until you have made a personal inspection for yourself.

And that is precisely what we should like to have you do. Your Cadillac-La Salle dealer will be pleased to show you the Series 60—how it looks in his showroom and how it behaves out on the open highway.

Why not give him this opportunity—today?

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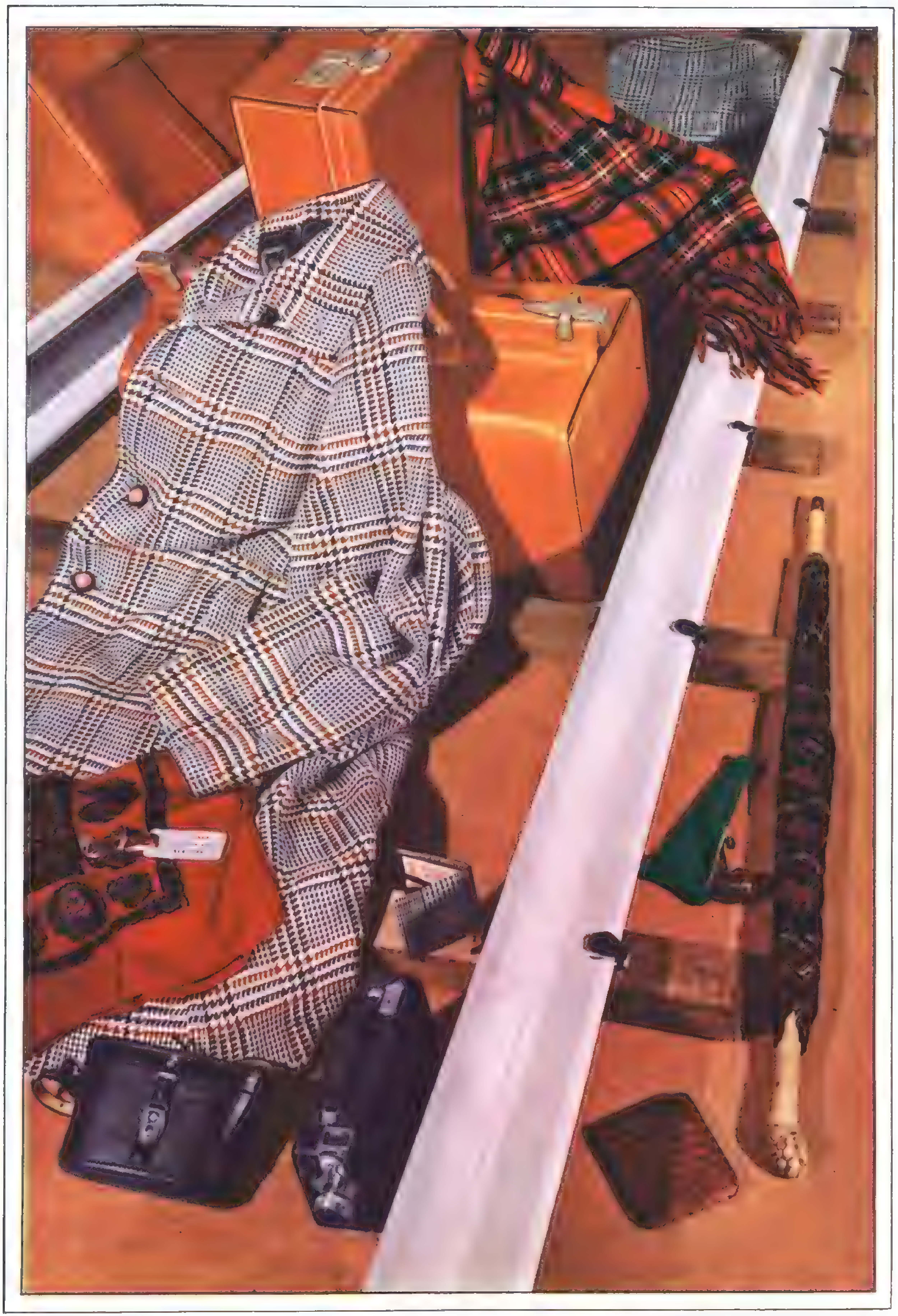
**Delivered price at Detroit, Michigan: $1555 and up, subject to change without notice. This price includes all standard accessories. Transportation, State and Local Sales Taxes, Optional Accessories and Equipment—Extra.*

FROM THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

STAGED AND DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OAKIE, JR.

ALL PACKED WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO GO

The impedimenta of the complete traveler, marshalled together on this page to such impressive effect, including, from upper left to lower right, a leather carry-all bag (of which only a portion is visible), a leather suitcase over which is thrown a small Scotch plaid traveling robe of lightweight wool; a Glen Urquhart checked cap, a leather kit bag, across which is draped a raglan sleeve topcoat of district check tweed made with the military collar that buttons up to the throat. The foulard muffler has a center square and separate figured designs enclosed within a figured border pattern. On it is displayed a metal nameplate with leather strap for attaching to luggage. The billfold is covered with tweed in a district check. The motion picture camera and the binoculars are self-explanatory items. East of the track are a leather cigarette case, pipe and pipe case and a Scotch plaid umbrella.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Watchman, What of the Night?

Continued from page 111

But he was no spring chicken when he came on the job in 1908, and 28 years had done nothing to sharpen his eye or quicken his hand. The upshot, of late, was that Joe was spoiling work, making mistakes—setting the stage for an accident which sooner or later would clip him. The weaving room superintendent had talked to the Boss about it several times, reluctantly. And the Boss, sharing the foreman's distaste for the inevitable, had beat around the bush each time.

Now, after a third mishap which nearly wrecked a machine, the super had gone to the mat and pinned the executive down. That's why Joe was in the front office last week, fumbling with his hat and staring blankly at his shoes while the fatal words were pronounced.

"You understand how it is," the Boss was saying, trying frantically to soften the blow. "You're too old for this kind of work. You've got to be quick on those machines or sooner or later you'll lose a hand, so I'm taking you off for your own good.

"But you're not being fired, Joe: that would be ingratitude after all the years you've put in here. We're giving you a month's pay and a two weeks' vacation. And after you come back, we're going to put you on as the night watchman. The pay isn't as much, naturally, but the work is easy and it'll give you something to do. It's the only thing we can do to show our appreciation."

Decent fellow, the Boss, doing his best to be square just as a thousand other bosses in the same spot have done exactly the same thing.

Yet what is he really doing to Joe?

He's retiring him, at the age of 68—retiring him to solitary confinement for the balance of his working days!

Yes, old Joe Dokes is the new watchman in the textile plant down by the river. All along Front Street are the piers—with their nightly complement of pilferers and drunks: back of the plant the railroad yards extend to the wire fence which doesn't present any too formidable a front to the skulking human rats who so often prowl in the shadows of the box cars.

The property next adjoining is a lumber yard; next to that is an abandoned warehouse—beyond that, the hat factory. As the crow flies, the nearest visible sign of human life after dark is the all-night lunch wagon three-quarters of a mile away at the corner of Elm Street.

Monarch of all he surveys in this lonely glory, Joe starts "surveying" at 6 p. m. By eight or nine o'clock the neighborhood is deserted of respectability and, armed with a flashlight and a revolver—of which he is scared to death!—he makes his solitary rounds through the ghostly building, completely isolated from the outside world.

True, there is a telephone switchboard in the office, but nobody so far has bothered to show him how to operate it. And there's a fire alarm box three blocks away at Birch Street, but he doesn't know it yet because he always gets off the bus at Chestnut!

Thus, flanked on all sides by the perils of the dark—those genuine perils of violence, accident, robbery and fire—we find the faithful worker who isn't as young as he used to be. But Joe is willing and game, and he plugs along.

On the strength of that willingness and courage, then, they lock up the building and leave him there alone, content in the knowledge that when the sinking sun brings out the jackals of the night, the faithful employee will be on the job with his flashlight and his gun—and his high blood pressure.

In short, they cut him off from the entire world and then to the limited physical equipment of the man no longer fit to handle a $1200 machine they entrust the welfare—the payroll—the income—the *future* of the whole blamed business!

Does it make sense?

No—not when you have eyes to read in the morning papers what happens with such monotonous regularity to the "old faithfuls" like Joe in their isolation. A few have been mentioned already in passing, but they barely scratch the surface. Drive them home with the case of Jim Bartell, a 70-year-old counterpart of Joe Dokes, working as a watchman in New York. He undertook to repair a rod in an elevator shaft one Saturday night, and as he worked on top of the cab, the rod fell and cracked him on the skull. Stunned, he toppled over and grabbed blindly for support, and as luck would have it, his hand caught the wire control cable of the antiquated car.

His weight started the elevator moving up, and as it came, it caught him, pinning his two legs against the wall in a vise-like grip. Fully conscious and suffering but perfectly helpless, Bartell screamed for help—again and again and again—but there was no one to hear. Agony racked his body; his voice grew weaker—after hours of torture he finally slipped into a blessed stupor.

Next morning a neighborhood boy, accustomed to greeting Jim behind the iron gate as he went to church, missed him when he passed by—and missed him again when he returned. On a wild hunch that something might be wrong, the lad squirmed through the gate and made a voluntary tour of the building which became more intensified when no response came to his repeated calls. Finally, on the fifth floor—after nineteen hours of brutal torture for Jim—the lad found the old man in

Continued on page 148

Half & Half Makes
ONE Swell Smoke!
GENUINE
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM

Springtime brings new hope, new cheer. So does Half & Half. Cool as a letter that looks like a bill. Smooth as discovering a check is enclosed. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Co.

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

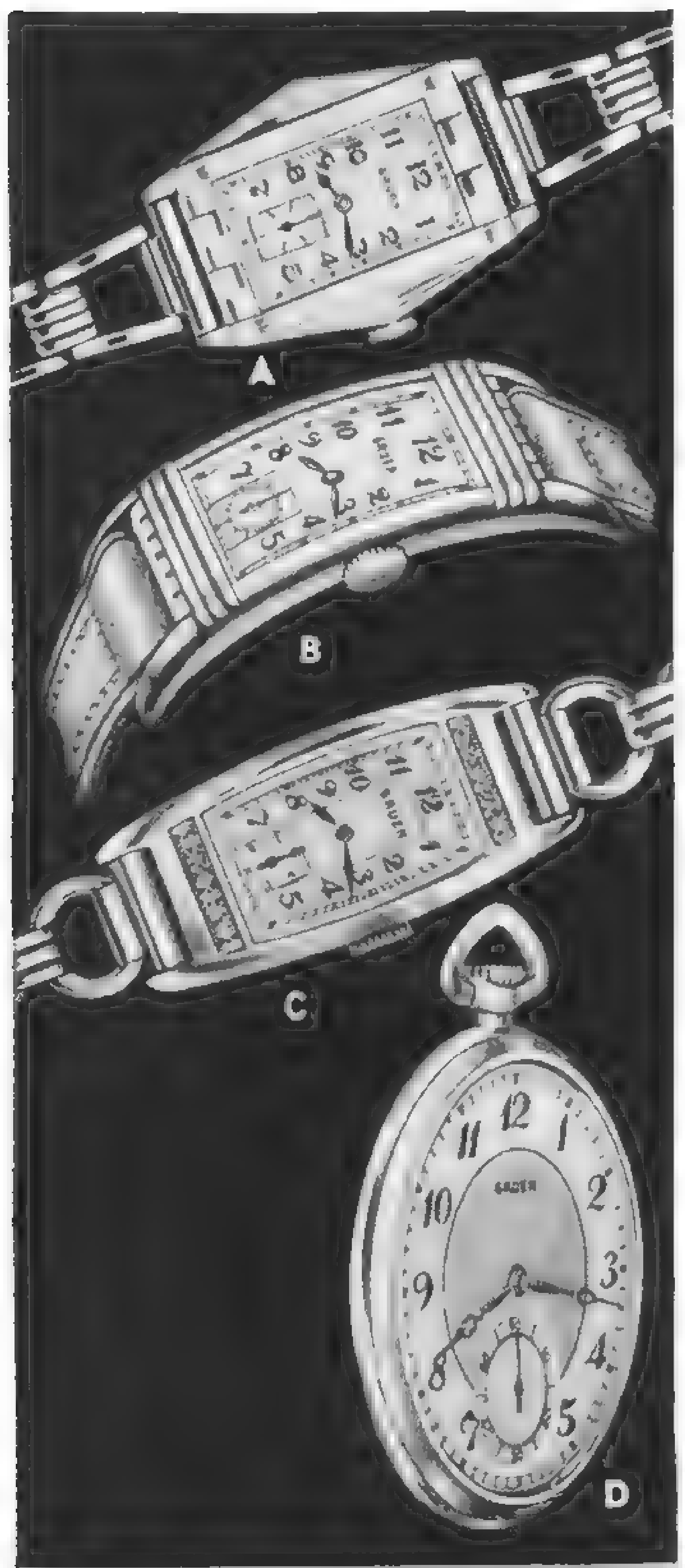
HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Remember?

Remember a grinning youngster with a bit of the vandal in his make-up? When he wasn't after you with a peppering fire of questions, he was blowing bubbles with your favorite old briar. Yet, you were secretly delighted when the neighbors muttered something about "a chip off the old block."



And now, as graduation day draws near, you realize that the "chip" has suddenly become quite a sizeable "block" in his own right. And you're almighty proud of him—maybe more than you'd care to talk about.

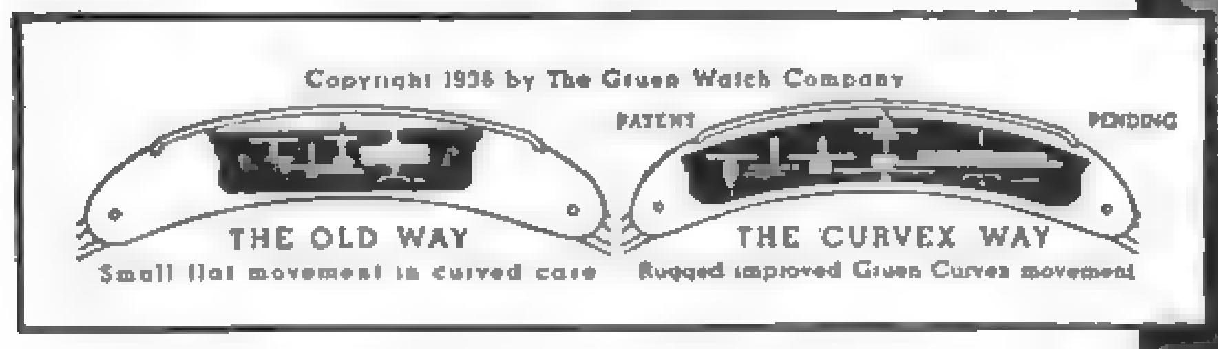
There *is* a way of telling him how you feel about it, though. A Gruen watch says just about everything there is to say. It's a watch he'll wear proudly in years to come, when he's made his mark in the world.

There are many aristocratic Gruen models, all of them perfect precision time-keepers, all of them reasonably priced. You'll particularly want to look at Gruen Curvex, the truly curved watch that has a *curved movement,* too. A curved watch that's as reliable as it is handsome.

A—WESLEYAN . . . White Guildite case . . $24.75
B—CREST . . . 15 jewels. Yellow gold filled, Guildite back $29.75
C—MARINER . . . 15 jewels, yellow gold filled case $42.50
D—KNOX . . . Yellow gold filled, 17 jewels . . $35.00
Copyright 1937, The Gruen Watch Co.

GET THE STRAIGHT FACTS ABOUT CURVED WATCHES

Curvex* is far more than the name for a beautiful series of watches designed by Count de Sakhnoffsky. Curvex is a revolutionary advance in watch construction, exclusively Gruen's. Only Curvex has the genuine curved movement entirely filling the wristform case.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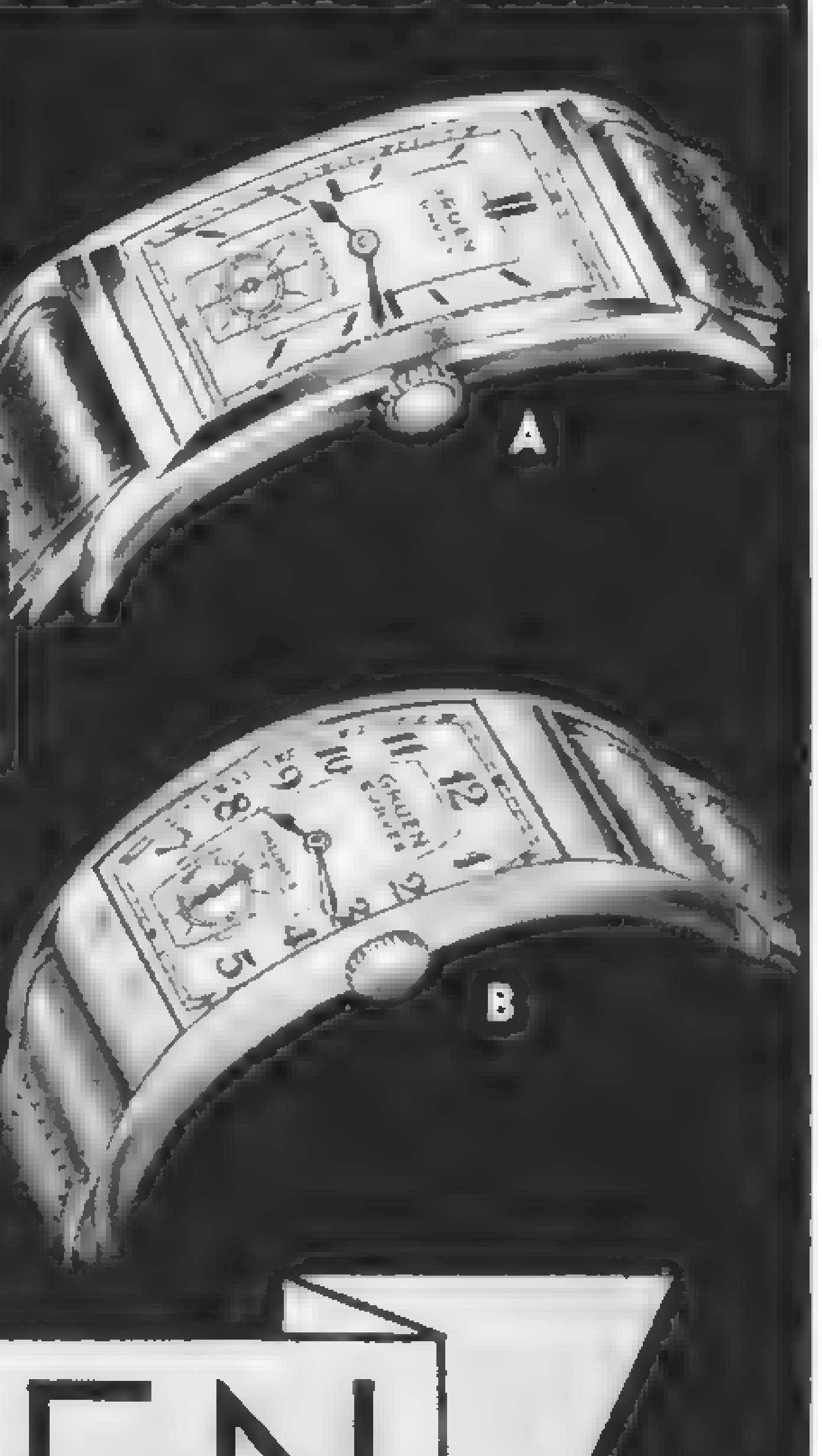
PATENT PENDING
THE OLD WAY
Small flat movement in curved case
THE CURVEX WAY
Rugged improved Gruen Curvex movement



A—CURVEX ROYAL . . 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. yellow gold filled $59.50
CURVEX REGAL . . . 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. solid yellow gold $100.00
B—CURVEX BARON . . . 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. yellow gold filled $59.50
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* *Trade Mark reg. U. S. patent office*

GRUEN
The Precision Watch
TIME HILL • CINCINNATI • U.S.A.

Watchman, What of the Night?

Continued from pages 111-147

his prison and rushed back to the street for help.

Willing volunteers got him free, rushed him to a hospital and saved his life. But if it hadn't been for the hunch of an observant boy, old Jim would have hung there another twenty hours until the first employees arrived Monday morning. And by that time he would have been dead, with a million dollar plant under the "protection" of a corpse!

Is the solution to fire all these old faithfuls and put young men in their jobs?

No, that is not the point at all. All we need do in most cases is remove this dreaded isolation from the outside world which knows nothing whatever of their whereabouts from 6 o'clock tonight until 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. And, in the unanimous opinion of the Fire Underwriters and Burglary Underwriters, the way to do it is to provide that watchman with some sure-fire, fool-proof contact with outside supervision.

There are a dozen systems on the market which enable a watchman to signal periodically to an outside central station; which provide him with simple means of calling help should he need it; which even make provision for an immediate investigation by an armed squad of private guards or local policemen or both in the event that his scheduled reporting signal should be a few minutes late. In short, he can call for help if he needs it—and if he needs it but can't call, it comes automatically by virtue of his delinquent signal!

Some watchmen used to resent that sort of supervision because it compelled them to keep on the job: today they not only welcome it as a godsend, but I've heard many a man in Watchmen's Schools say he wouldn't consider a job in a plant without that safeguard.

They've learned that it is just as much to their advantage as to the employer's to have it, and most of them are full of stories showing how this outside supervision got some member of the guild out of a jam.

Down in Nashville, for instance, the watchman in a flour mill was riding up on an old style "belt lift" when his coat got tangled in the belt just as he reached the sixth floor. Before he could stop the elevator he was dragged over the pulley and his legs and one arm were wedged in the machinery.

The fact that the belt was stuck didn't stop the motor, however, and as it continued to run under the violent friction, it soon became overheated. Eyeing it from a distance of only four feet, the man became apprehensive as the motor began to smoke—when presently it burst into flame, he became frantic.

With difficulty he extricated his revolver with his free hand and fired all six shots as an alarm, shouting at the top of his lungs, meanwhile, for aid. But all the noise he could make was of no avail up there under the roof of a six-story building in a deserted industrial section at midnight, and as the smoldering fire spread, he gave himself up for lost.

Just then, however, a key grated in the door lock below and the welcome sound of footsteps wafted up the shaft.

"Help!" croaked the gasping watchman with his last ounce of strength. And in another minute two husky guards from the local central station—there to investigate the watchman's overdue signal—had sped to the top floor and released the imprisoned man.

A human life was saved. And with it, for good measure, was a flour mill and its payroll and the purchasing power it represented. Because one concern had the good sense to protect their watchman and themselves by removing his isolation!

The sum and substance of it all is that a watchman is worthless unless he is on watch. And the time to find out whether he is on watch or not is right now, not tomorrow morning when it's too late. If he isn't on the job, anything can happen to a defenseless building. And omitting for the moment any consideration of unreliable, shiftless men whose only thought is to sleep the whole night through, it is perfectly amazing how many efficient, conscientious watchmen are found off duty because of circumstances beyond their control.

Sometimes the watchman's own delinquency brings about the very emergency he was hired to forestall—as in the case of the Reading man who had a stroke, fell on his lantern and set fire to the building. In other instances, the emergency itself is the reason why he is off duty, notably in cases of burglary or hold-up. And since this threat is seven times as common as fire—and since it is often costly even to the point of bankruptcy—it is vital that the watchman be safeguarded against it so that he in turn may safeguard the plant.

Of course, most business men dismiss that with the explanation "I have burglary insurance so I'm covered."

But are you? What kind of burglary insurance have you got? *Have you ever read the policy?*

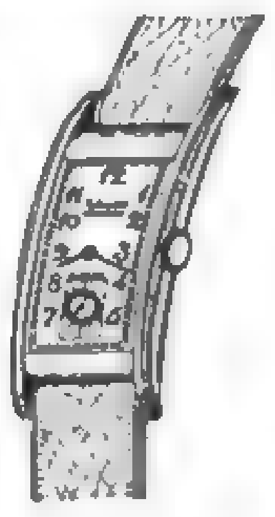
Do you know, for example, that most policies provide that you cannot collect your loss if the burglars enter by the use of keys—or by picking a lock—or by opening an unlocked window or door—or if they open the safe by manipulating the combination? There must always be visible marks of tools, chemical or explosives on some portion of the building or the safe in order to prove beyond question that a forcible entry has been committed.

Continued on page 150

When Purchasing a Pinto or a Pint...

Go Warily!

A *Good Whiskey*...like a good horse...must have plenty of "spirit"...yet be gentle, docile, manageable. Wise horsemen...and whiskey buyers with plenty of horse-sense...always G*o* W*arily*. They look for strength and quality. They get G & W. Why G & W? Because it's G*ood* W*hiskey*. Good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients...good all the way through because it's *controlled* at every step. G*et* W*ise*. Get G & W tonight. It always G*oes* W*ell!*



Win a $50 Curvex G*ruen* W*atch**

FREE! Ten $50 Gruen Watches for the 10 best lists of 10 famous "G & W" names or expressions (like G*rass* W*idow*, G*ee* W*hiz*) plus your comments on G & W whiskies or gins. Full details on entry blanks at your dealer. Contest closes on May 31, 1937. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.

G & W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
G&W
Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS
7 YEARS OLD
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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G & W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY

Get Wise...get G&W *...it's Good Whiskey*

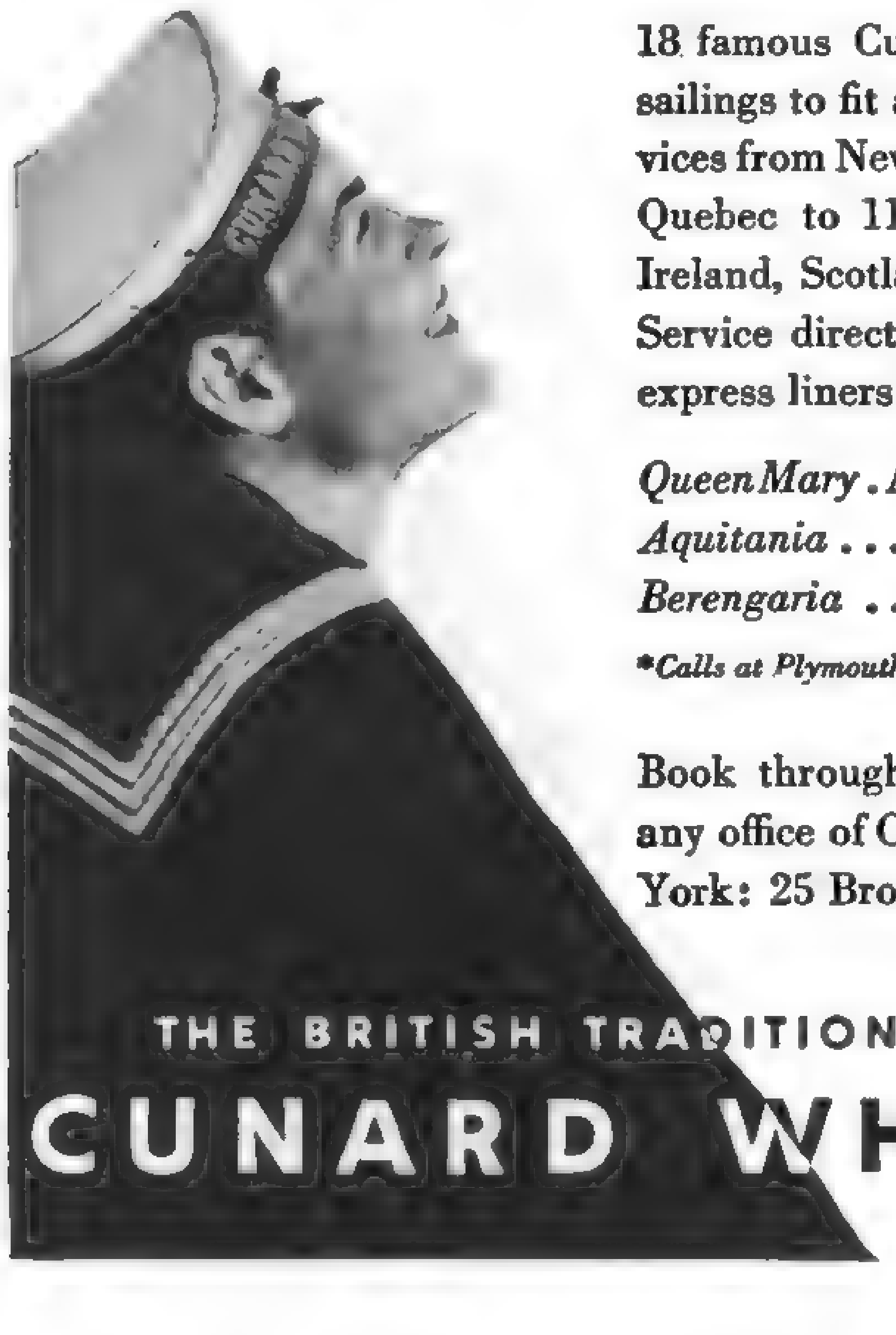
© 1937 Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Detroit, Michigan — Est. 1832. G & W 7-Star Blended Whiskey — The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 35% straight whiskey, 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain, 90 proof. G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY — The straight whiskey in this product is six years old, 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain, 90 proof. G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. Bottled in Bond in Canada. 100 proof. *This contest limited to adults in states where such contests are permitted. Entry blanks are available only in such states.

HOIST THE BLUE PETER

Thewhite-on-blueflag that says: "All come aboard—I am about to sail!"...flying from the foremast of the Berengaria. An ancient British symbol, this flag now signifies 'sailing day' throughout all the world.

Four sailinqs a week ...to Europe

A familiar sight is the "Blue Peter" at the masthead of a Cunard White Star liner... dominating the piers of New York's North River, standing out above the waterfront of Montreal. For this largest fleet on the Atlantic offers four sailings a week to Europe! Thus the practical advantage of convenience is added to those qualities known as part of the British tradition: confidence inspired by a heritage of seamanship ... service perfected in each small detail, through nearly a century.



18 famous Cunard White Star liners offer sailings to fit any itinerary ... regular services from New York, Boston, Montreal and Quebec to 11 ports of France, England, Ireland, Scotland ... led by the Express Service direct to France! Next sailings of express liners to Cherbourg, Southampton:

Queen Mary. April 21*; May 4†, 26; June 9, 23
Aquitania ... April 28; May 12; June 2, 16
Berengaria .. May 4, 20; June 19; July 3

*Calls at Plymouth. †Direct to Southampton.

Book through your local travel agent or any office of Cunard White Star ... in New York: 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue.

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTINGUISHES
CUNARD WHITE STAR

Watchman, What of the Night?

Continued from pages 111-147-148

It is also true that you can't collect on a burglary committed during a fire in the building—or that you can't collect if one of your employees is held up and forced to admit the burglars to the premises. This, of course, is a common situation. The watchman may be suddenly covered by three or four guns and compelled to open the gate or, as in the New Orleans incident, he may be hoodwinked by a clever ruse so that the entry is not forcible.

Indeed, most hold-up insurance policies require that there be at least one custodian and *one other employee* on duty at the time of the hold-up, regardless of the hour of day or night. And insurance companies generally do not consider a watchman or a porter to be a "custodian."

These things may seem academic until you start to collect for a loss. But the sad truth is that many an employer has discovered, too late, that an unsupervised watchman and an un-read insurance policy sometimes turn out to be very feeble defences against one of the most common hazards of the night.

Ask the insurance company about this and they will tell you, logically enough, that insurance is not prevention, it is merely a partial remedy. "You're supposed to prevent burglaries; we aren't," they'll tell you. "And if you want to do that, then support your watchman with any central station supervisory system approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories and you will reduce the burglary threat so much that we will give you a substantial discount on the premium."

Surely, that is backing up a conviction in a concrete manner. And that confidence is based upon their knowledge that the watchman whose movements are checked from minute to minute and whose slightest irregularity is promptly investigated represents the only adequate kind of plant patrol.

Not long ago in Newark, for instance, five men gained entrance to a wholesale grocery establishment, covered the watchman with their guns, and tied him to a chair.

"One move out of you, Pop, and off goes the top of your dome," admonished one of the band.

"Pop" didn't move a muscle. But while they unlimbered their tools and prepared to go to work on the safe, the watchman observed quietly that his signal to the central station was already overdue and that the police would be there at any moment.

"Are you kidding us?" one of them growled savagely.

"Kidding, hell!" snapped a companion. "There's the box and it's an outsider."

They didn't even wait to collect their tools!

In Denver, to cite another instance, three armed men called at a department store executive's home one Sunday morning, stuck a gun in his ribs when he appeared, and ordered him to accompany them to the store and tell the watchman to let them in.

At the store they trussed up five employees working there and, while one of the band accompanied the watchman on his rounds so that the outside boxes (or "bugs" as they call them) should all be rung on time, the other two proceeded to blow open the safe containing $35,000.

Here, of course, is a case where an insurance policy might not apply since the intruders were admitted by an employee. And at first blush, you may even think that the watchman's supervisory system was licked, too, because the thugs took the shrewd precaution of compelling every signal to be transmitted on time.

Notwithstanding that foresight, however, a fleet of police radio cars surrounded the building within two minutes and caught the trio red-handed after a rollicking pistol battle. Because one of the very cute provisions of any modern watchman's signal system is a neat little device which enables him, even at the point of a gun, to transmit an emergency call for the police without in any way arousing the suspicion of the burglar.

That, in a nutshell, is one reason why insurance companies are glad to pay dividends on modern watch supervision. And, by the same token, it is one reason why so many thousands of concerns have got over the old fashioned idea of sentencing their watchmen to solitary confinement. Why, even the world-famous Pinkerton organization supervises its night patrolmen who are anything but old Joe Dokes. In Chicago alone they have 62 boxes from which these men report at intervals to a central station. Because the Pinkertons know that even the best patrolmen in the world aren't worth a hoot unless they are on patrol!

Be that as it may, the bulk of our business establishments are still protected by men consigned to their lonely vigil with only the remotest contact with the outside world. Sometimes there is a single phone connection available on one floor of a five-story building; sometimes there is a fire alarm box on the street a block or two distant. The natural consequence is that three-quarters of the fires that hurt—those night-time outbreaks in commercial occupancies—are reported belatedly by a chance passer-by. And burglaries, which are seven times more common than fires, are relatively simple to carry out because it is no trick at all for a half-dozen men to surprise and overpower a single-handed watchman in the dark.

Frequently, of course, the solitary men called upon to face these threats are poorly equipped physically for the rigors of an exacting job. And even more often those who have the strength and agility commensurate with the responsibility are either sadly untrained or are hopelessly hampered by the quaint ideas of some whimsical employer. It might amaze you to talk to watchmen who have never been told where the sprinkler shut off valves are in the plant they are supposed to protect against damage—or to others who are not permitted to enter this room or pass through that floor on their rounds.

Just such a condition existed in a Massachusetts rubber factory consisting of eight buildings, of which Building No. 6—a frame structure—was always locked against the intrusion of even the watchman. One night a fire broke out in that secret building which was located at the extreme end of an extensive property. The excessive length of his tour kept the watchman from reaching the point again for a full hour, so the outbreak had gained enormous headway before he finally turned the corner which brought the structure into his full view. In fact, the whole building was going from cellar to roof when he discovered it and raced four blocks down the street to a public fire box. And by the time the firemen arrived, the blaze had spread to two adjoining structures and all three were destroyed.

In another classic case a watchman in a railroad yard discovered a fire and, according to the definite instructions of his superiors, telephoned the news to the superintendent at his suburban home, six miles away. The superintendent, forthwith, got out his car and drove down to investigate, being greeted by a roaring blaze upon his arrival. With great dispatch, then, he raced out to the street and hunted around for a policeman who obligingly telephoned the alarm to Police Headquarters—who obligingly relayed the word to the Fire Department. The net cost of that stupid rigamarole was $10,000.

The watchman couldn't be blamed for that farce because he had done precisely what he had been told to do. The fault rests with those who should have known what to tell him—but didn't.

Fortunately, we are getting to the root of that trouble through the steady spread of Watchmen's Training Schools and through the patient education of employers to allow their men to take the course. One of the earliest of these unique institutions started in Milwaukee twelve years ago under the auspices of the local Association of Commerce, and last year 2,200 watchmen were enrolled. In Syracuse 3,300 men took the course last year, and in Newark, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, Duluth and numerous other cities Chamber of Commerce Safety Councils are fostering similar projects. In New York a new school for watchmen is being inaugurated by the Fire Patrol and in Providence, where the Fire Department provides instruction for these men, Chief Charlesworth has very astutely included school janitors among his enrollees.

Obviously, the night watchman is gradually beginning to come into his own, but the fact remains that there is still enormous room for improvement in the appreciation of his problems and in his equipment to meet them. Frankly, this 20th Century of Progress finds us entrusting the heart and soul of American industry, American prosperity—American recovery, if you will—for 68% of the year to custodians whose facilities and equipment are little better than were those of the "night waites" of Queen Anne's period. Our investments, our wages, the purchasing power of our payrolls are, more often than not, entrusted primarily to some faithful but harried old Joe Dokes who, with his flashlight and his strange gun and his high blood pressure does the best he can against the awful odds of isolation.

Considering the hazards they face and the inadequate defences they possess, these lonely sentinels in the dark do a swell job. In time we will all be enlightened to the point where, for our own selfish interest if for no other, we will see to it that they get the support and re-enforcements they deserve.

Meanwhile, if you are on the payroll of a typical American business establishment, take these things to heart. And when you say your prayers tonight, ask God to take good care of that lonely man who plods endless miles through your place of business looking for trouble. Upon him—far more than upon the sales manager or the engineers or the production man or the president—depends the probability that your pay envelope will arrive next Saturday.

And if he is a typical watchman in a typical plant, the only one who knows or cares about his whereabouts or welfare tonight—is God! ##

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Since 1759

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Guinness is a wholly natural brew made in Dublin from barley malt, hops, yeast and water—nothing else. It is brewed slowly and matured for a year. This natural method of brewing Guinness has been used ever since 1759. It accounts for the natural pleasure to be found in every bottle—and for the fact that Guinness is today the most popular brew in the world.

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NOTHING contributes more to a man's comfort than perfect fitting underwear. That's why Munsingwear gives such attention to expert cutting, and careful fitting to eliminate bunching and binding. You will find Munsingwear's shirts and shorts in smart color combinations at a quality store near you, also Munsingwear's famous SKIT-Shorts, SKIT-Suits and quality knit underwear of all styles. Munsingwear also makes a complete line of smart long-wearing sox for men. MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis

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Are They Really Records?

Continued from page 103

his life, was furnished with a pair of *halteres* dug from a tomb by some professor of Greek, and promptly made 29 feet, 7 inches, the first time he tried them. At this rate we could expect Owens to better 37 feet with the weights; and a springboard would probably give him another 5 or 6 feet. But he would still be a long way behind Phayllus' hop; and if we think Phayllus was using an unfair advantage with his weights, the Greeks would probably think the same of Owens' spiked shoes. After all, the result is what counts and Phayllus jumped 55 feet.

Incidentally, Phayllus was also the ancient Greek record holder in the discus throw, and this is one of the two cases where the modern records really seem to be world's records (the other is Matti Jarvinen's 249 feet 8 with the javelin, the best Greek mark being 213 feet 3). Phayllus made only 95 feet with his plate; at the Berlin Olympics Carpenter and Slinger Dunn were flirting with 165 all afternoon and the official record is 171 feet 11 inches. Of course, Phayllus was using a heavier discus than the moderns, but again you have to go by the results, and it seems by his statue, which has been preserved, that his form would be considered pretty bad by a modern athletic coach. Incidentally, both the Greek and Viking sport fans were great connoisseurs of form. It was quite common for the judges at their meets to disqualify a winner for bad form, while things that we would consider fouls, such as yelling at your adversary just as he was about to let fly with the discus, or jumping the gun in a sprint race, were considered legitimate advantages.

Speaking of form brings up the question of boxing. Most of the ancient boxing you hear about was with the *cestus*, a kind of elbow-glove of hardened leather, terminating in windings around the fists which were studded with iron spikes or lead knobs. Boxers using this weapon were, of course, one-punch fighters, as any punch that landed would finish a man, usually by killing him. But as a matter of fact the *cestus* did not come in till it was invented by the bloodthirsty Romans, who were interested in athletics only as a part of gladiatorial combats. The Greeks of the Olympic games never used the *cestus* or tried to kill; they wound their hands in soft leather bands which gave about the effect of three-ounce gloves, and made quite a little science of boxing. There are a good many pictures and at least two good descriptions of bouts extant, and we can get a fair line on how good they were, which was apparently not very. They knew all about the left jab (there is a mural of a young boxer landing a magnificent jab on the whiskers of a stage-door johnny who has been fresh with his girl friend, all ready to come over with the right cross), and one of the two stories of bouts shows they were familiar with the uppercut. But both description and pictures agree that all Greek fighters carried a high guard and relied mainly on hooks and the rabbit punch. A good body puncher would have cut any one of them to pieces. The Greeks would not be counted out, though; their bouts went on till one of them sat on the floor and raised his left hand over his head to show he had enough. If one of the scrappers in a Greek bout kayoed his opponent he sat down and had a few swigs of wine while waiting for the beaten man to come to and quit or go on with the bout.

In most of the events participated in by old-time athletes it is impossible to arrive at any basis for comparison. The Greeks did a good deal of running, but had no way of taking times; the peoples of northern Europe ran also, but usually in match races with house rules for the event. Both the Greeks and the northern barbarians made wrestling popular, and oddly enough, both of them had similar rules—a kind of roughhouse wrestle, by closed-fist punching and eye-gouging with nothing barred. One fall decided a bout, and one was usually enough, as the favorite coups were a kick in the belly or a sock under the neck with the elbow.

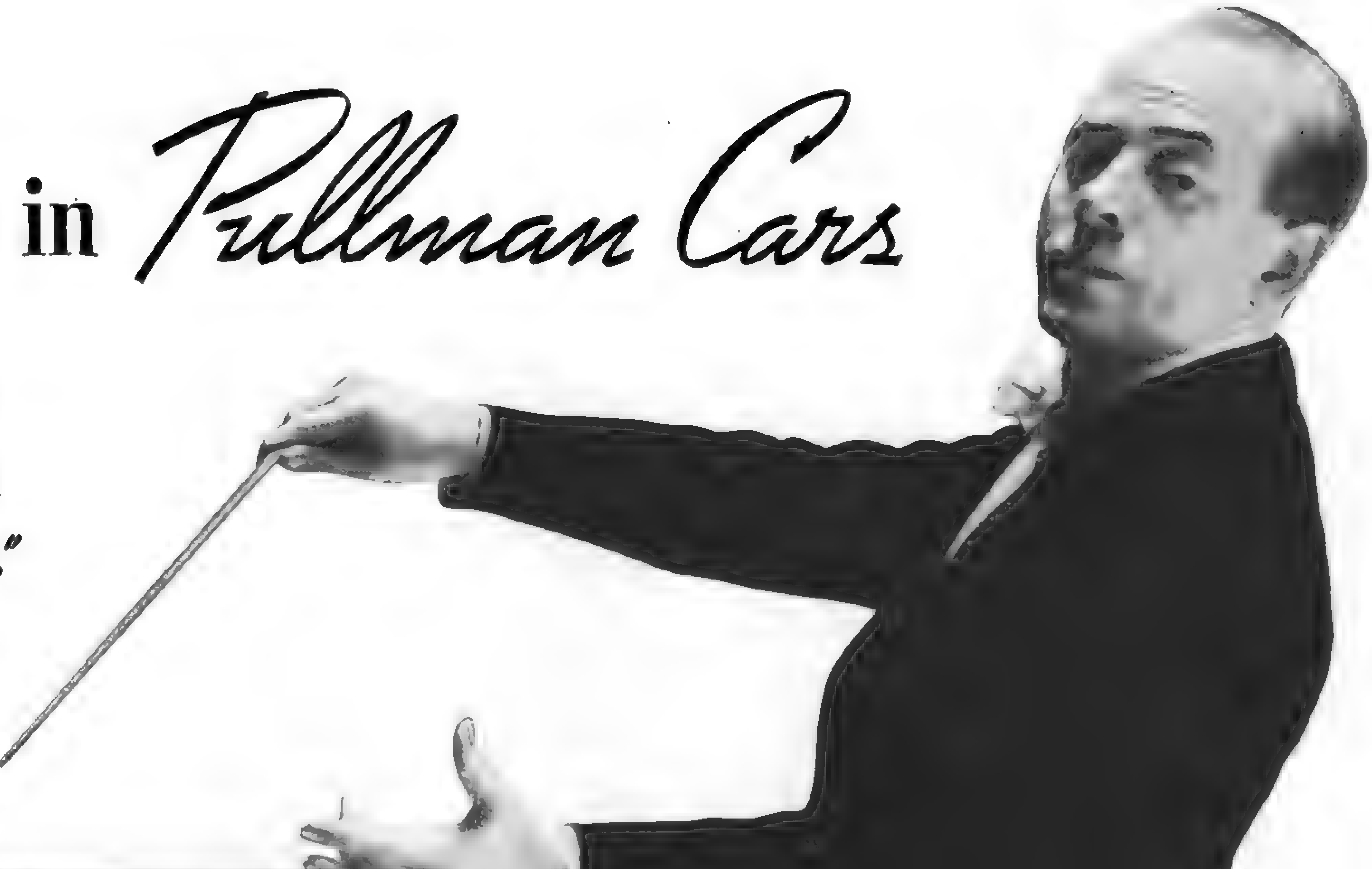
The Vikings also had a ball game which suggests that the origin of baseball may lie farther back than we thought. It seems to have been a kind of outfielder's contest, always played on the ice, with the players split up into pairs, a fielder and a batter working against each other. The batter hit the ball; if he got it over the fielder's head he won, but if the fielder caught it or it fell short the batter had to stand still while the fielder tried to knock him down with the ball. Nice game. The great Scandinavian specialty, however, was what might be called gymnastic tricks. Every Viking had his own, and some of them were honeys. King Olaf Tryggvasson of Norway, for example, the Jim Thorpe of his day, could walk around his own Viking long ship, a forty-oared rowing vessel, jumping from oar to oar outside the ship while she was in motion; and could balance on its rail and juggle three daggers at the same time. If you think this was easy hop up on the rail of the *Queen Mary* during your next crossing and try it with a couple of butcher knives. ⧺

Lived 5 Weeks in Pullman Cars

"It seems incredible that five weeks on a train could be so free from discomfort."

Alfred Reginald Allen

Manager, *Philadelphia Orchestra*

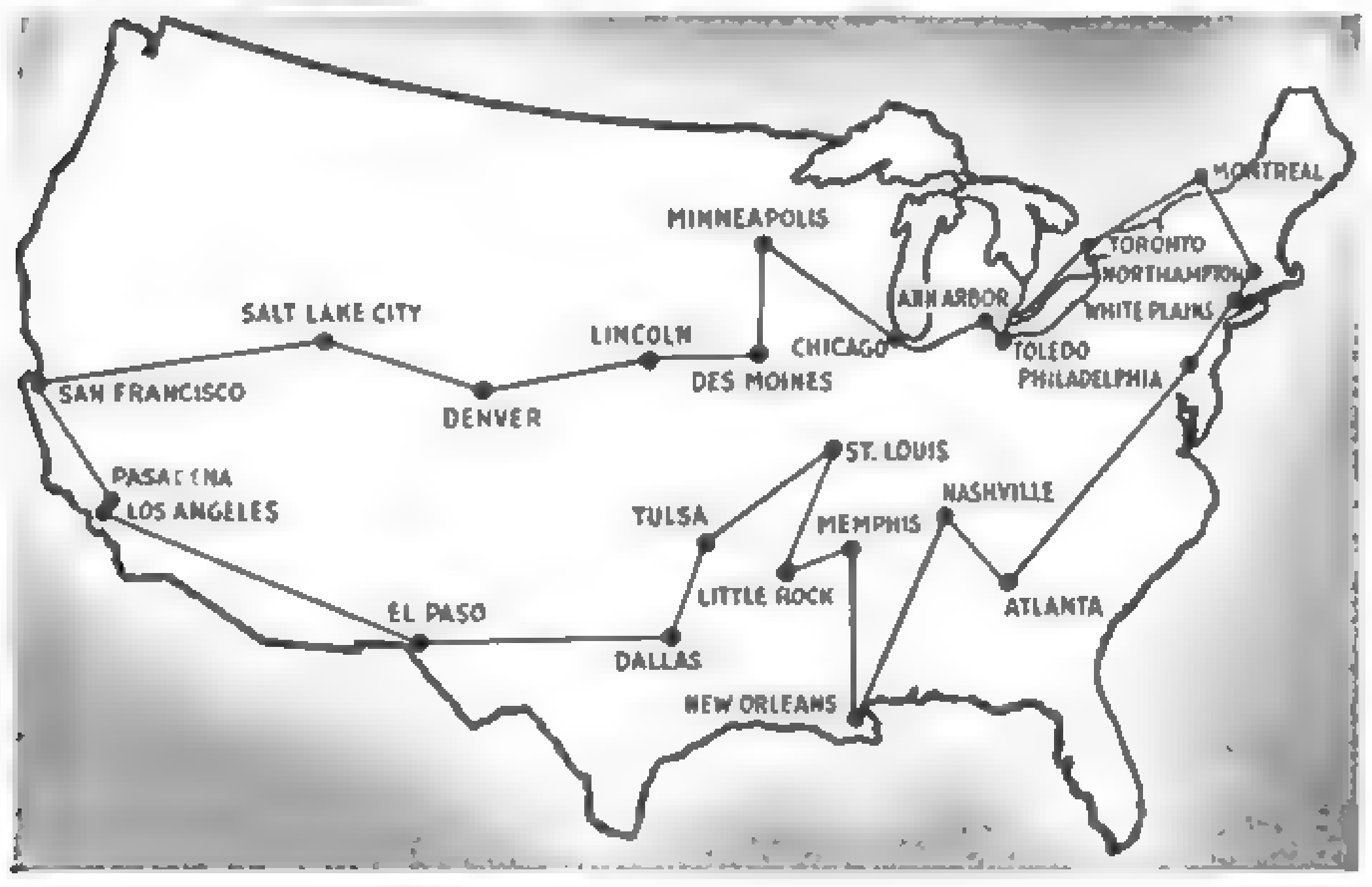


Eugene Ormandy, conductor with Philadelphia Orchestra on current 1937 Transcontinental Tour of the United States.

Photograph by Dooner

José Iturbi, who, with Eugene Ormandy, is conducting Philadelphia Orchestra during its current 1937 tour of the nation.

Impromptu "concert," Greeley, Colo.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Life was made especially pleasant for this trainload of musicians. But that's only typical of the kind of service Pullman provides for more than a thousand trainloads of patrons daily! And it affords them the *safest* of travel. Not a life lost among all the millions of passengers and employes carried in 1935—and again not a fatality in 1936.

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May every plan for your future remain as bright and undimmed as your service of Heirloom Plate—a symbol of lasting happiness through the years. CHATEAU is rich with the traditional lilies of the bride. LONGCHAMPS is serenely, superbly severe. And the price? That's good tidings, too. . . Services start at $30.00 . . . . teaspoons are $3.50 a set.

CHATEAU
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Desk-Man's Finish

Continued from page 95

right words refused to come. Somewhere in the back of his mind was the very phrase. He knew it. He half remembered writing a head for an item just such as this once before.

A straight combination of words would not do. Willis knew what Joe Sinclair was capable of turning out and he would naturally demand something at least up to the standard. In the old days, whenever there was an item which needed a catchy head, something with a newly coined slang expression, or a pun, or anything to set off a light, breezy yarn in true *Post-Ledger* style, they gave it to him every time. That was probably why they gave him this one. Willis had been saving him.

He was staring blankly at the city editor when he realized that he was hearing a rush-hour dressing down.

"Damn it, Munroe, you've had all morning for this and here it is seven minutes after and you hand me four pages in a heap," the city editor raged. "What the hell do you think we're running around here . . . is there any more of this?"

"Yes sir, I . . ."

"For God's sake, get at it! Gimme a sentence at a time!"

The news editor glanced at the first page of the story.

"Too late. No room," he said curtly, his eye already on a sheaf of wire copy.

Joe listened with dread. Seven minutes after one already! He'd had this item of his for twelve minutes and he still was at a loss. First thing he knew, Willis would cut loose. He was increasingly afraid of that. Some day Willis, in his blunt way, would say something about his being too old.

"Here Joe, what're you doin'?" Willis barked.

"Nothing much, Willis, I've just got a little line item here, that's all," Joe answered casually.

"What line item? That bathing-suit? Come on, Joe! Look at the time, man! You've had that thing all day. Here, rush me a number eight on this one."

Joe took the copy gratefully. A change might clear his head. The new story was a three-hundred-word yarn from the zoo, the kind of readable, feature stuff that went so well down in a corner of the first page. Probably half the city would read it and not remember another thing in the paper.

He read it through quickly, editing it as he went with swift, sure pencil strokes. He had the head down on paper in no time at all. He handed it in with pride.

"Here boy, shoot this down in a hurry," Willis ordered, in his brusque, edition-time voice.

His vest was off now, his shirttail was loose, and the sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Where's that line item, Joe?"

"Coming," Joe drawled, trying to pretend he had been busy with important stuff.

"Damn it, man, hurry up!" Willis cried in exasperation.

The clock-stamp at Willis' elbow clicked. Joe squirmed. One-twenty! In another twenty minutes the presses would be rolling!

"Come on, Joe, come on! What's the bloody hold-up!"

Joe's face was scarlet. He tugged at his tie, tore open his vest, gripped his pipe with vise-like jaws.

The damned head wouldn't come. It wouldn't come. It was there, right on the tip of his tongue, and it wouldn't come!

Tommy Wilton finished his last copy and sat back to cool off. Joe could feel his eyes. He and all the boys were waiting to see Willis take a story away from a fellow who was too old.

"Gimme that, Joe!"

Willis was blazing as his hand shot out.

Joe's head was bursting, and his cheeks flamed, but it came! The very words came in a flash. His pencil was still on the sheet when Willis grabbed it.

The slot man's eyes bored into it. At once his face cleared and he let out a resounding laugh.

"Girl Embarrassed!" he roared. "That's a good one! That's good Joe! Here boy, run like hell to the composing room with this! Tell Scotty it *must* go on page one!"

Joe Sinclair sat at his place, panting as if he had run a marathon. He was aware of Tommy Wilton's appraising eyes, but he was too exhausted to speak.

Wearily he raised his head to look through at Willis.

"Can I go to lunch now, Willis?" he managed to ask.

"What the hell! There's five minutes yet! Oh, I guess so, Joe."

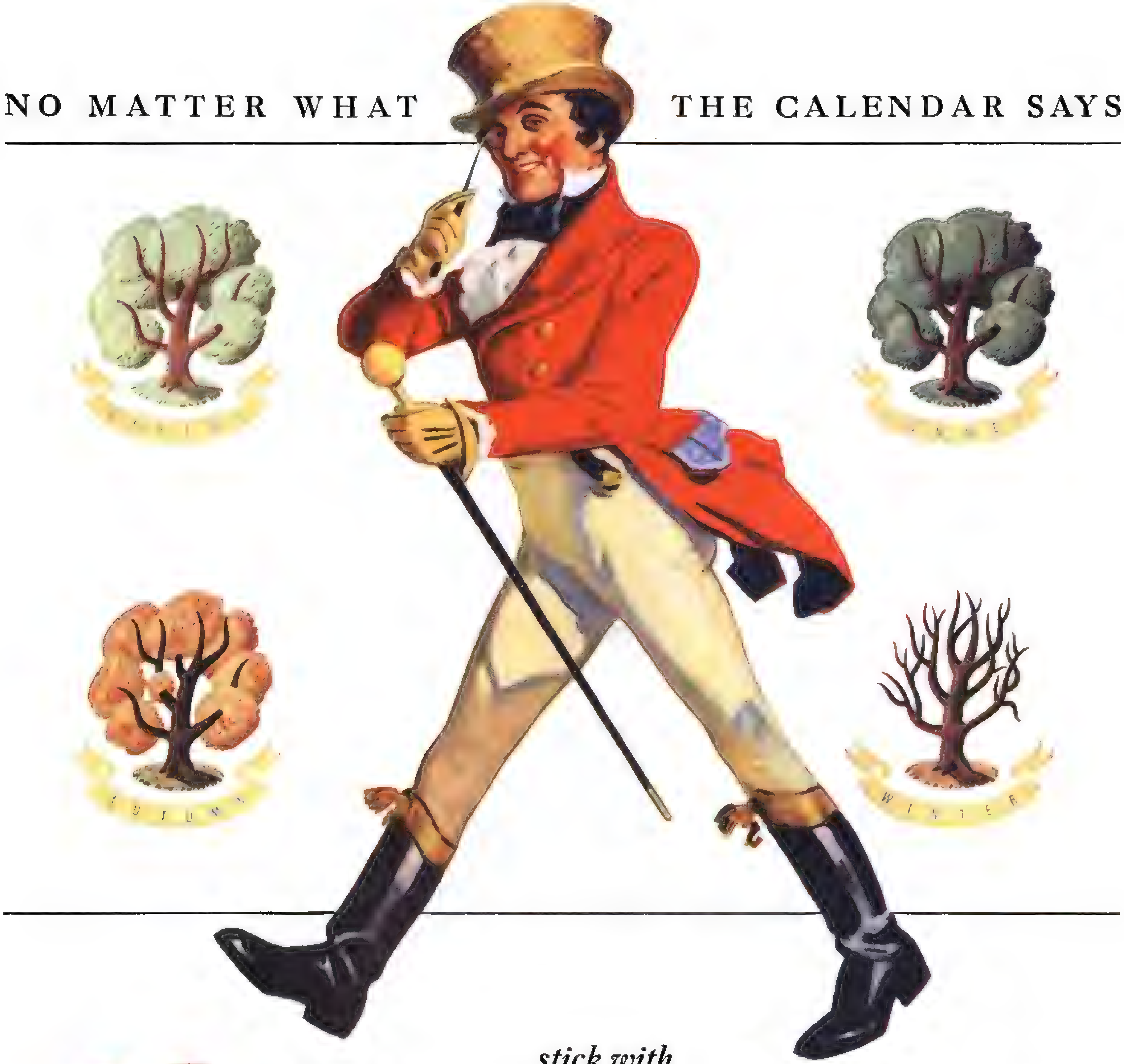
As he shuffled out the news room door, his hat on the back of his head, he heard Willis saying in a matter-of-fact voice for everybody to hear, "Joe's gettin' old. He won't last much longer . . ."

For the first time in his life, Joe Sinclair admitted it to himself. Sitting over his coffee and sandwich in the dairy lunch, he tried to tell himself that he'd be all right as soon as he had his holidays. He *had* given them the head, and a good one. There had been no failure. He was as good as the best. After two weeks in the country he'd be all right.

In his heart, he knew that kind of reasoning was rubbish. He was through. If he was as good as ever it would not have taken an hour to write two words. Anybody could write heads if they had all day for it. Newspapermen didn't work by days; they worked by seconds. He could no longer keep up. He wasn't good enough for the job, that was it.

Looking into his empty coffee cup, he wondered what the managing editor would say about him in front of the boys the day he quit. #

NO MATTER WHAT THE CALENDAR SAYS



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JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Lesser drinks may vary in appeal with the passing calendar. But the popularity of Johnnie Walker knows no season. Throughout the world and throughout the year, the accepted passport to a pleasant evening is "a *short* Johnnie Walker before dinner and a *long* one after dinner."

So at home and away...in winter or in summer...keep *yours* Johnnie Walker and soda. For an evening with this amiable gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

Johnnie Walker Red Label is all aged 8 years; Black Label, 12. Distilled, blended and matured in Scotland.

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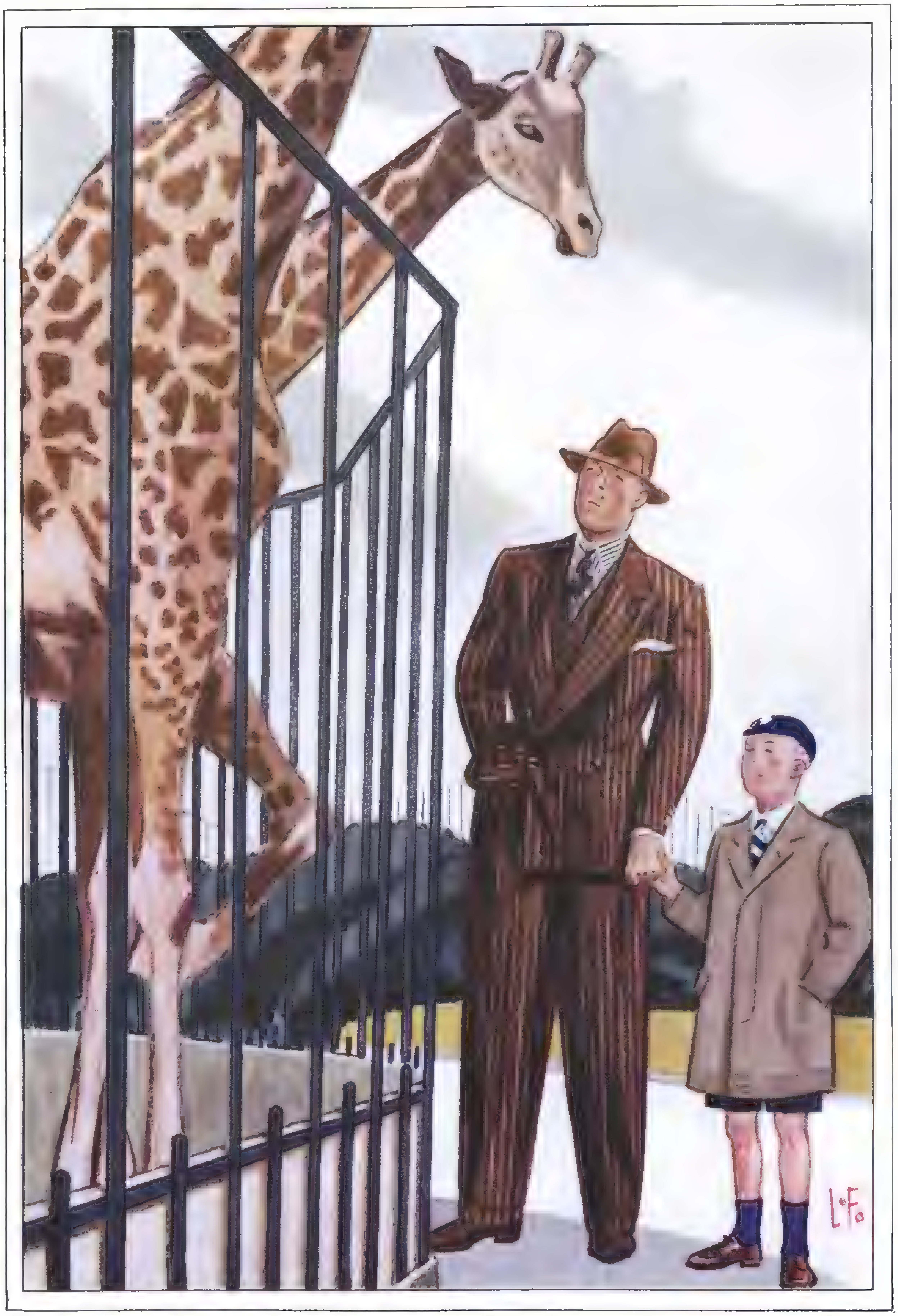

MAN AND BOY AT OUTDOOR SUNDAY SCHOOL

Typical of the current tendency toward semi-sports outfits, a type of turnout that may be worn either for informal occasions in town or for spectator sports in the country, the keynote of this costume is a double-breasted suit of brown lightweight worsted flannel with chalk stripes. Note that the jacket has a four button front instead of the customary six buttons and that the lapel is rolled to the lower button, a conceit that is still affected by many of the better dressed men both in New York and in London. The shirt is of striped madras with lounge collar to match, worn with a foulard tie with spaced figures, the medium toned brown felt hat has a fairly wide brim and unpinched crown. The shoes are reversed calf. Note the plain white breast pocket handkerchief. The boy's outfit consists of a short fly-front covert cloth topcoat, a blue suit with shorts, school cap, white shirt and striped tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 115

low wage and pension upon retirement.

This does not make some of them immune to graft and bribes to increase their standards of living, as the history of our own Interior department, from that of a head of the department like Albert B. Fall down to that of petty employees in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, has shown in repeated scandals and investigations. Nor has it compensated many of them for a lack of importance as a cog in a civil service machine, as many of us who have had to pass custom inspection or deal with a petty-minded civil service employee have reason to know. Backed by the authority of the government, such men can be high-handed and tyrannical; they can subject you to humiliation and insult, delays and inconvenience, if they choose, merely to show their authority and you, as a citizen taxed to pay their wages, whereas they are exempt from taxation, only make matters worse for yourself if you offer protest; for their power, in its sphere, is great.

These reflections were provoked by reading Max Miller's *Mexico Around Me* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) which is a wise, informative, humorous and refreshing book. It is the finest, the most broadly human, the most reflective book Max Miller has written. Don't imagine from what I have written above that Max Miller has any economic or political theories to exploit. Decidedly he has not. Throughout the pages he has written on what he has observed in his wanderings (off the beaten path of the tourists) in Mexico, he has maintained a suspended judgment, checking himself occasionally when he has found himself about to draw a conclusion by testing the pronouncement with what he knows to be true by experience in the United States by contrast or analogy with what he may have concluded was peculiar to Mexico.

In *Mexico Around Me* Miller has only two conclusions to offer: first, that many of the books and much of the literature that has been published about Mexico is romantically and falsely enticing and may lure many American tourists and vacationists into a veritable trap of disappointment unless they confine their activities to Mexico City which is pretty much like any metropolis in the means of recreation it affords; and second, that Zapata was not the bandit he was believed to be in the United States, but a truly great man, the greatest man from Montezuma and Cortez on down who ever set foot on Mexican soil, for he was the only friend the peons, the Indians, the downtrodden ever had in that rich land which had been plundered and its people exploited from powerful leaders among its own races, by the Spaniards and by other Europeans and by Americans, with bloodshed, torture and expropriation from time immemorial.

For the rest Max Miller is a disenchanted but sympathetic observer of Mexico and the ways of Mexico; he is provoked by incidents that illustrate human characteristics that are universal, by oddities of personality which are humorous aspects of human attributes generally; and in the many incongruities and contradictions of Mexican life and ways of thinking and acting, he is merely pleased to record them without trying to reason about them.

While, for instance, our industrial workers are entirely materialistic and commonplace in their strike demands, the Mexican workers are imaginative. The rich oil concessions, which foreigners are allowed to operate under lease (since the land is now the property of the people and the people's government) have to employ native workers under the law. Once the oil workers struck for a polo pony each, for a polo field, and for an instructor in polo, since none of them knew how to play polo. They had merely seen their British bosses play it on a field of their own and thought it was a game they would like to play also.

In addition, writes Miller, they wanted a salary of fifty dollars, American, not Mexican money, each a day. There was an oil workers' strike also in which the workers demanded tickets and expenses to anywhere in the world on their vacations—no place in particular, just any place it might occur to them to go.

There are more unions in Mexico than anywhere in the world. There are unions not only of carpenters, oil workers, manual laborers of all kinds, but unions of tenants and of professionals, even a Union of Prostitutes. The Union of Tenants was formed in Vera Cruz.

It has resulted in the suspension of all building construction in the city. The first rule of the union was that they could not be evicted, which saved them the rent. People have declined to spend money building houses that can be rented for nothing.

The law down there operates entirely for the benefit of the so-called dispossessed. A French lumberman, leaving on an extended business trip and feeling sorry for a Mexican friend of his, told him that he and his family might live in a section of his home while he was gone, with no work to do but merely to keep an eye on the property. He found he was to be gone longer than he expected and through an agent rented the house to an American family, with rent paid cash in advance. The Mexican refused to vacate; his lawyer had advised him he could stay there as long as he liked. Moreover he sued the owner upon his return for back salary as a

Continued on page 158

Bright Spots in the rain

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And now frantic wives everywhere can stop their Button hunts—

Grippers

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New type fastener can't rip off . . . can't break or crush

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 115-157

caretaker and for the three months' salary in advance which under the Mexican law every employer must give a dismissed employee.

In Vera Cruz the old men and women who were allowed to open doors of hotels and apartment houses for the tips they received, as charity jobs because their services were not needed, fell in with the multiplication of unions and formed a union also and immediately brought suit against the owners of the hotels for back wages at preposterous daily salaries extending back through many years. They won the suits; and in some instances the judgments against the owners for back wages were in larger sums than the worth of the buildings, and with these judgments as liens against the property the owners have given them up.

German, Dutch, French and other foreigners, however, who know the country and like it, still risk their money in the operation of plantations down there in spite of previous expropriations of their houses and improvements. Since the land belongs to those who work it as long as they work it, the workers on a plantation can organize a commune with a leader at any time and take over the property, driving the planter out; and this they sometimes do when, after taking wages for clearing the land, helping put up houses, and farm buildings and fences, and for tilling the soil and for other work of improvement, they have decided that the farm has been run long enough to be on a profitable basis.

These "leaders," you have guessed it, are racketeers from the Labor Commission of a labor government. Flourishing the papers of their official office, they descend upon a plantation that is known to be operating profitably, hold the necessary election among the laborers to get themselves officially made leaders and muscle in on the property. How these racketeers are sometimes circumvented by the plantation owners who have declined to bribe the rats is exemplified in one magnificent story told by Max Miller. Sometimes the expropriated owners merely bide their time until the workers and leader racketeers so mismanage the property that it shows no profit; then they move back in; but ordinarily they yield to bribery or seek the influence of some friend who is strong in the central government.

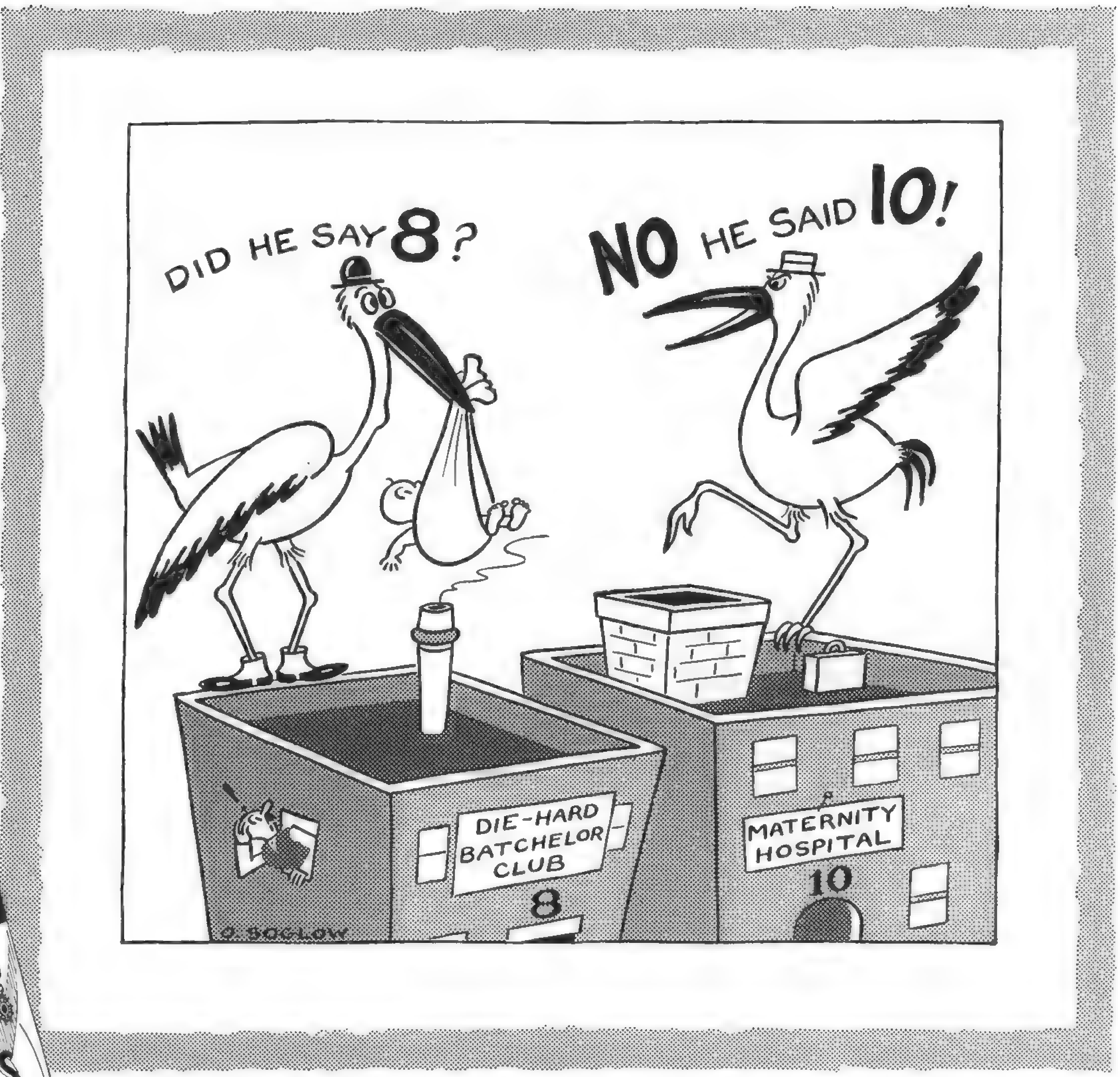
Now that there is a labor government in Mexico, labor trouble is the universal topic of conversation; but that there will be another revolution, Miller says, there is very little chance of, because the Indian peons have reached the stage where they don't believe anybody and have finally come to realize one thing and that is, if there is any fighting, they are the ones that do the fighting and get it in the neck. Also the mineral deposits and the products of the soil are no longer exploited by foreign capital as they once were to the impoverishment of the country and to the enrichment of non-resident concessionaries and a brutal dictator who sold his own people, Mayas and Yaquis, into slavery at so much per head to foreign-owned plantations, and gave oil companies gangster protection for large sums of money. Plantations and oil companies are now heavily taxed; as a result Mexico is one of the few countries in the world that is out of debt and with a growing surplus in the treasury . . . There are parables in *Mexico Around Me*, I think, for both capital and labor in the United States; and fascinating reading for anybody.

John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* (Covici-Friede, $2) is, I am constrained to think, the most marvelous *tour-de-force* in the whole history of realistic fiction. Gorki's *Twenty-one Men and a Girl*, Andreyev's story of the man who was falsely imprisoned for so many years that upon being released he had to create the illusion that he was still in his cell (I forget the title), Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, Bunin's *The Man from San Francisco*, Hemingway's *Fifty Grand*, Middleton's *The Ghost Ship*, Sherwood Anderson's *Hands*, Louis Paul's *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, Lardner's *The Golden Honeymoon*, Norris' *The Red Badge of Courage*, stories by Chekhov, D. H. Lawrence, O. Henry, etc., spring instantly to mind, even Chesterton's satirical phantasy *The Man Who Was Thursday*, in which the paraphernalia of realism were employed. But in all these the problem of the artist was child's play in comparison with the astounding problem which Steinbeck set for himself and executed so flawlessly that any writer who has ever tried to write fiction or any critic who has trouble to learn anything about technique will put the story down gasping with admiration and astonishment, and perhaps any layman will be left wondering what it was in that story he has just finished which held him spellbound with excitement and exalted by intimations like those of the finest lyrical poetry.

Consider what Steinbeck has taken as the material and "plot" of his story (it is all right to tell you "how it comes out" for Steinbeck, just as if to make his job harder, tells you in so many words just what is going to happen in the opening pages of his story: any one would be very dumb not to see it) and marvel that he has made beautiful and poignant masterpieces out of it. He takes two bindle stiffs, the migratory workers of the orchards and fruit farms and vegetable plots and ranches of California, who are sent out by agencies in San Francisco and other towns at a call for laborers. One of them is a giant

Continued on page 160

CONSIDER THE
AGE AS WELL
AS THE BRAND


DID HE SAY 8?
NO HE SAID 10!
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8
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10
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Lilac Vegetal prevents pimples and blackheads caused by pores left open after shaving

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Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream
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Quick lathering, smooth

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 115-157-158

with a child's mind and moreover is the victim of a pathological desire for stroking smooth, soft things which would label him a degenerate in almost any easy psychiatric method of pigeon-holing. His short, stocky friend is normal and intelligent for all the handicaps of illiteracy and lack of specialized training. The two companions are alone in the world and dependent upon one another like a woman without a husband or relatives or friends left with the care and protection of an imbecile child.

They have had to run away from a camp town to escape a lynching because the child-like giant has done "a bad thing" again: he has yielded to his impulse to stroke soft things when he is attracted by the colors and the texture of a silk dress a girl is wearing. They wander until they find work, the small man gently trying to penetrate the giant's uncomprehending brain with the warning that he must not "do bad things" lest they both get into trouble, be separated, and never achieve their dream of having a small tract of land to till as their own, and threatening to take his dead mouse away from him or telling the giant he won't let him have any rabbit as a pet when they get their farm, if he does not obey.

You apprehend right away what is going to happen; that the giant is going to "do a bad thing" innocently and that this time it is going to end tragically; that he is going to kill a girl or a woman with his strong hands, not out of any degenerate sexual impulse toward the girl or woman and with no intention of harming her, but out of a secondary, involuntary muscular and nervous contraction of his great hands and fingers when he is seized with fright. Steinbeck proceeds in a straight line to this denouement; there is no trickery here, nothing to make you want to turn to the back of the book to see how it comes out. You know how it is going to come out. Steinbeck's tremendous "trick," his great art is to make you not want to skip a word in following with a tender and almost overwhelming sympathy the progress of these two adult and lonely waifs to an inevitable tragedy. Steinbeck is to make you feel something of yourself in these outcasts and to feel in the impenetrable workings of nature something of every man's handicap in life in the attainment of a dream of happiness, peace and freedom from anxiety. To these and other bindle stiffs they encounter on the way, the blue bird of happiness, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, is a bit of soil which will mean a home, no more tramping, food and leisure and a minimum of work.

Steinbeck has created a masterpiece of poetic mysticism here and has done it with the words, the symbols, even the technique of the realist. The characters are brought vividly to life; they move and act and talk naturally and believably. They are realer, even, than many of your intimates or acquaintances and what they do has a stricter logic and credibility than some of the things you yourself do. The versatility of John Steinbeck which makes each of his novels so unlike any of the preceding ones is but the many facets of a masterly cut diamond of genius, solid and precious.

The crop of good books this spring is unusually large, larger than for many seasons. I have recommended to you before, *The Old Bunch* (Viking, $3.00) by Meyer Levin, an associate editor and the motion picture critic of ESQUIRE; but let me call it to your attention again as a sincere and careful, moving, unsensational work of the imagination which follows the varied careers of a group of normal, idealistic, healthy high school boys from the days of their comradely pledges to one another and the high seriousness of their youth through the compromises and adjustments, according to the character and opportunities of each, to the realities of the competitive struggle. This novel is truer to the life I have known and experienced than are the novels of James T. Farrell; and Levin writes better than Farrell, has his material and his characters under better control, does not force himself between the story and the reader and scream out with bitterness as does Farrell or strike the reader over the head with false emphasis.

Theatre (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50) by W. Somerset Maugham—This novel has the profundity of *Of Human Bondage*, the lightness of touch of *Cakes and Ale* and the entertaining qualities of the best of Maugham's early drawing room comedies for the stage. Until the reader finishes the last sentence and mulls over what he has read with chuckles as he reads, he is not likely to realize that in this novel Maugham packs into a single paragraph or snatch of carefully selected dialogue as much psychology as Henry James or Marcel Proust were able to bring out only after pages and chapters of tortuous and involuted writing. This is the story of an actress who was a great artist, such a great artist that as a person she no longer existed save as a pathetic, unimportant, rather vulgar soul buried far beneath the personalities of the characters created by playwrights which she had brought to life on the stage, making an artificial scene of any off-stage encounter, speaking tag lines of roles she has enacted which she thinks are appropriate to the occasion. She is a mere instrument of something higher than herself and when she attempts to experience life and allow her emotions to get involved she not only finds only ugliness and heart-break in her fling at love and adultery; she also discovers that the one time in her life when she actually *is* the character she is portraying on the stage and feeling the emotions she is called upon to express, her acting is a frost—completely unconvincing. This is the first time Maugham has attempted to portray a female character from the inside rather than from the impact she makes upon other characters. This, make no doubt of it, is a great novel as well as an extremely readable one: the Julia Gosselyn of this novel takes rank with Becky Sharp, Anna Karenina and Madame Bovary among the great female characters created in fiction.

Away from It All (Simon & Shuster, $3), by Cedric Belfrage—The author who described himself as an escapologist who having tried all the escapes from the distressing reality of modern life in London—alcohol, religion, patriotism, romantic novels, the movies, silver-lining theme songs, spiritualism, newspapers and sex—seeks to run away from it all, in flight by boat and overland from Tangiers to Port Said, Bagdad, India, Mandalay, Singapore, Australia, Java, Bali and Tahiti only to find the same kind of things that anguished him in English civilization present everywhere he went. This is a debunking book but it is a lively one of travel and adventure with a marvelous and hilarious chapter toward the end about a 1700 mile trip through a rough stretch of the South Pacific in a forty-foot boat, owned by an eccentric oldish woman and manned by her and three others, including the author, only one of whom knew anything about navigation.

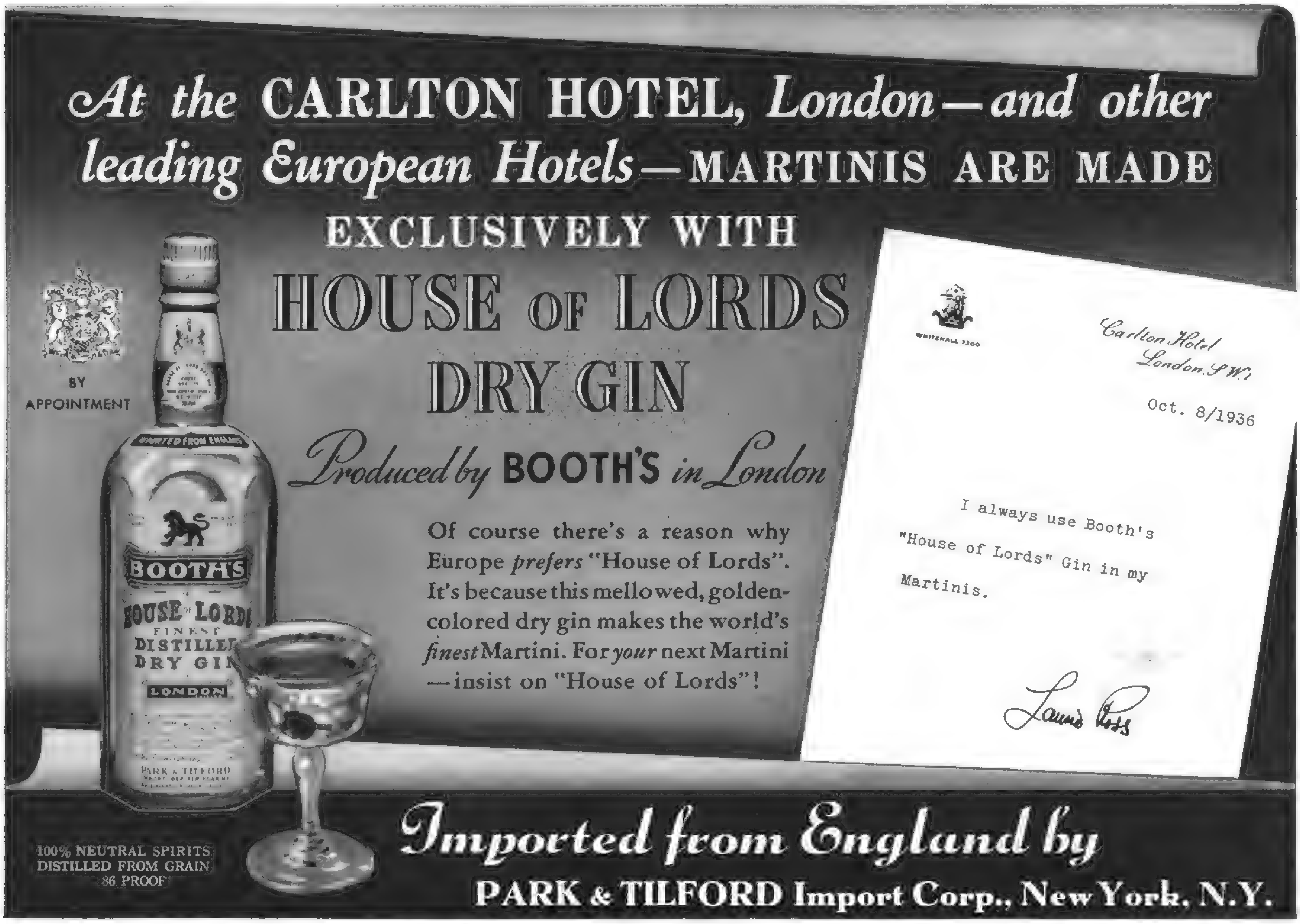
Books and Battles (Houghton, Mifflin, $3), by Irene and Allen Cleaton—A sprightly, well documented, comprehensive survey of American literature during the period 1920-30. The authors do for the literary scene what Frederick Allen did for the whole of a period in *Only Yesterday.* They record comic and important and significant disputes, events and battles which would have escaped a more comprehensive historian or a literary historian without their capacity for research and observation.

The Laurels Are Cut Down (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) by Archie Binns—A beautiful novel about the pioneers and sons of pioneers of the Puget Sound country with a tremendous third part in which a novelist utilizes for the first time the background and the material of that senseless, illogical and never-explained American expedition against the Bolshevist armies and in aid of the White Russian armies in Siberia, which sent American boys to freeze, bleed or die or both in battle with the armies of a country with which we were not at war and in aid of a scattering of armies which served no country and had no central government. The author of *Lightship* has added to his stature as a novelist not to be ignored.

I Visit the Soviets (Harper, $2.50) by E. M. Delafield—The author of the slyly satiric *Diary of a Provincial Lady* here casts her naive and honest eyes upon things seen in Russia; and, if she is critical of Russian officialdom and appalled by some of the experiences she had and some of the workings of the Stalinist dictatorship, she is amusing in her accounts of these things and, although she leaves with the feeling that she would not like to live in Russia herself, she is convinced the lot of the majority of the inhabitants has been bettered and that these inhabitants like it, and that's the main thing.

Desert Encounter (Putnam, $3) by Knud Holmbe—The adventures of a young Dane who spoke Arabic and who attempted to drive a car from Morocco to Egypt, studying Arab life and culture en route, who got lost in the Libyan Desert alone and, after almost incredible experiences, ran smack into all the horrors of Italian imperialism in Cyrenaica, and his account of the Italian military's subjection of Arab natives to colonization foreshadows the methods to be employed by them after conquering Abyssinia. He was arrested with twelve Arabs as a spy and made to endure unspeakable tortures, being finally deported from Derna to Benghazi, each prisoner chained up in an iron cage by manacles on the wrists in a two days' voyage on a rough sea. The author was killed by Arab marauders before his book was published in Denmark and Sweden where, as later in England, it had a great success.

None Shall Look Back (Scribner's, $2.75) by Caroline Gordon—An impressive and entertaining novel, rich in descriptive passages, with a little-known but important real character, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Major-General of the Confederate army during the Civil War, as the hero. The great campaigns Forrest engaged in as well as plantation life in Tennessee are pictured here in a subtle and vivid prose by the author of that curiously masculine book for a woman to write, *Aleck Maury: Sportsman.* ⁂



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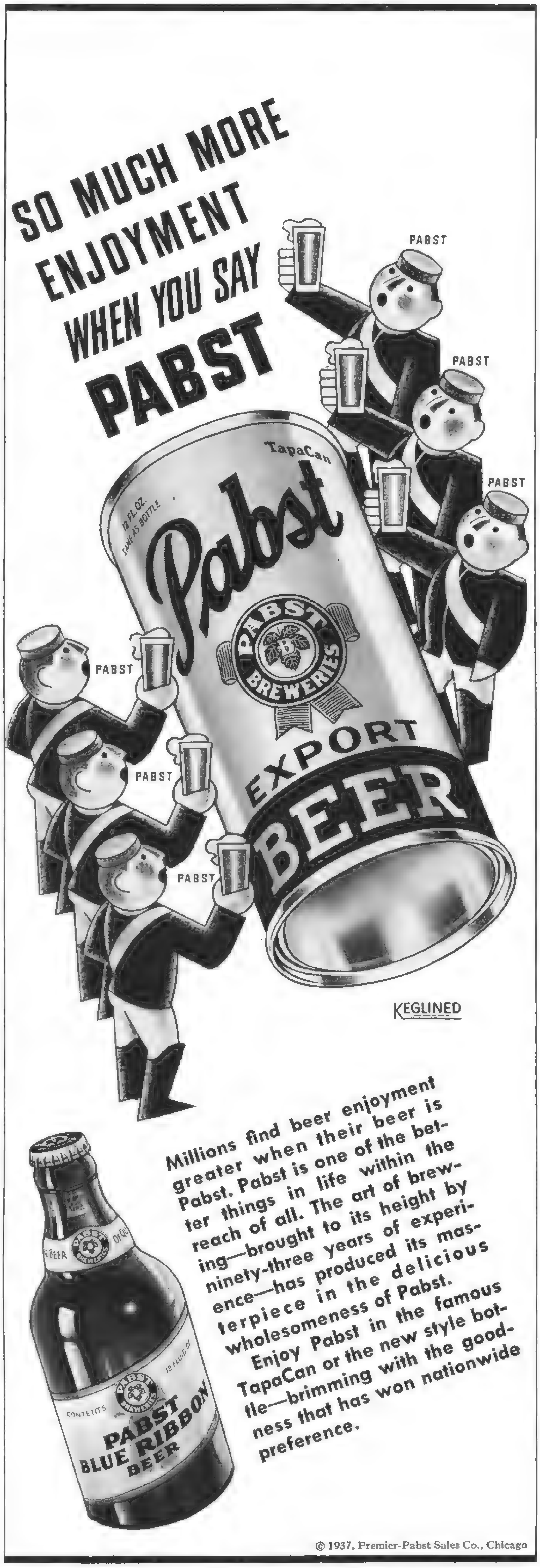

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Old Telegrams Are Live Wires

Continued from page 80

the history of the jittery dots and dashes won't hurt you. Anyhow, you ought to have known that Samuel Findley Breese Morse, already a famous painter, invented the telegraph between spells of seasickness on a voyage from France in 1832. Twelve years later Congress made a trivial grant to build the first telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore.

Because there was no Father Coughlin, no Hauptman trial and no World Court to stir up telegrams, there was no overwhelming use of the new service and the Congressional ardor, which had been pegged at about 40 degrees above zero at the start, immediately froze solid. But not so private industry. Blamed for much, private industry has suffered with the embarrassingly chronic complaint of risking its money upon the impractical and visionary chimeras which have made America great enough to have the world's biggest depression. So with the telegraph, and in 1846 our statesmen bowed out in deference to private industry which promptly extended the first meager linelet to Philadelphia.

Then a rash of telegraph companies infected the land. Many great names in American industry burgeoned in the fruitful soil of this nascent industry. Ezra Cornell, who later founded a college on his telegraph millions, was one of these so-called visionaries. Hiram Sibley, grandfather of a United States Chamber of Commerce president, also knew a good thing when he heard it. From the Mississippi eastward the din of telegraph keys must have been terrific.

The first sordid commercial companies sprang from the virgin soil in 1846. Like Jason who sowed magic dragon's teeth and brought forth fighting men, a legion of full panoplied telegraph companies clicked forth with magical speed in the following ten years. Like Jason, the youthful telegraph industry was about to expire from this many-purposed multitude when a group of more astute and far-sighted dreamers including Sibley, Cornell and others whose names are not well enough known to mention here, threw the helmet of merger into that chaotic field. In 1856 one company was the outcome, and to quote my oldest Western Union envelope: "of the consolidation of the House, Morse, O'Rielly, Wade, Speed and Cornell Lines under the control of the New York and Mississippi Printing Telegraph Company."

Many smaller companies grew and then languished before and after 1856. The most notable of these were assembled under the aegis of John Mackay the elder, and today continue under 77B, Clarence Mackay and Al Smith. There is little left to recall many of them save in the telegrams they left behind, and a wild and woolly history of this equally boisterous industry is still to be written.

In the disorder of a restless growing industry you will find what you are looking for. Upon these old telegrams you will find names which will mean about as much to you as the dainty chiselling on the obelisk in Central Park. You who have beheld on telegrams only the names of R. B. White, J. C. Willever, Newcomb Carlton and Clarence Mackay will become acquainted with such early telegraph notables as J. C. Rowe, Norvin Green, Charles M. Stebbins, E. S. Sanford, Sir Hugh Allen, M. Lefferts, James D. Reid, J. D. Caton, F. O. B. Smith, Jephtha H. Wade and the late Theodore N. Vail and a score of others. These, then are among the names you will look for.

And now . . . what interesting reading matter will you find in these old telegrams? The answer is *anything.* Many telegrams will have to do with the hereafter. "JOHN STARTED WITH REMAINS." "BABY DIED LAST NIGHT." "GRANDMOTHER DANGEROUSLY ILL. BILLIOUS COLIC." Then you'll know why Aunt Sue is still sometimes afraid to open the door for the messenger.

Some bring back memories of ancient landmarks. "WILL MEET YOU AT BARNUM'S SUNDAY."

One carries a querulous plea still unanswered. "NOTHING FROM BALTIMORE. MEXICANS WON'T WORK. WHAT MUST I DO?" Maybe Calles or the present incumbent can answer that one.

Now and then true treasure trove will come your way. You may acquire the yarn in short, short story form of an incident, an event, or a war that shaped the destiny of a nation. I have one group which tells the sad story of a train wreck which fifty years ago snuffed out a score of lives. Another group tells a close-clipped story of "revenooers" among the Kentucky and West Virginia stills.

But the biggest strike of all has to do with the Civil War, a telegraphic record worth my weight in gold, 100 telegrams addressed to General G. T. Beauregard from eleven governors of the Confederacy.

The whole bitter struggle is compressed into these faded sheets of the southern telegraph companies. Many are stained with what appears to be gun-oil, although when feeling it may go unchallenged it may be called b-l-lood! Among these we find the trenchant message of Ishlam G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee. It's dated February, 1862.

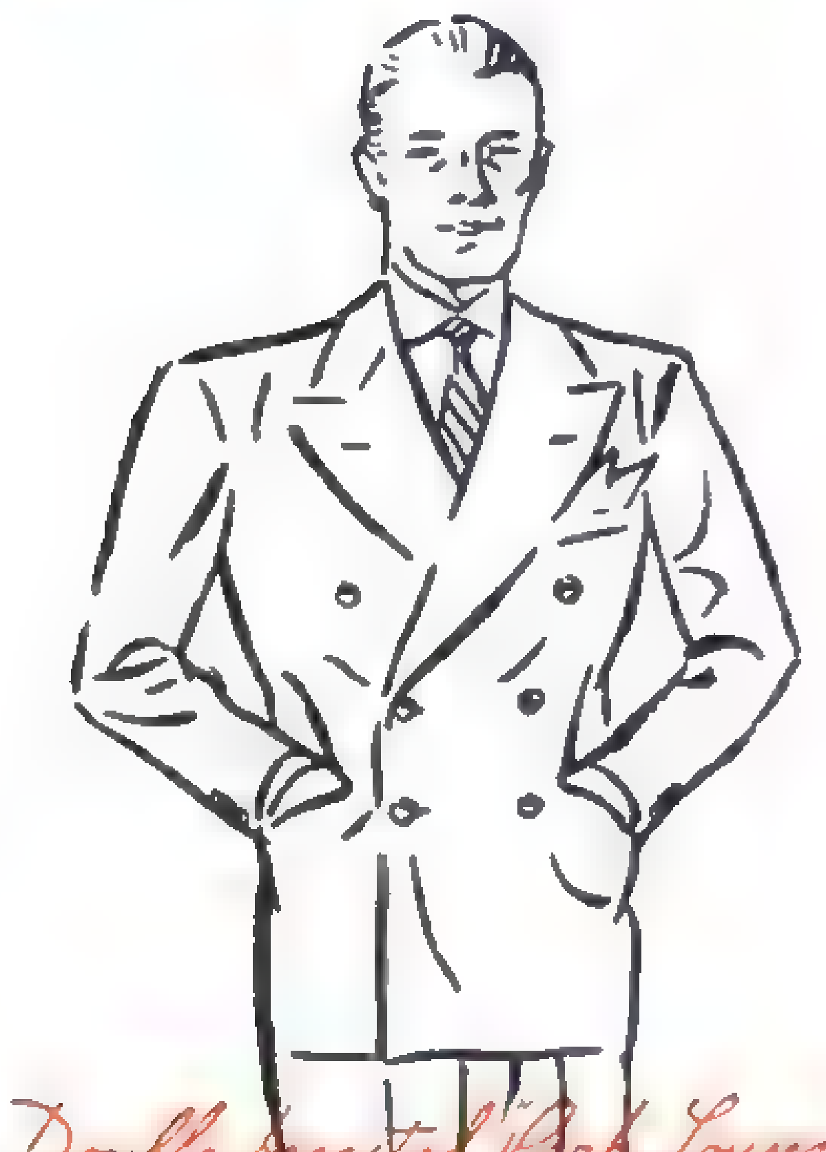
I HAVE ORDERED OUT EVERY MAN IN THE STATE WHO IS OR CAN BE ARMED. Etc.

Desperate is the plea of A. G. Macgrath, Governor of South Carolina.

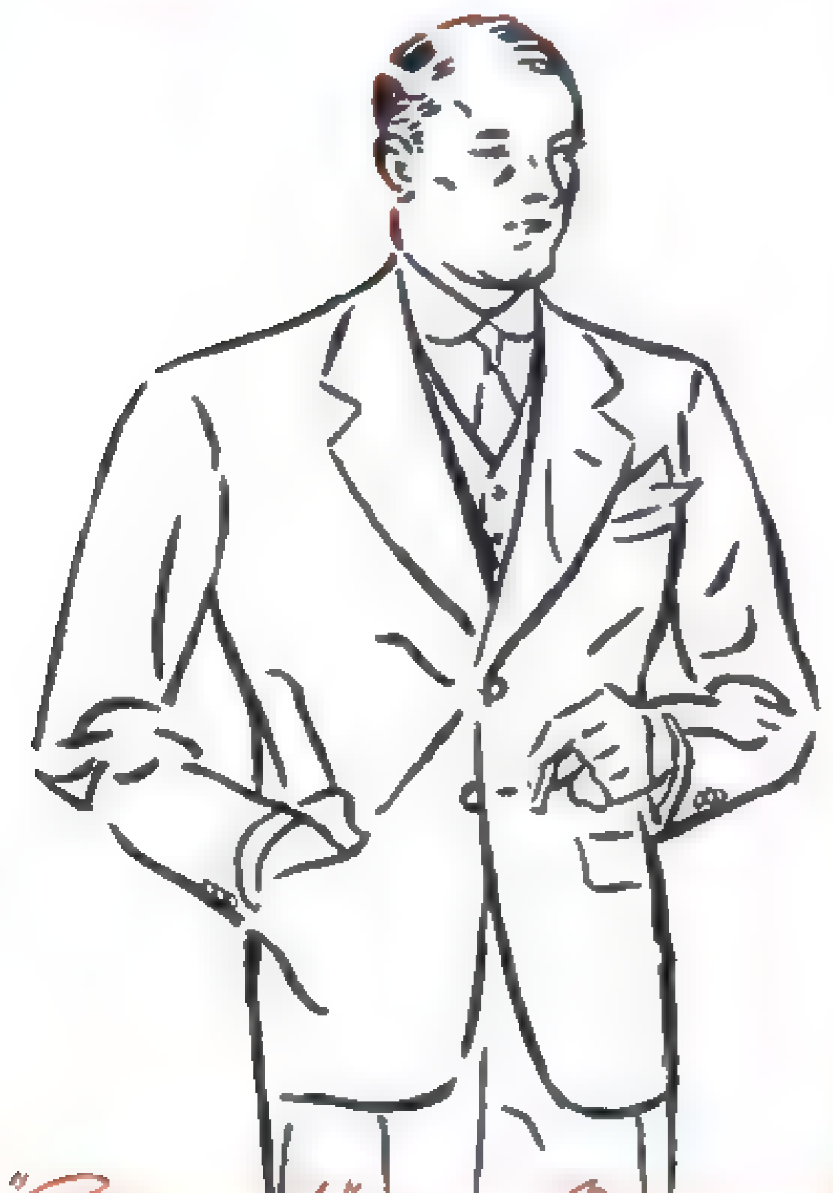
GENERAL GARLINGTON REPORTS TO ME THAT HIS TROOPS HAVE BEEN

Continued at top of page 164

Fashion Park



Double-breasted "Park Lounge" ...first fashion choice for Spring. Notice wide shoulders, full drape chest, fitted waist ... distinction! ... In the choicest new worsteds.



"Stanerck"... an Original, an Exclusive! Makes short men look tall, stout men look slender. In fabrics of noteworthy character.

"Park Lounge" New ease. New freedom. New assurance. The 1937 idea, finely hand-tailored, in fabrics of uncommon smartness. Leadership!

SUITS $45 to $100
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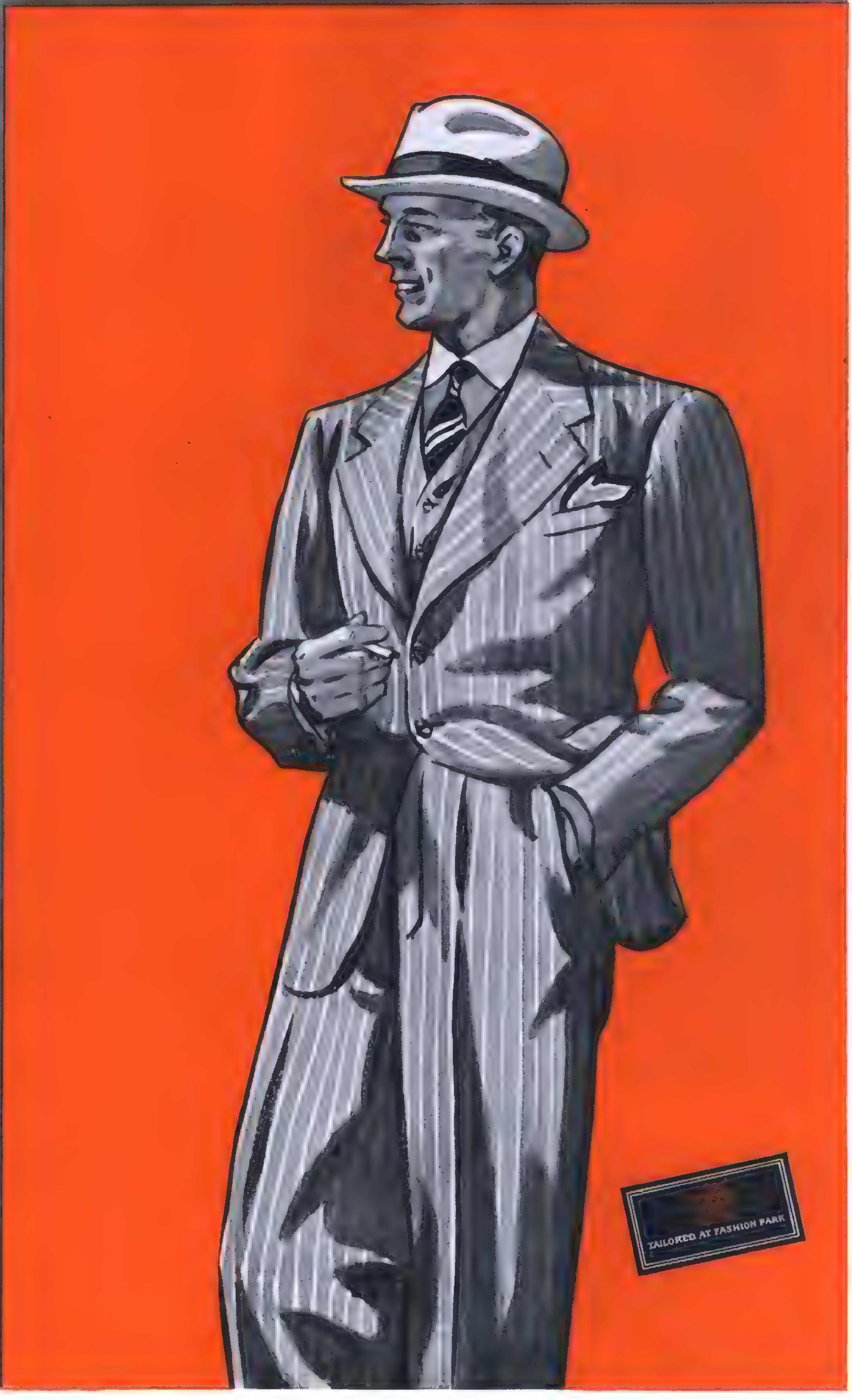

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"Calox has always seemed gentle and soft — pleasant to use. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."
Olivia de Havilland

OLIVIA De HAVILLAND, *glamorous Warner Brothers star. See her in her new picture "CALL IT A DAY." Notice her "starry" smile. She uses Calox Tooth Powder.*

"Are a movie star's teeth really as brilliant and lustrous as they look on the screen?"...people often ask.

Yes, they are. They have to be. The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to shine—naturally.

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A beauty dentifrice made with prescription care

Calox works scientifically, to promote the cleanliness and luster of the teeth. Calox releases live oxygen in the mouth. It tends to strengthen gums... helps to neutralize mouth acids.

Get Calox today—keep *your* teeth in the "starry" class.

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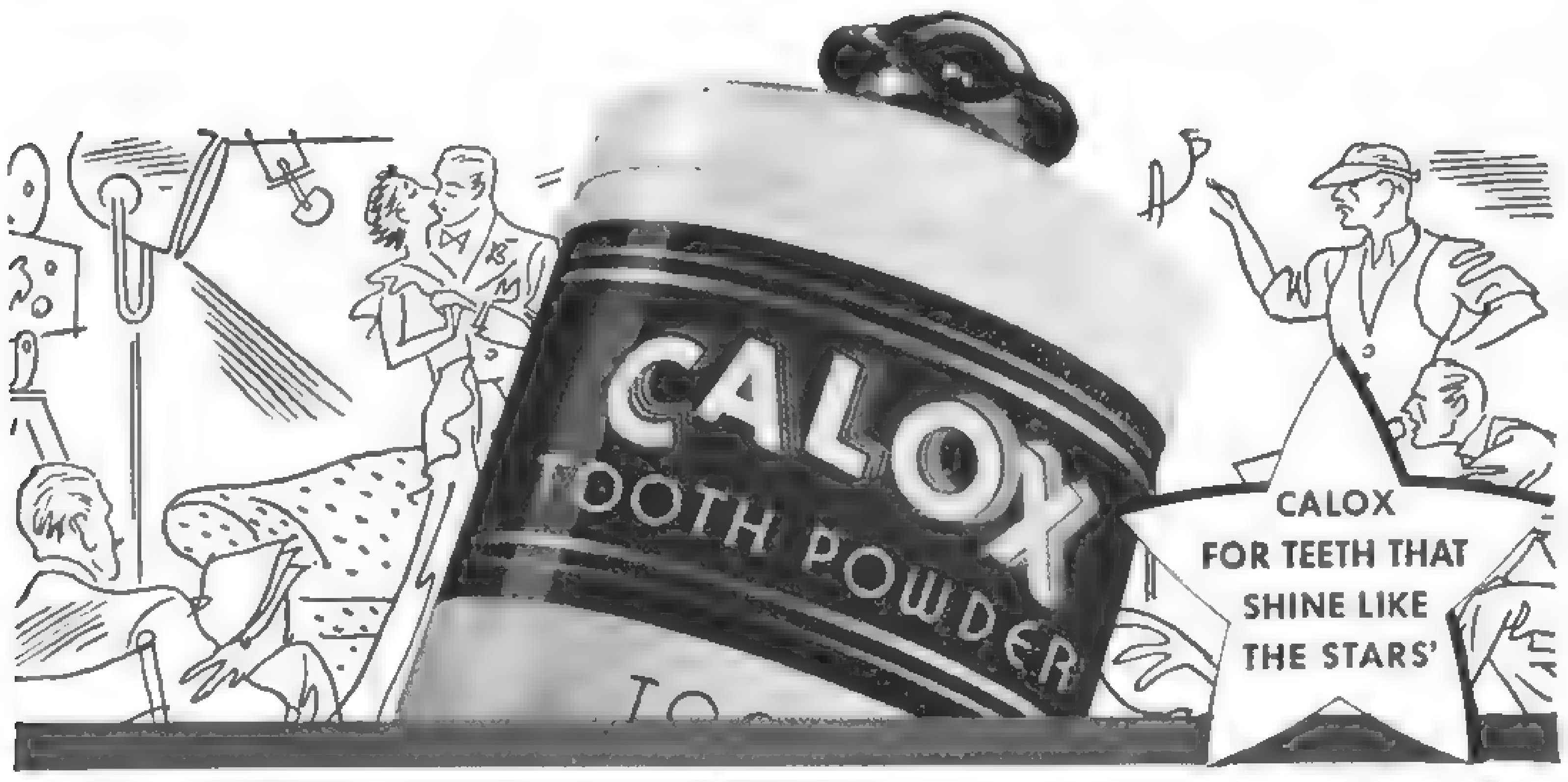

CALOX
TOOTH POWDER
CALOX FOR TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

Old Telegrams Are Live Wires

Continued from page 80-162

WITHOUT RATIONS FOR 12 HOURS. Etc.

The struggle has now become more frantic, more helpless and in code Governor Macgrath telegraphs a startling suggestion:

DO YOU SUPPOSE IN THE PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR AFFAIRS THAT GREAT NECESSITY EXISTS WHICH SHOULD INDUCE THE STATE TO CONSIDER THE QUESTION OF ARMING OUR SLAVES? Etc.

And then finally came the hope of peace. "OBLIGE ME," wired William Smith, Governor of Virgina, "BY TELEGRAPHING ME TO THIS PLACE THE TERMS OF NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO ARMIES. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT I SHALL HAVE IT AS I KNOW NOT WHAT TO DO. PLEASE REPLY IMMEDIATELY."

On April 9, 1865, General Lee handed in his tools and on September 6 of the same year, the man who beat the Southern sword into a plowshare, wired the following to Major-General Grierson at the Tremont House in Chicago, slightly less than twenty-two years before he would hear from poor unarmed-and-alone-Connolly:

IF YOUR DISPATCH IS FROM WASHINGTON YOU WILL HAVE TO OBEY IT. IF FROM DEPARTMENT COMMANDER YOU CAN REMAIN SEVEN (7) DAYS MORE.

U. S. GRANT.

So you see, no meek and spavined nag is this newest hobby horse. I recommend him for your indoor exercise. Leap into the saddle before the field is crowded. Learn the thrill of ransacking the attic, of looting old files, of haunting auctions, of browsing in second-hand shops, of swapping, of haggling, of locating sources of supply. Too much trouble, do you say? You can't mean that! Where do I get my telegrams, do you ask? Now that's too much! I haven't the slightest intention of telling you. Besides, that's another story. ⌗

Palooka of the Pond

Continued from page 84

four-pounder not exceeding twenty inches. They are stout, broad-beamed fellows who can put up as good a scrap, ounce for ounce, as the average large-mouth bass. Yet only a few miles away a similar pond is the habitat of a dejectedly long, lean, meager pickerel, obviously a poor relation facing the foreclosure of the mortgage. The explanation is doubtless in the field of the scientist rather than the sportsman; but other game-fish don't appear to differ so startlingly according to feed, temperature and like conditions. Perhaps it is because a pickerel will somehow adapt himself to affliction, even to changing his figure and disposition, while a bass or trout immediately thinks of race suicide.

The point is that his very virility sometimes gives the pickerel a bad reputation. Under unprosperous conditions it results in the sort of defeatist who spends himself in the first strike and reels in belly-up with a meekly forgiving air. In the muskie and small-mouth regions of Wisconsin I have seen guides toss such "snakes" out on the shore as if they were a contamination.

This same Darwinian will-to-live also has its advantages. Allow the pickerel as good an environment as the trout or bass demands and I can attest that he will run a close second. At the risk of being considered balmy, I am willing to put myself on record as one angler who often fishes pickerel from choice in a country also offering bass as well as rainbow, salmon and brook trout.

The word, you will note, is *offering*—not *teeming with*, *abounding in* or any of the other shiny lure-words cast at the fisherman in the resort ads. Only last June I attended the opening of a nearby lake which had been recently stocked with nine-inch trout from the state hatcheries. For fear of offending the sturdy yeomanry there were no fly-fishing restrictions; so this lake really was *teeming with* and *abounding in* . . . more worm-fishermen than I had ever seen at one clan gathering!

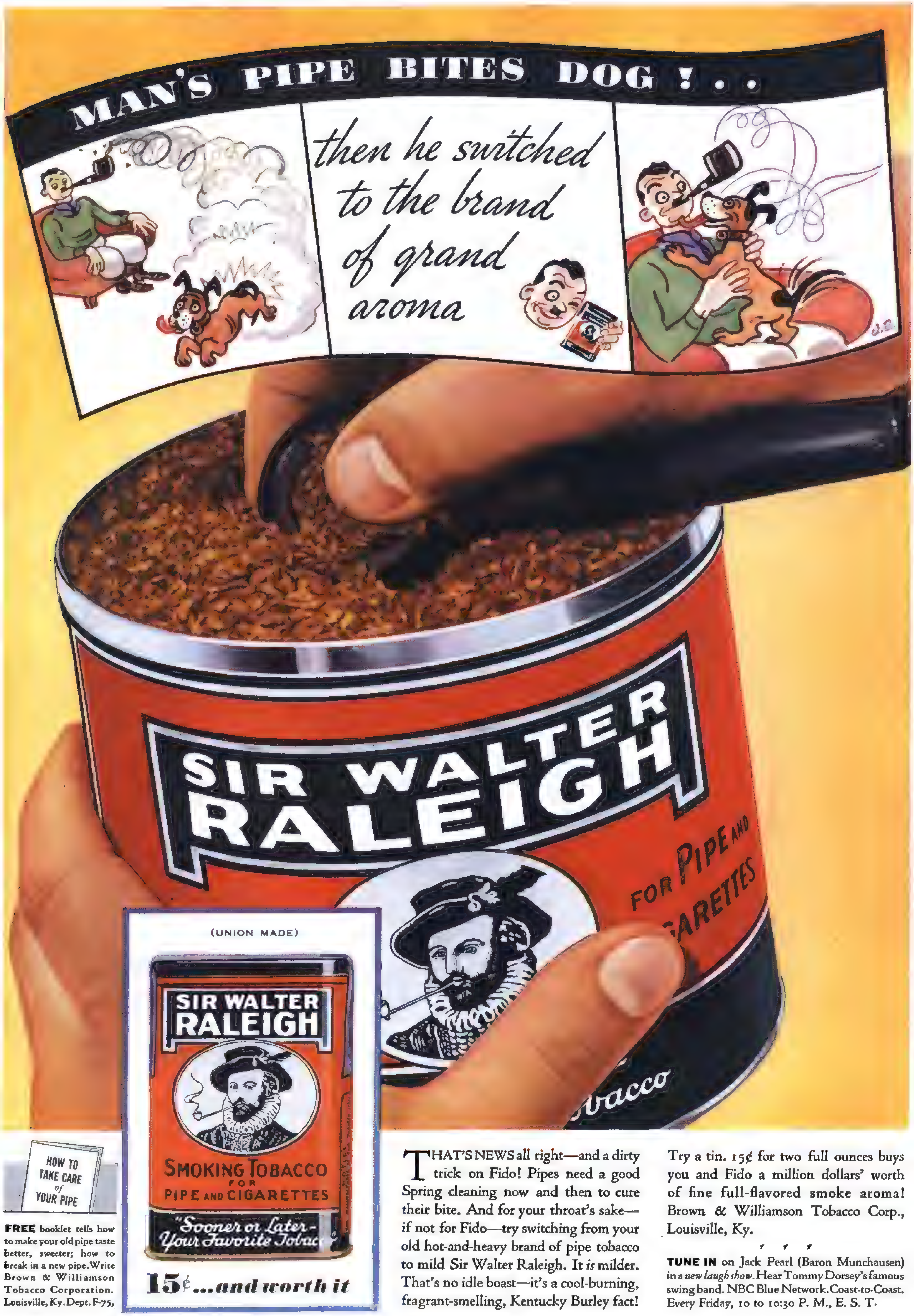
But even if elbow room could have been found for casting, it is unlikely that many liver-fed trout would have risen to a fly. They hadn't yet become accustomed to the great outdoors. They were still adjusted to an institutional life in which breakfast was unfailingly provided by an affectionate keeper. As a consequence they lasted only a few days after being dumped from the hatchery tanks.

Without getting out of the car, I returned to my own back yard to cast for pickerel. For the same tackle served, with the exception of a heavier three-foot leader and bass flies of my own manufacture providing fine wire instead of gut next to the hook.

As compared to other game-fish, pickerel are more frequently found in the shallows during a larger part of the season. If you like surface-fishing along dry-fly lines, this fact is so much added frosting on a cake you can both eat and have. The environs of every lily pad are charged with potentialities; and the next cast may result in that watery explosion which means so much more to the angler than the psychologist.

On this particular morning the law of compensation was in debt to me, and I had a strike voracious enough to swallow a couple of nine-inch trout. After one glance at his broad back in the swirl, I only hoped that I could keep him away from the entangling weeds which usually complicate pickerel fishing. But he was

Continued on page 167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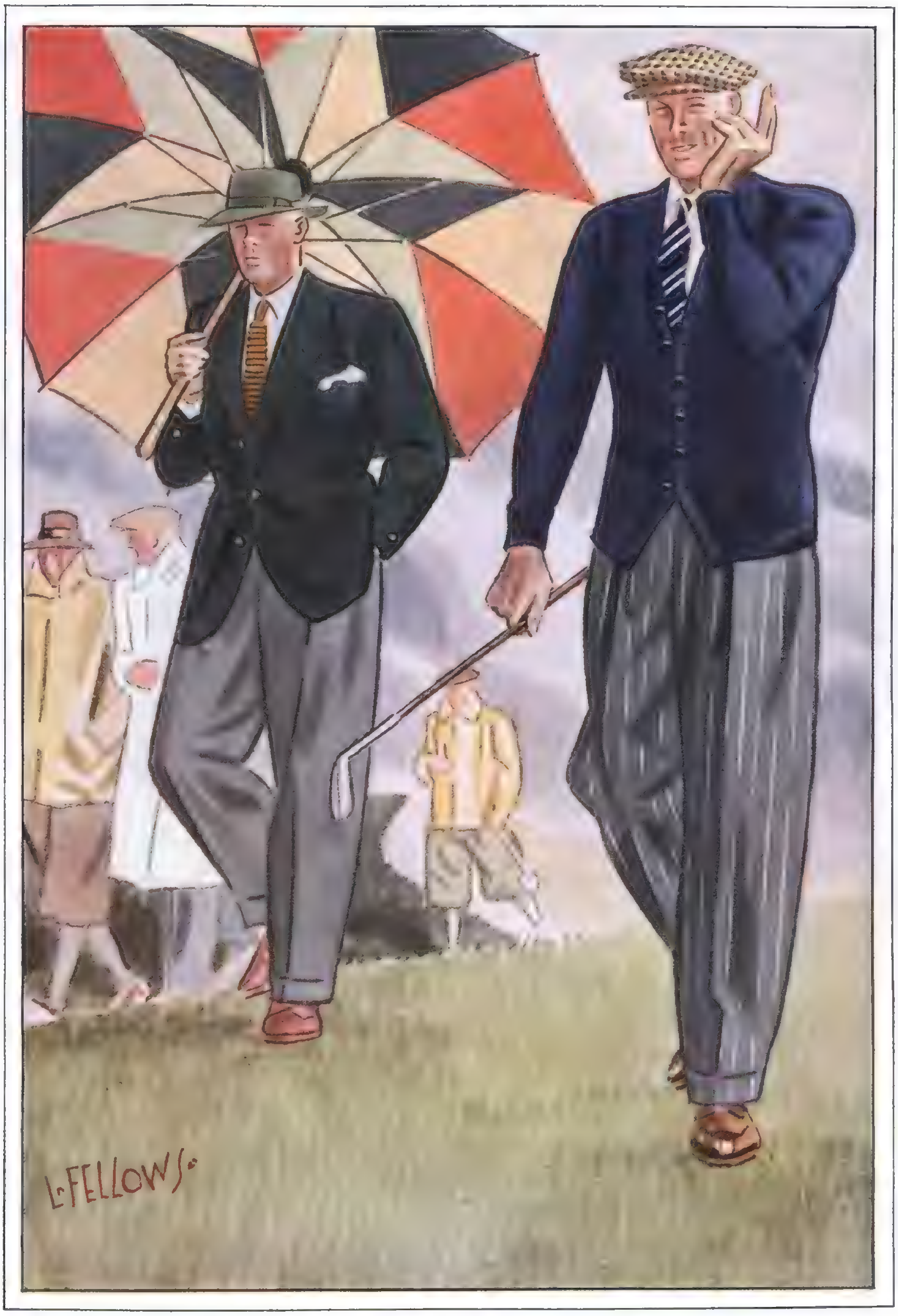

ONTO ALL GOLFERS SOME RAIN MUST FALL

COMPETITIVE golf, like the mail, must go through and it is heresy to wonder why. Hence the handsome umbrella and the rain clothes on the spectators. The man on the left wears a blazer of homespun tweed with patch pockets and brass buttons, grey flannel trousers, brown reverse calf shoes, soft flannel shirt with attached lounge collar, solid color crocheted tie and the new willow green semi-sport hat. The player wears chalk striped grey flannels, Norwegian model golf shoes, a lightweight taffeta flannel shirt with striped tie, an alpaca cardigan and a checked tweed cap with flat one-piece top. The alpaca cardigan has only recently won widespread acceptance for country wear but is now often seen worn under an odd sport jacket on cool days. Two of the members of the gallery, incidentally, are wearing the short oil silk rain jacket and plus fours, while the third is wearing a raincoat of cotton gabardine.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Palooka of the Pond

Continued from pages 84-164

able to outvote my light rod, and fortunately he made for the deeper water. The tip described a quivering semi-circle in the air and then snapped back. Out he came in a gleaming arc, trying with all the airs of a salmon to rid himself of the hook. More by luck than skill sometimes, I managed to stay with him while he submerged, doubled back toward the boat, went into sidewise lunges, broke water again and finally dived in an abrupt tailspin.

But the fish story, like the Greek tragedy, has its own peculiar and inevitable dramatic elements. The fish ought always to be the biggest, and the tale always to end on the wistful and melancholy note of a lost cause. Any deviation from form is a violation of art if not of fact; thus I am serving both Truth and Beauty when I record not only that my pickerel got away but that he was large enough to put previous five-pounders into the class of aspiring fingerlings!

Anyhow, it doesn't matter—or not as much as it mattered at that moment. For the moral of my epic, if you haven't already guessed it, is that an escaped pickerel is to be preferred to an orphaned hatchery trout in the basket. And now having unashamedly declared myself for the ruffian, as opposed to robbing little foundlings of their dreams, I may be able to cite a few favorable character traits—or at worst, compensations.

To begin with, the long season is a comfort to an angler who hates to put up his rod at any time of year. In my own state, as a somewhat typical example, pickerel can legally be taken from June 1 until January 16. They are active feeders during most of this period, while from June through September they will respond to one form or another of surface fishing. If you can keep your hands warm, the late autumn offers some of their best moments, and baked pickerel makes a good dish along with roast duck or partridge. Fishing with bobs through the ice is worth a trial, too, if you have plenty of fuel both for internal and external cheer.

Better yet, the pickerel likes variety during his long season and will consider almost any proposition except worms. It has been my experience that he will go for bass bugs and flies in a bigger way than the fish for which they are named. An equally good if not better fly-rod lure is a strip cut from a yellow perch's belly, which offers all the possibilities of a dry fly. Cut so small as to include only the bright red fin and a sliver of flesh, it stays on the hook well and gives the appearance of some fantastic insect leaping out of the water in its efforts to escape. The practiced angler can produce startling aerial effects which are an improvement on Nature and will deceive himself if not the fish. When the pickerel strikes he cuts the surface in a streak, sometimes from ten feet away, and boils out of the water to take the "fly" at a gulp.

The projecting fin makes this lure as "weedless" as any of the manufacturers' devices; and it has the further merit of being adaptable to changes in the season. For it can also be cut into a longer, thinner strip to simulate a frantic minnow and bring deep feeders to the top after the normal surface fishing has passed. Pork-rind, either with or without a spinner, makes a fair sort of understudy to the perch-belly lure; but it lacks that beguiling red fin and won't produce such ardent effects.

Almost any sort of plug or spoon will attract pickerel, of course, and nearly every kind of live bait. These lures are not mere killers, and thus subject to all the objections governing worm-fishing for trout; but they do provide an equally dull, tame form of sport as compared to fly-rod tactics. Skeptics to the contrary, the angler who wants the fish to have a break all the way from the strike to the net is not necessarily a campfire sentimentalist. Indeed, he may be a more selfish hedonist, from a metaphysical point of view, than the simple frying-pan fisherman. If so, he will find an added satisfaction in the fact that the pickerel does actually have pretty close to a fifty-fifty chance with flies or similar lures. His chromium-plated mouth is armor against the sharpest point and frequently puts the contest on the touch-and-go basis of fishing with a barbless hook. The sanctified tight line is essential from start to finish—and look out for those last desperate lunges when the landing net comes into play!

It may even be found that an expensive bamboo rod is a poor risk with a big one among the lily pads. But the tackle manufacturers now offer a flexible steel rod which whips well and is ideal for bass or pickerel. Some day (if they don't already) dealers may even display a pickerel-fly on a wire leader proof against darning-needle teeth.

Fortunately your dealings with the pickerel are not ended when he is flopping in the boat. Or am I wrong in assuming that the mid-Victorian fisherman who boasted that he didn't like fish has become a fusty anachronism along with the ancient mariner who couldn't swim? Anyhow, pickerel makes a good dish, better than bass if not up to most members of the trout family. The meat is white and firm, and unless the trencherman eats with his knife he won't be much bothered by bones. But it is time to take a stand against the practice of condemning every fish, whatever its merits, to being hacked up for the frying pan! The monotony of this performance is sometimes enough to prejudice the most rugged palate after a week in camp; though it isn't necessary even for the dilettante to

Continued on page 168

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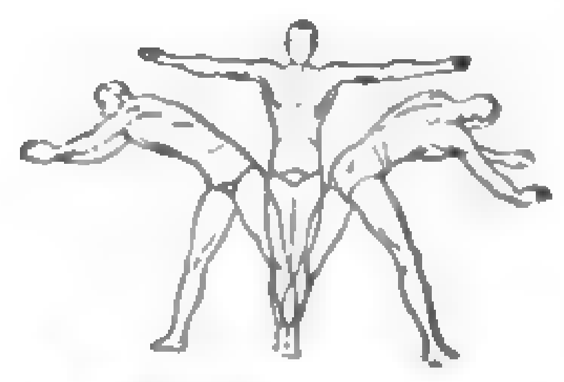

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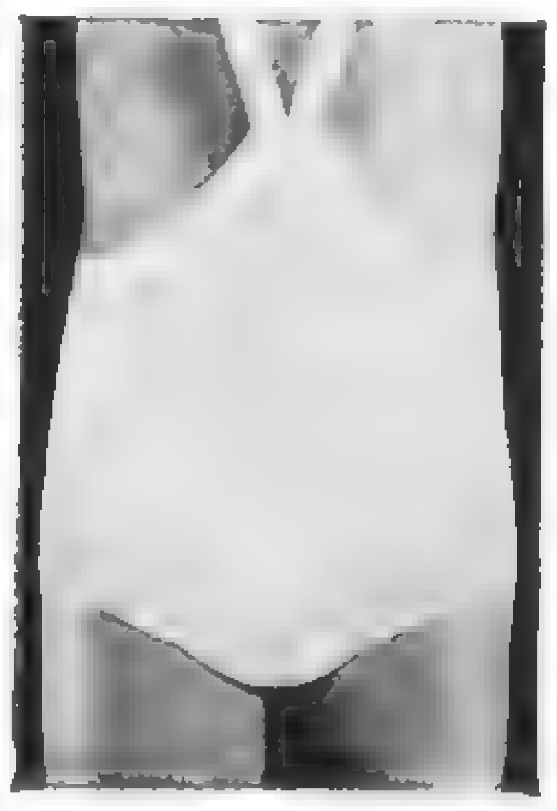

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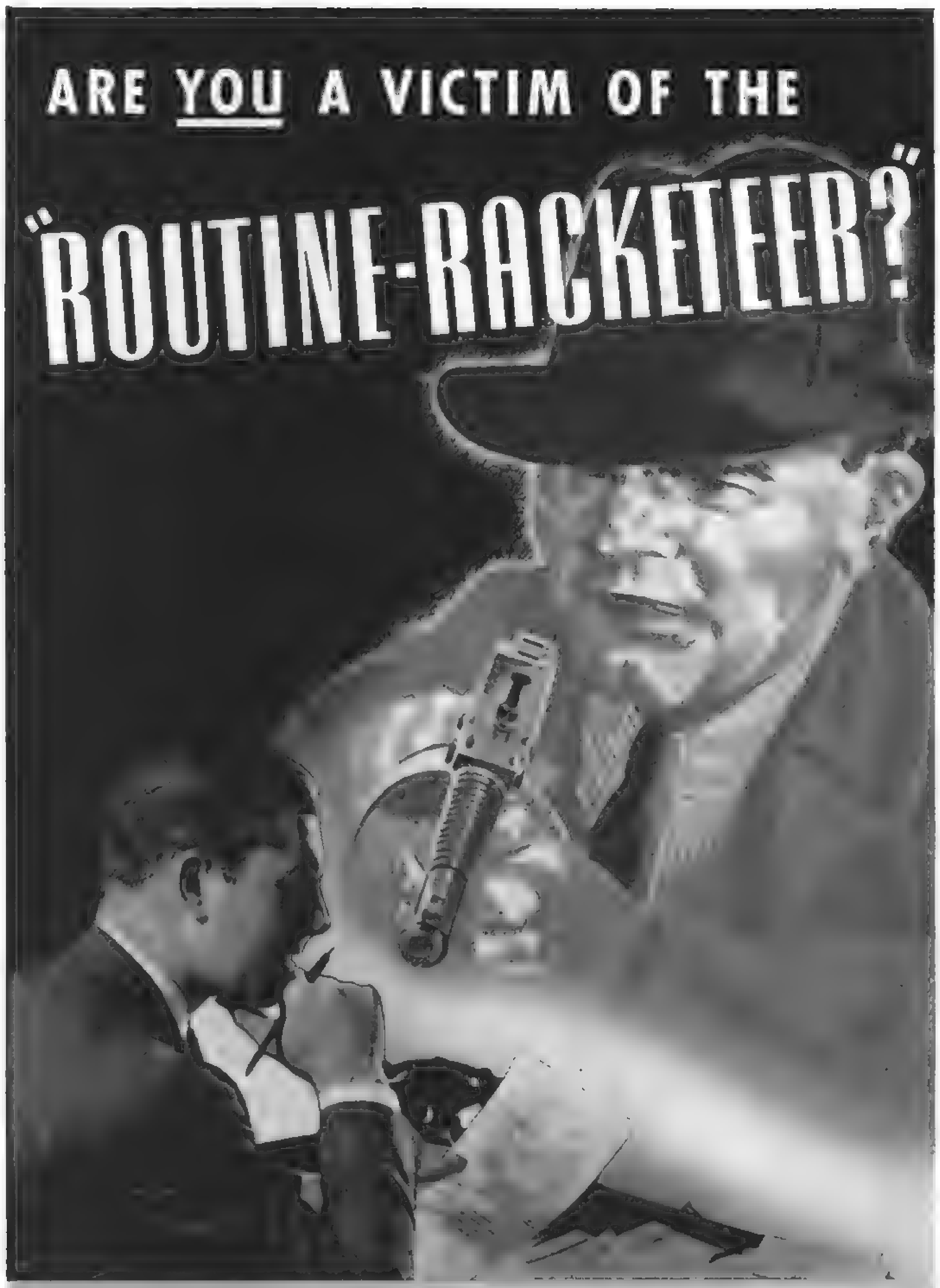
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EDISON

Palooka of the Pond

Continued from pages 84-164-167

express himself in a changeless medium of sputtering bacon grease. A cheap, portable camp-oven is the solution, and it earns its space by becoming a traveling container for the rest of the culinary tools.

In spite of pine-scented lyrics praising the taste of "fish just out of the lake," your pickerel will be improved after cleaning by an hour or two in ice-cold water sprinkled with salt. It brings out the flavor, and meanwhile you can be starting the dressing. Cut three slices of bacon into small pieces and fry to a crisp; add three or four chopped onions to the pan; and then three sliced peppers—either red or green according to your notions of color harmony, as long as they are of the fiery variety. While this combination is coming to a brown, crumble four slices of stale bread into enough water to moisten thoroughly, and season to taste with salt, pepper, sage and mustard. This goes into the frying pan to simmer over a slow fire until the dressing has thickened.

After it has cooled a bit, stuff the pickerel and skewer with toothpicks secured by criss-crossed twine or heavy thread. The baking calls for a slow oven, with overlying strips of bacon the length of the fish for purposes of basting.

The quantities are about enough for a three- to five-pound pickerel (or what have you) and can be proportionately increased if the luck is better. Since the recipe is a product of my own experiments, it is wide open to variations another taste might suggest. At any rate it will be a change if not an improvement after too much fried fish.

But in the end I find that I have slighted the chief reason, after all, why I still like pickerel in a country offering fair to middling bass or trout waters. It is personal if not psychological: I don't care to have my elbow joggled when I am about to make a cast; nor am I fond of plucking somebody else's Jock Scott or Montreal out of my back hair. Here in New England, as in the more accessible parts of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the trout and bass are occasionally outnumbered by their clients on a summer week end, with the paternalistic hatchery truck barely keeping ahead of the crowd. Indeed, "crowd" is sometimes a weasel-word to describe an influx more on the order of a racial migration.

But the pickerel pond is still generally untouched by this gold-rush atmosphere; and a Sunday morning gathering may often consist of a blue heron or petulant kingfisher in addition to the usual old-timer "skipping" with a long bamboo pole. How long this comparative privacy may last is a question, for in New England the hard-pressed hatchery men are rapidly turning good pickerel ponds into mediocre trout waters. The usual procedure is to open the pond to unrestricted fishing, allowing pickerel to be taken "in any size and any quantity at any time." Within several years it is assumed that the condemned have gone to their doom after the customary hearty breakfast; then the next step is to dump in several hundred convent-educated trout a week before the great day. These martyrs to the cause of conservation are promptly lynched while the anglers in the rear ranks utter hoarse cries of rage and disappointment. Any fugitives from mob justice become the prey of small pickerel which survive in spite of hell or high water; and the result is a pond providing neither trout nor pickerel nor good red herring to anybody's satisfaction.

Now I am in no position to offer advice, having never written a rod-and-gun column or worn the livery of a fish-and-game department. My only qualification, if any, is that I once went fishing in the Seine near Paris and captured a fair-sized pike instead of the traditional Gallic minnow. But just as one of the customers I would diffidently suggest that warm, shallow, weed-grown waters be left to the pickerel for which they are naturally adapted. Even further, these pickerel might be protected by reasonable restrictions; and if such waters are to be stocked, the gamey white perch or pike perch are both lusty fellows able to propagate without much paternalistic aid from the state capital.

At least the outcome would be fishing attractive enough to relieve some of the pressure put upon overworked trout and bass waters.

Half a century ago, during the horse-and-buggy days mentioned in the recent political campaign, these fish could still hold their own against all comers. Fifty years hence, if conservation succeeds as it has in Scotland, they may be able to outwit the automobile and sports page as well as the dry fly.

Meanwhile at this halfway stage, don't pass up the light-tackle possibilities of *Esox reticulatus*—Old Sox, as I have jestingly nicknamed him. He isn't a champion or even a great runner-up; but in his hard-boiled, palooka fashion he doubtless scorns title-holders who train on chopped liver! ⌗

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Manhattan Rendezvous

Continued from page 75

Beatrice's mother, sitting with Beatrice in back, did most of the talking. Later, when they were in their apartment, Beatrice's mother said, "I can't make up my mind whether to be furious with you or not."

He called her up at her office the next afternoon. She had a picture of him leaning back in his swivel chair with his foot on the edge of the desk. His voice sounded good. She said, "I couldn't this evening." He said, "Let's make it tomorrow evening then. Definitely." She smiled at the telephone and said, "All right."

"Don't work too hard," he said.

"I won't."

They laughed, and he said good-by.

She met him the next afternoon at a quarter after five and they went uptown and had dinner in a hotel dining room. They had a few drinks, and they danced. She liked dancing with him. She decided that she would not go out with him too often. It was too late for them to go to a play, then, and they went to the movies. When they came out of the theatre on Broadway it was windy, and they had to hold on to their hats to keep them from blowing off.

"Let's have aother drink," he said, "before going back."

"No, Jack."

"One more."

"No," she said.

"Whatever you say."

They took a taxi back to Brooklyn, and sat in the taxi smoking, and had the radio tuned in on a hotel orchestra. When they heard the voices and the applause of the people on the hotel dance floor they smiled at each other.

"We ought to be there," he said, nodding at the radio.

She looked at him quizzically. "Not together," she said.

He looked at her as though he knew she wasn't speaking seriously.

The taxi stopped in front of her house and they got out. He paid the driver and she stood beside him in the wind with the fallen leaves blown against her ankles. "Aren't you going to keep the taxi?" she asked.

"It's just six blocks to my house," he said, turning to her.

The taxi drove off and he walked up to the entrance of her apartment house with her and they stood on the doorstep outside the lobby, under the canopy.

"Well—thank you for a pleasant evening."

"Thank you for a pleasant evening," he said.

She held her chin on her coat collar, and looked at him and smiled.

"Let me call you up again soon," he said.

"Not too soon."

"Tomorrow."

"No. Next week."

"I'll call you tomorrow," he said, and they shook hands, and she said good night.

One night, early in December, in a hotel room in Manhattan, they became lovers.

She kept going to parties in Brooklyn with her mother, and she kept seeing him at parties.

He would call her up at her office in the afternoons, and after she was through at the office she would meet him and they would go uptown together and have dinner.

They never stayed overnight in a hotel—later he always looked at his watch in the dark and she would say, "What time is it, Jack?" and he would say, "It's nearly three."

"Jack, it can't be!"

They would get ready to leave the hotel. Riding back to Brooklyn in the taxi, they would sit together in the corner and look out of the window at the snow, and she would think of the snow on the window ledge of the hotel room.

They were often in the same hotel that they had been in the time before, but they were never in the same room that they had been in before, and it began to seem to her that they went to countless hotels, to more hotels than there were. Saturdays they would have only a drink together in a bar on Nassau Street and then they would go back to Brooklyn by subway, he would get off at his station and she would get off at her station. And walking along Eastern Parkway she would still feel the whisky warm inside of her, and she would glance into the baby carriages and smile.

A few times he was busy at the office and had to stay late, and she would wait for him in a hotel room, and at last she would hear the elevator stopping at that floor and she would hear his step and get up quickly and open the door as soon as he knocked on it. They would close the door quickly and stand against the door, holding each other.

One evening in March, when she was home, he called her on the telephone. She spoke a few words to him, with her mother listening in the next room, and then she put the phone down. In a little while she went out and walked to the next corner. He drove up to the corner in his car, and she got in.

"I felt I had to see you," he said, watching the road, as they drove on. "Let's go for a drive. Do you want to?"

She was silent for a minute. "I don't want to," she said then, looking down at her hands on her lap. "I want to live someplace. I don't want to go into any more hotels and I don't want to answer any more telephones. Jack," she said, looking up at him, "we've got to stop seeing each other. That's all there is. I can't keep coming home three o'clock in the morning one night and going to bed nine o'clock the next night and sitting down every morning to eat breakfast with my mother. One of these mornings I'm going to shout it out at her, Jack, before she tells it to me—or before your wife tells it to her."

"I've got to see you." He put his hand on her hands, on her lap.

"We can't, we can't," she said, gripping his hand.

One night that month they were in a hotel room in Manhattan and the room was dark and then she said, "Jack, see what time it is, we've got to be getting back."

He said, "Let's stay here."

She caught her breath, and lay staring into the darkness. "Jack," she said in a whisper, "you can't—"

"We can go downtown together in the morning."

She clenched her fists and said, "What will you say to your wife?"

His hand closed about her wrist, and she had to pry his fingers away.

"Bea, I don't know," he said. "I don't know, I don't know."

They left the hotel together in the morning, and rode downtown together. He got out of the taxi at his office, and she went on in the taxi to her office.

He called her up at the end of her lunch hour, just after she had come back from lunch with Madge. He said, "I'll meet you in that bar at five thirty."

She said, "All right, Jack. Has anything—have you heard anything?"

"I got a phone call from Brooklyn this morning."

"Oh. I see. All right. I'll meet you."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"What is it?" Madge said, looking at her. Madge knew about Reisman.

Beatrice shut her eyes for an instant and shook her head; then she opened her eyes and took a cigarette out of her bag and lit it. She sat on the edge of her desk, looking out of her window at the window of the building across the street.

She met him in the bar that afternoon. She sat at a table in the back, and she had ordered a second drink when he came in and hung up his hat and coat on the rack beside her table and sat down. He ordered a drink, and they looked at each other across the table, and she shook her head at him almost imperceptibly and said, "Jack, let's not try anything impossible."

"It's not impossible." His face was drawn and there was a deep line between his eyes, but he managed to grin. "The best thing I ever did was going to business with you this morning. Think of doing that every morning, then coming home and going out together."

The waiter brought their drinks, and Reisman looked down at his drink.

"What are you going to tell her?" she said, "your wife?"

"What I tell you."

He picked up his drink, and she shook her head at him almost imperceptibly.

Later they went out of the bar, and they stood on the sidewalk in the wind, and he looked at her and said, "You're sure you don't want to go home?"

"No. I'll stay someplace uptown."

"All right. I'll call you at the office in the morning."

"Jack," she said, "do you want —do you know what you want to do?"

"Do you mean am I drunk?"

She could not see him clearly. He put his hand on her arm and kissed her, and she clenched her hand against his side; then he got into a taxi, and she turned in the other direction and started to walk, without thinking where she was walking.

She went into a drug store and called up Madge. Madge wasn't home. She went uptown and had dinner in a quiet restaurant, but she couldn't eat, and in the middle of dinner she got up and went to a phone booth and called Madge again. Madge wasn't home. Beatrice went out of the restaurant and went to the movies and then went to a hotel. She stayed in the hotel overnight, and toward morning she slept a little.

She was at her office early, waiting for his call. He didn't call by nine o'clock or by nine-thirty. She had to force herself to do her work, to walk erect, to keep her eyes wide and clear and to get up quickly from her desk when she had to get up.

She called him up at five minutes after ten.

"Jack," she said. "Jack. Hello."

"Beatrice," he said, in a voice she hardly recognized. "It—"

She gripped the telephone and listened to his breathing.

"Beatrice," he said. "I—it was impossible! It—I couldn't, I couldn't—"

She listened to him breathing; listened to him trying, getting ready to say more, and she had no picture of him in front of her eyes, only a flickering as though something that burned had got into her eyes.

She hung up and put the telephone down on her desk and leaned back in her chair and leaned her head back. She got through her day at the office.

The spring came, and when she didn't go anywhere with Madge after work, she took the subway home to Brooklyn, and got out at her station on Eastern Parkway. The autos drove past her, and the leaves of the trees rustled over her head. People came out of the entrances of the apartment houses, and now and then an auto drew up to the curb. As always, the women pushing their baby carriages stopped and talked to each other and blocked the sidewalk. And Beatrice, walking along the edge of the sidewalk, looked past the carriages and straight ahead of her, biting her lip. ⁜

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Wembley CRAVATS

Inventor of the Truth Extractor

Continued from page 89

as there were paying businesses in New York City. The Crime Trust with Lucania as its dominating figure controlled them all. The public groaned. The newspapers howled. At last the District Attorney's office began an alleged racket investigation. But it hadn't proceeded far when a Grand Jury excluded the Assistant District Attorney from its hearing room.

"We have labored under the most difficult handicaps," read the statement of L. T. Smith, Grand Jury Foreman. "Every conceivable obstacle has been placed in our path. We cannot make any real progress without a special prosecutor selected by our own group." Dodge furiously attacked the "runaway jury." But the upshot was that Smith and his grand jurymen sent a list of six names, headed by young Dewey's, to Governor Lehman. Backed enthusiastically by the newspapers they demanded that one of these men, regardless of politics, be named special racket prosecutor. District Attorney Dodge countered by appointing a man of his own, not on the list. But the Dodge appointee resigned. Governor Lehman recommended four others. They declined also and united in urging Thomas E. Dewey's appointment. So Dewey was appointed. The first hurdle of political opposition had been leaped by the combined power of plain Mr. Smith's bulldog pertinacity and Thomas Dewey's brilliant prosecution record—he had won every case he tried in the U. S. District Attorney's office.

Dewey faced first a personal problem. He was enjoying a private practice worth upwards of $50,000 a year. Should he abandon it for a task which was bound to be thankless, and which, on the face of it, looked impossible? If he asked for the compensation this racket job was worth, he would expose himself to the same criticism that undermined Samuel Seabury and Hiram Todd, both of whom had charged big fees for their services to the community. Dewey, in fact, would place himself in an even less favorable light because he was a mere youngster, thirty-three years old.

He had come to New York from the University of Michigan to study singing and continue his law studies, graduated with honors from Columbia University Law School and had jumped from a $35-a-week law clerkship to fame and fortune as U. S. District Attorney Medalie's chief assistant, finally succeeding Medalie in office. The first thing he had to look out for in the anti-racket job, which his love of a good fight impelled him to take, was establishing himself on impregnable ground with the public. Dewey's first stroke of ingenuity was to ask for a separate budget appropriation from which he paid himself a salary precisely equal to Mr. Dodge's $16,695 a year.

Dewey built his legal machine along the lines of the German secret service during the World War. He first appointed four young lawyers whom he knew personally. Then he appointed four assistant attorneys for each of his four chief assistants, examining more than 4,000 applicants for these positions. He organized an under-cover squad of ten private detectives with whose work he was familiar and picked another group of detectives from the New York City police department headed by Inspector Lyons, an old associate of Dewey's in previous investigations. He selected also a group of ten accountants. He then established headquarters in the Woolworth Building in order to keep away from all city or state offices with their many possible avenues for information to leak out. Finally he set his under-cover squad to investigate every employee in his entire organization, and at the same time ordered Inspector Lyons' men to investigate his secret investigators. By this elaborate perfection of detail Dewey kept all monkey wrenches out of his testimony extraction machine.

At the beginning Dewey met with a reversal which was rather worse than he had anticipated. Not a single reputable business man came forward voluntarily with useful information about the rackets! Naturally, the investigation had to start at that end. Industrial rackets couldn't be prosecuted until their existence was proved. Besides fear of racketeers' reprisals, two other motives were responsible for big business owners' secretiveness. The rackets put out of business small, price cutting competitors who could not afford to pay "protection money." Paying racketeers' assessments was cheaper for big concerns than squeezing the little fellows out through competition. Then again, racketeers controlled many of the labor unions. They furnished strikebreakers or "pickets" for strikers, according to which side enlisted their services. Big businesses found that paying rackets fees actually saved them money on wages paid to workers. A $5000 "protection" payment, for example, saved one employer approximately $25,000 in labor cost. Thomas Dewey soon discovered that whatever information was to be got from business men would have to be forcibly extracted.

Dewey set cheerfully about the job. He subpoenaed the books and canceled checks of more than 600 business firms and put his accountants to work on them. Racket payments were found disguised under all kinds of false headings—"services," "insurance," "miscellaneous expenses," "travel" and many others. Months

Continued on page 174

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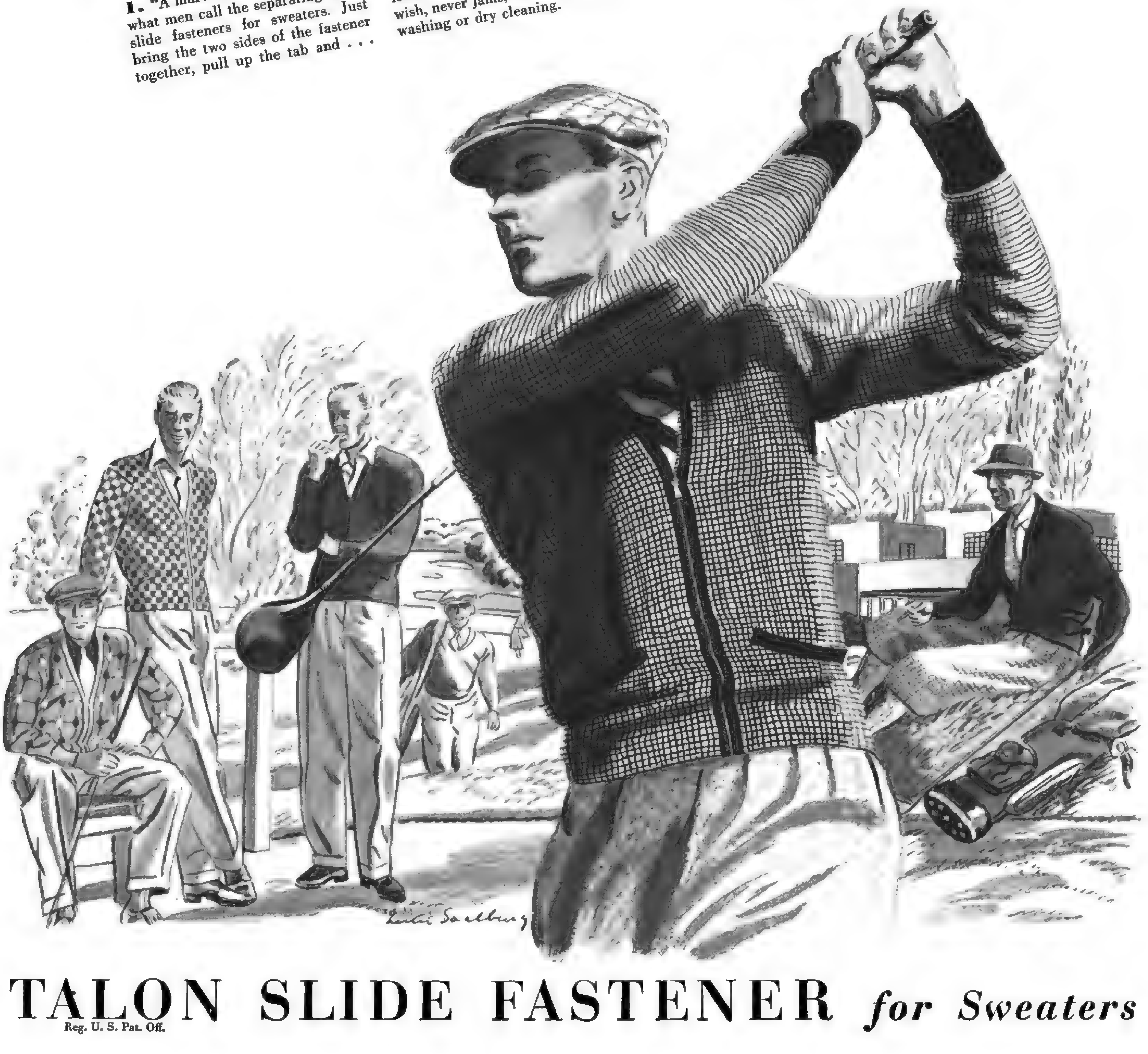

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TRADE MARK

31 East 32nd Street • New York City

Inventor of the Truth Extractor

Continued from pages 89-172

of hard labor were consumed in spotting these items. Then Dewey summoned each business man before the Grand Jury to explain his books. If they refused to talk—as many of them, including important bankers, did refuse—Dewey got them slapped into jail for 30 days for contempt of court. If they still refused to talk at the end of their first term, another 30 days followed. Many of them were evasive. Dewey obtained a ruling that evasiveness was in substance a refusal to answer and was, therefore, subject to the same prison sentence for contempt. This legal device was the first of many teeth which Dewey inserted in his machine for extracting testimony. It worked just as effectively upon the minds of business men as the racketeers' persuasions had done, and for the same reason. They talked. Dewey soon had a mass of evidence legally proving the operation of more rackets than anyone had ever known existed.

While perfecting the business-man end of his testimony machine, Dewey was also giving his witness-protector devices a preliminary tryout. In October, 1935, he launched his attack upon the loan racket. Pitiful letters from women whose husbands were in the hands of loan sharks gave Dewey his start. The system was to keep a borrower in debt. Some victims had paid back the amount borrowed ten and fifteen times over in the form of interest, yet they still owed the principal of their debt. If a man failed to pay exorbitant charges promptly he was beaten, tortured, kidnaped and in some cases killed. One laundry worker was taken by loan racket thugs who beat him every day for four weeks. They gave him water but no food. When police found him he was insane. Others were driven to suicide, or to commit criminal acts in order to meet their racket payments. Dewey made no move until he had evidence against enough loan sharks to break the entire racket. Then, with masterly strategy and almost incredible control of detail, he had them all arrested at once. He put his prisoners in numbered chairs in a brightly lighted room. Over the glass door hung a Japanese screen, the corridor outside remaining dark. Then began a parade of accusing witnesses through the corridor. Standing at the glass door, themselves hidden in the dark, complainants peered through a small aperture in the screen and identified the loan shark racketeer who had robbed them. In this way the racket chiefs had no inkling up to the very day of the trial itself as to the identity of witnesses who would testify against their henchmen. No witnesses were killed, none beaten up or intimidated, a new record for racket trials. Thirty-eight loan sharks were sent to prison and not one of them got his conviction reversed on appeal, another record.

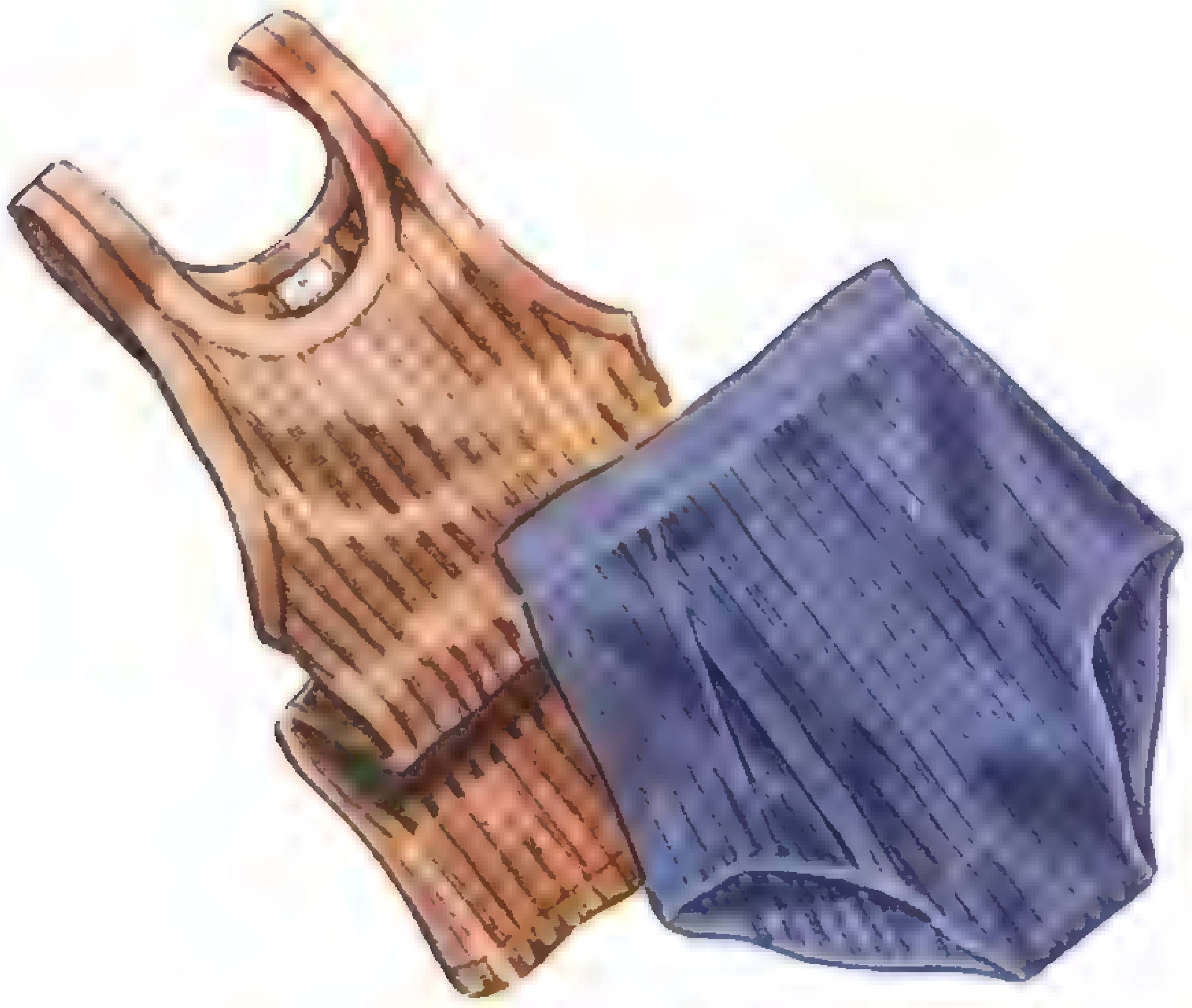
The loan shark convictions served a hidden purpose of Dewey's which crime trust directors little suspected. All the criminals convicted were leaders in the loan-shark racket but not big time gangsters; though their aggregate take had been around $20,000,000 a year. Dewey had made no attempt—as yet—to land the big boys. But from that time on the punks in all rackets knew that they were slated for prison with absolute certainty the moment Dewey put his finger on them. That knowledge was what Dewey had to instill to make them talk. It put a new set of powerful teeth in his machine to extract testimony. Thus prepared, Dewey was ready to go fishing for the evidence he needed to implicate and identify the crime chiefs.

At this time "The Boss" was still an unnamed shadow. There seemed equal chances of picking up a lead to his carefully hidden identity in any one of half a dozen rackets. But Mrs. Eunice H. Carter, a clever colored attorney on Dewey's staff, urged immediate attack upon the prostitution racket. Less than two years before, prostitutes, madames, small bookers and four big bookers had been "organized"—which means enslaved—by the crime trust. It turned out later that Lucky Lucania had been opposed to taking over prostitution, arguing that it did not yield enough profit for the risk involved. He was right. But his four first lieutenants—curiously Lucania's form of organization was very like Dewey's—over-persuaded him and prostitution was taken over. Mrs. Carter and Dewey's assistant Gurfein knew the names and functions of all major and minor executives in the prostitution racket except "The Boss." Because prostitution had so recently been taken by the crime trust, and because several of the enslaved bookers and madames were still rebellious, there seemed a possibility at least of extracting testimony leading above this single racket to the big crime board. It was worth trying.

Dewey's brilliant success in breaking the prostitution racket and sending "The Boss" himself to Sing Sing has been widely acclaimed. But of his testimony-extracting method not so much is known. Dewey's idea, essentially, was to capture all the minor characters of the prostitution racket simultaneously, put them under pressure and hold them until some of them gave him what he wanted. Just at midnight Dewey's undercover squad began arresting the twenty-five minor racketeers of the vice ring. By 7 p. m. the following evening all were in Dewey's hands.

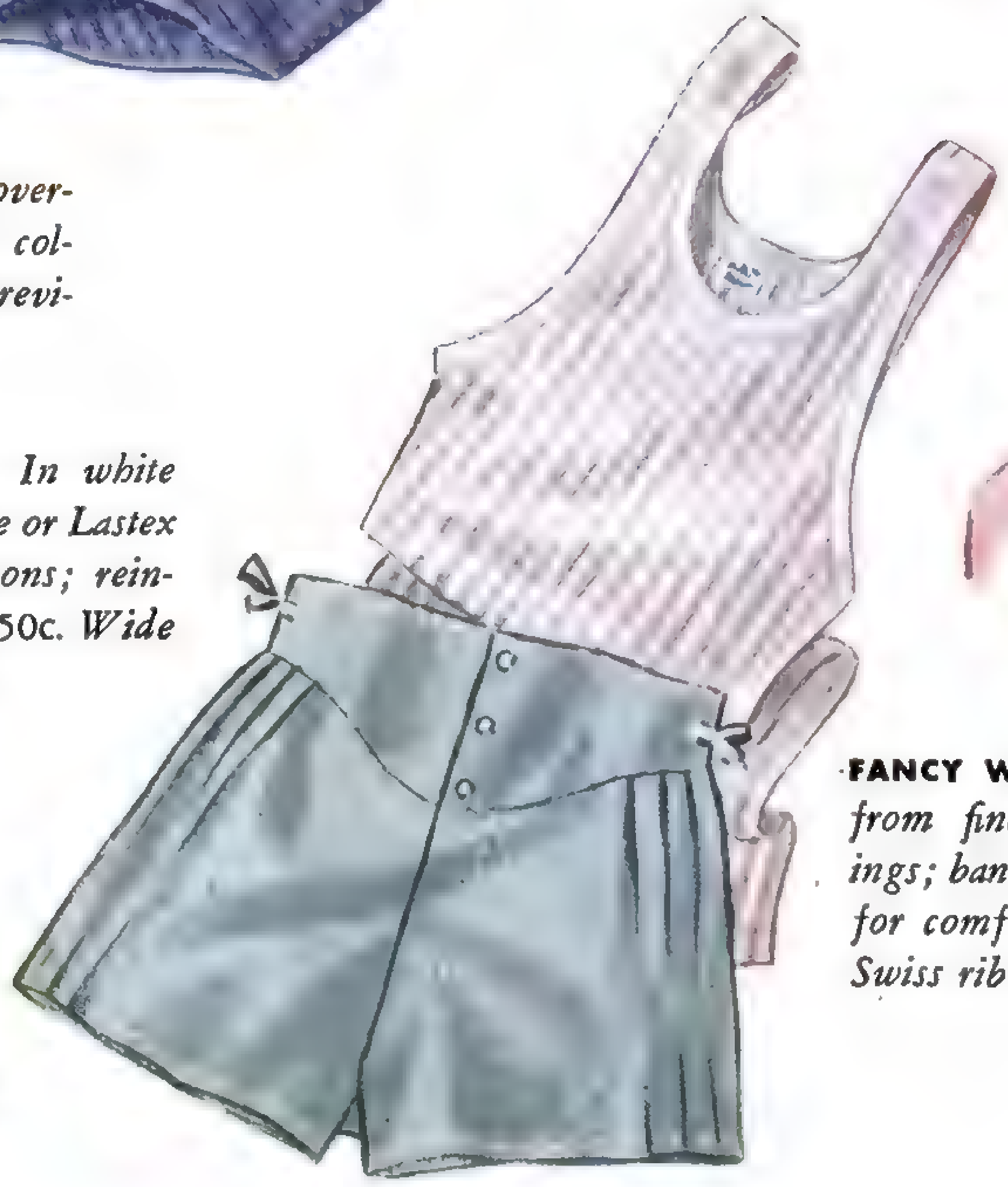
One hundred cops were then assembled and divided into small groups with sealed orders. At pre-

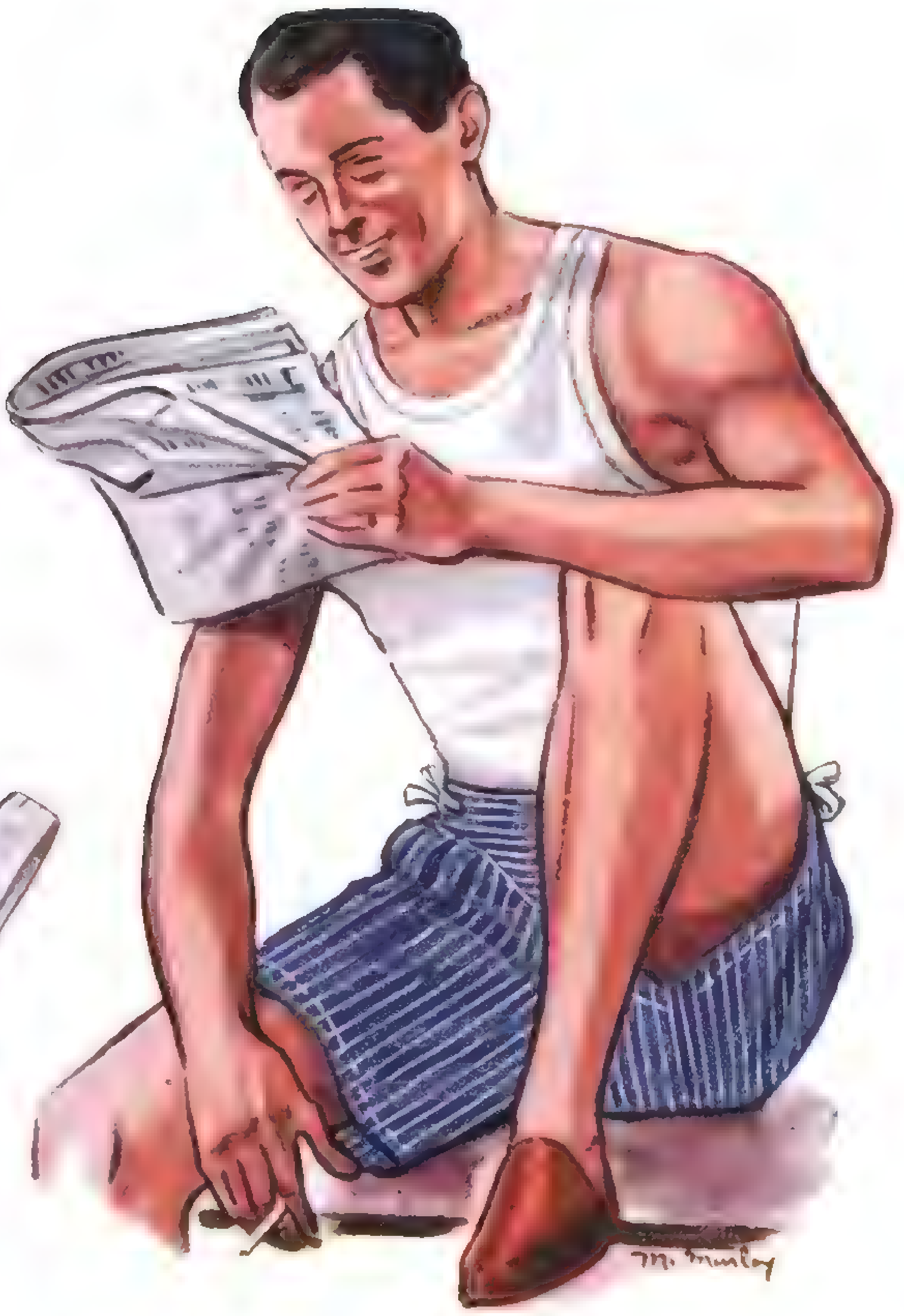
Continued on page 177



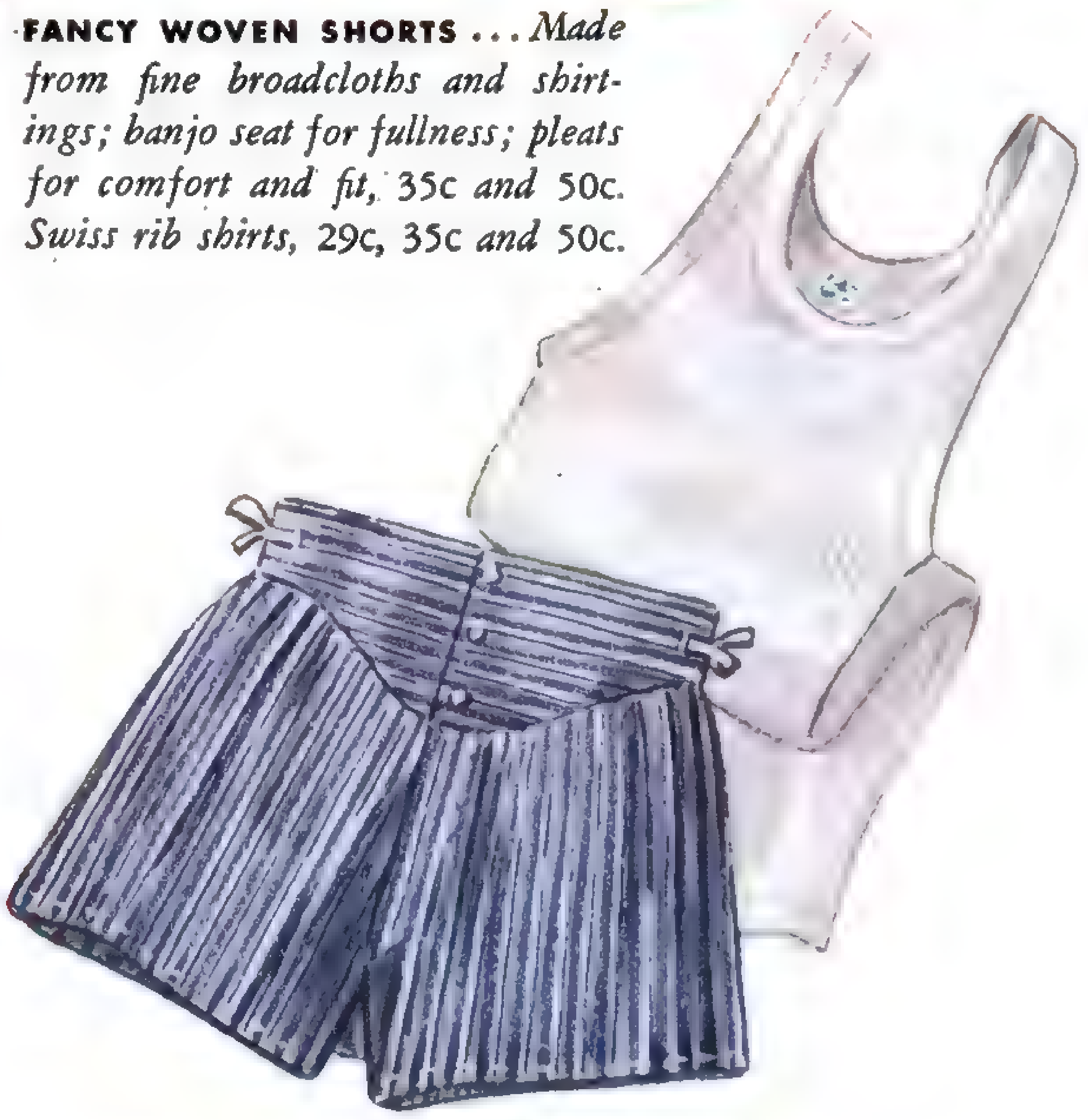
ROYAL RIB . . . *A wide all-over-rib, in white and a variety of colors. Shirts* 35c *and* 50c. *Abbreviated fly-front shorts,* 50c.

WOVEN SHORTS . . . *In white and solid dust-tones; tie or Lastex sides; four eyelet buttons; reinforced crotch,* 35c *and* 50c. *Wide rib shirt,* 35c *and* 50c.





FANCY WOVEN SHORTS . . . *Made from fine broadcloths and shirtings; banjo seat for fullness; pleats for comfort and fit,* 35c *and* 50c. *Swiss rib shirts,* 29c, 35c *and* 50c.



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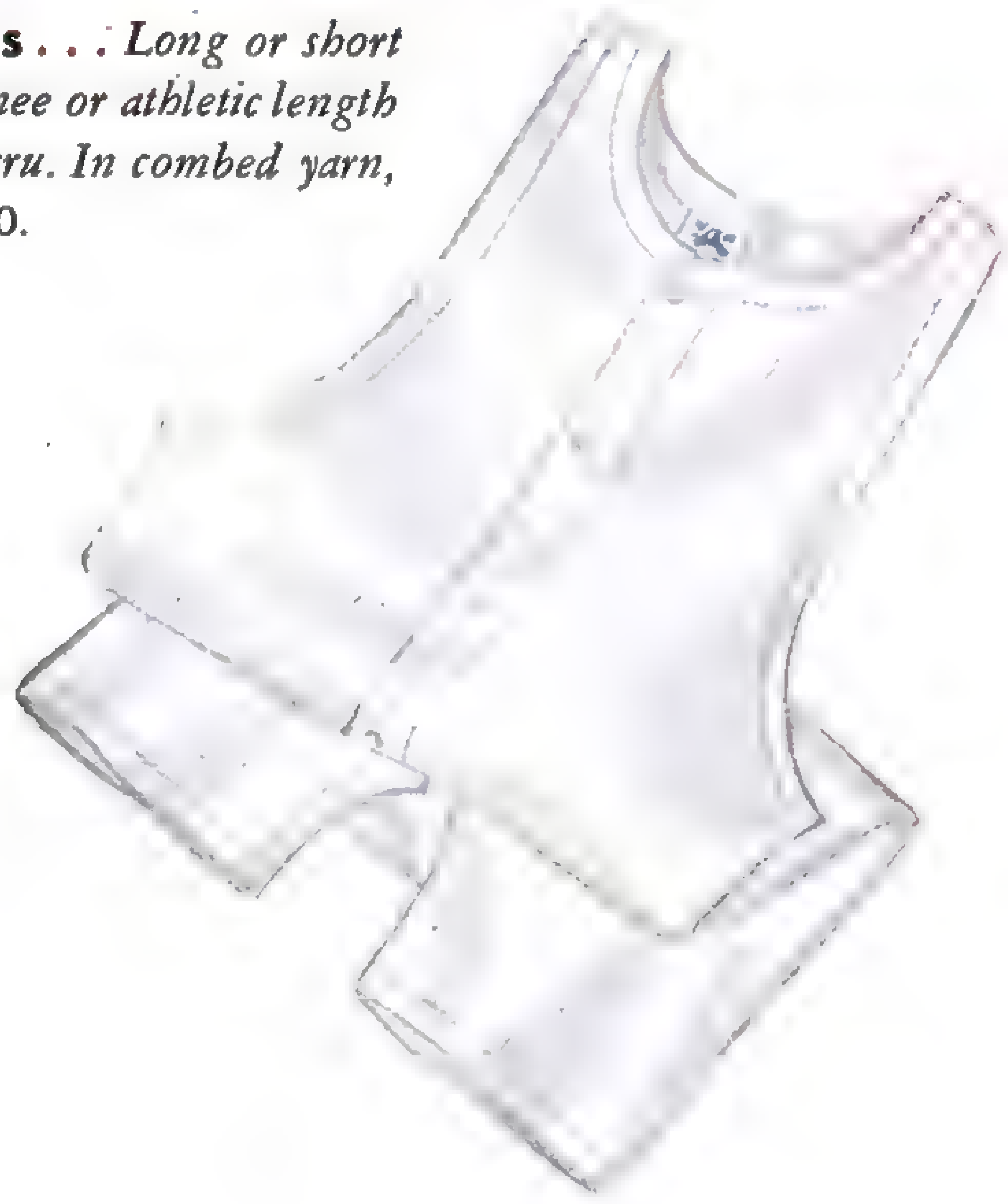

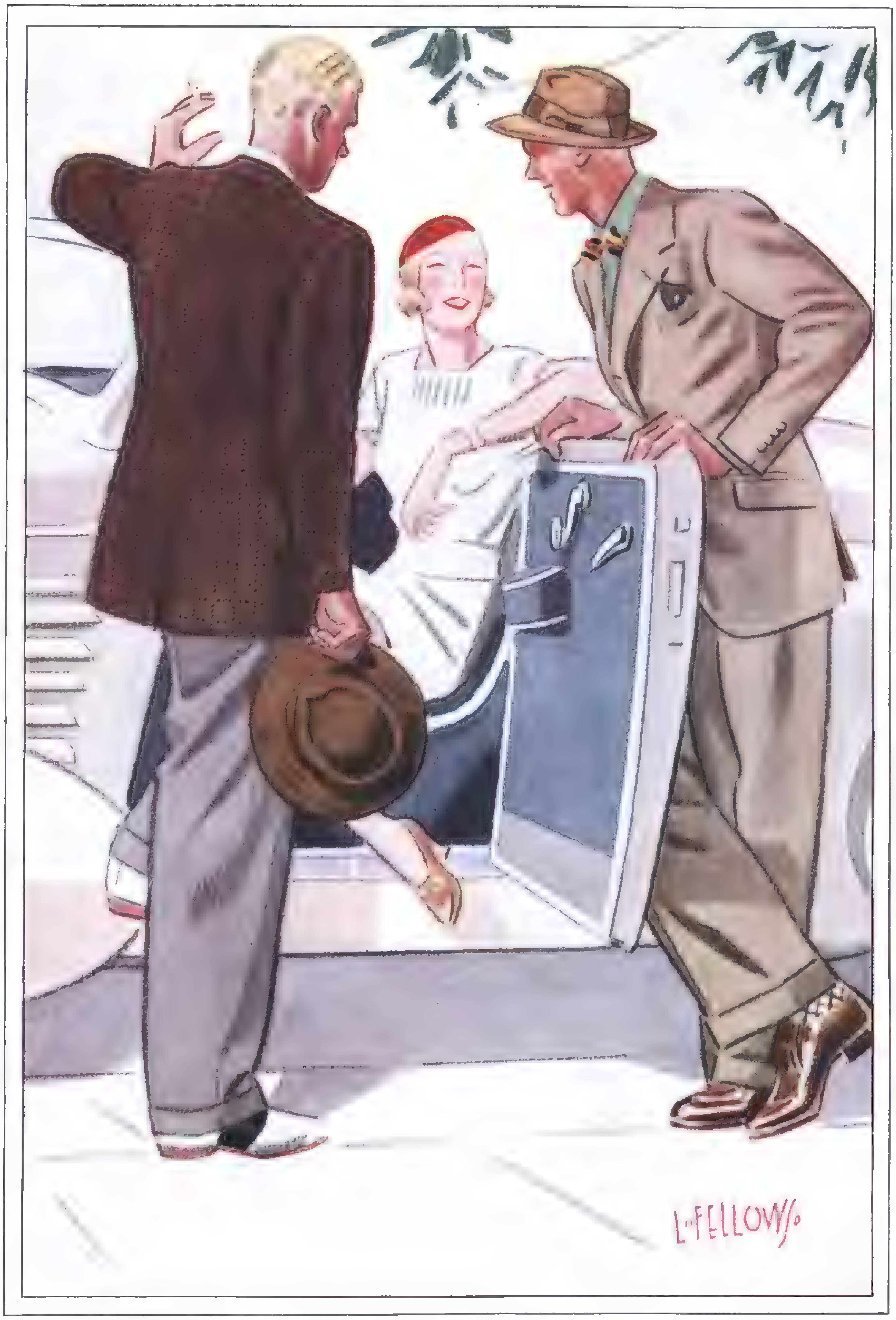

THE WENCH FINDS AMUSEMENT AT COLLEGE

WHILE the boys are engaged in extra-curricular activities is a good time to study their clothes, which are par for the course in undergraduate fashions. The odd jacket is of shetland with a blue overplaid, with a long center vent at the back, made with a three-button notch lapel single-breasted front. Grey flannel slacks, white elk shoes with black saddles and red rubber soles and heels and the new lightweight gabardine hat with telescope crown and stitched brim—actually the old-fashioned rain hat as recently revived at Yale and Princeton. The suit is of iridescent gabardine with a red lining, or rather backing, since it is actually part of the cloth. Note the side vents and slanting flap pockets. Regimental striped bow tie, Norwegian shoes with overhanging tongues, snuff color felt hat with low crown and the wider brim that has a back swing. The odd jacket carries but one button at the sleeve cuff.

(For answers to all dress queries; send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Inventor of the Truth Extractor

Continued from pages 89-172-174

cisely 8 o'clock each group opened their envelopes and found an order to raid a certain house of prostitution. They took the girls just as they found them and with their madames rushed them to Dewey's headquarters. There a separate room had been prepared for each set of girls. Dewey's detectives were under orders to treat prostitutes with the greatest politeness. A curious picture the thirteenth floor of the Woolworth Building presented that night with its dozens of exclusive little offices filled with vividly painted girls, most of them boasting only slippers and evening gown; with cops whose courtesy to ladies of the evening had previously been limited to a shove and a curse, politely fetching chairs for the girls and passing hot coffee and sandwiches; and with Dewey's gentlemanly aides circulating from room to room like social secretaries checking lists of guests and asking, "Your address, please, Miss Sadie the Factory?"

But it worked—Dewey's organization of detail was perfection itself. When the last houseful of girls had been gathered in late Sunday afternoon, Judge Philip McCook came to the Woolworth Building and opened court. He held each girl and madame under bail of $10,000. Lucania's crime trust had not left any of them that much money. So they all went to prison and stayed there until Dewey was through with them.

Not the least amusing aspect of the whole affair was the fact that Dewey assigned his high-society chief assistant, Barent Ten Eyck, to take charge of the work on the imprisoned prostitutes. The Dewey proposition was quite simple—talk or go to the reformatory. One by one the girls broke. A wealth of information was gathered from their lurid lips, sewing up securely the bookers and master bookers. Dewey himself worked on two of the four big bookers and broke them—broke them with soft-voiced courteous threats. Actually he didn't need to threaten. They knew what he had done to the loan sharks and despite this young gentleman's charming, unfailing courtesy they knew he would welcome an excuse to do the same thing to them. Two of the big bookers, still disgruntled and rebellious under the crime lord's yoke as Dewey had known they would be, whispered fearsomely the name "Charlie—Charlie Luciano!" Charlie was "The Boss," Lucky Lucania, the dapper young Mulberry Street hoodlum with the twisting lips and drooping eyelids whom Police Commissioner Valentine had nominated Public Enemy No. 1. Dewey had the evidence—now the job was to bring Lucania back to New York.

That was a curious affair, too, the "battle of Arkansas." It was a civil war, really, between the pro-Lucanias of Hot Springs and the anti-Lucanias of Little Rock with Thomas Dewey pulling the strings and directing siege operations over the long-distance telephone from New York. Lucania's first arrest at Hot Springs didn't take. He was out on $5000 bail inside one hour. Dewey had asked the Arkansas courts to hold him in $200,000 bail for extradition. Another Dewey aid, Edward McLean, flew immediately to Little Rock where the honest and fearless State Attorney-General (who has since been elected Governor) issued a second warrant for Lucania's arrest. But while state deputies from Little Rock were seizing Lucky, the gangster's attorneys, able and high-priced men, were themselves swearing out a warrant for their own client's arrest. Armed with this warrant the Hot Springs sheriff and six deputies, hands on guns, surrounded the arresting officers from Little Rock and took Lucania away from them. McLean and the Attorney-General countered by persuading the Governor of Arkansas to send a company of state troopers with machine guns to snatch Lucania out of the protecting jail at Hot Springs. They got their prisoner.

But before Lucania could be removed from the state Lucky's lawyers got hold of a Federal judge who said, "I don't care if this delay is costing New York $400 a day for holding material witnesses. I am determined to see that this man gets every right he is entitled to in court." Laudable sentiment—quite American, in fact; we must protect all alike, even our gunmen and murderers. The judge upheld Lucania's extradition but granted ten days for appeal, stipulating only that Lucky's attorneys must give one day's notice within that period of the place and time of their application to a Supreme Court Justice. They gave a notice which failed to stipulate time and place.

At one minute past midnight on the ninth day Dewey sent his aides and detectives, heavily armed, to take Lucky out of jail. The court order had run out. There wasn't a whole day left, within the ten days stipulated, to give the kind of notice ordered by the Court. They got the sheriff out of bed, rushed to Lucania's cell, compelled him to dress and hustled him across the freight yards to a New York train which had been held for them fifteen minutes after its scheduled time of departure. Lucky's lawyers couldn't stop the train. It crossed the Arkansas line with Lucania on board. That was the moment when the crime chief's nickname "Lucky" ceased to be appropriate.

In New York Dewey persuaded the judge to set Lucania's bail at $350,000, a sum which Charlie dared not put up lest he reveal an income not covered by his in-

Continued on page 178

A thrilling new series by Hartmann!

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Weighs pounds less than conventional luggage [perfect for *air*] . . . far sturdier per ounce [perfect for *Continental Travel*] . . . reinforced edges and metal trim protects [perfect for *auto*] . . . that's the new HARTMANN Series!

Shown above in brown-and-white Tweed Ducord—also made in Rawhide and distinguished Continental and Regimental Stripes . . . all made in approved Hartmann travel goods designs—Tourobe, Bond Streeter, Sky-Robe and many other companion cases necessary to the travel ensemble.

Travel goods merchants are showing this new Hartmann group. If not in your vicinity, write Hartmann, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York—or Racine, Wisconsin.

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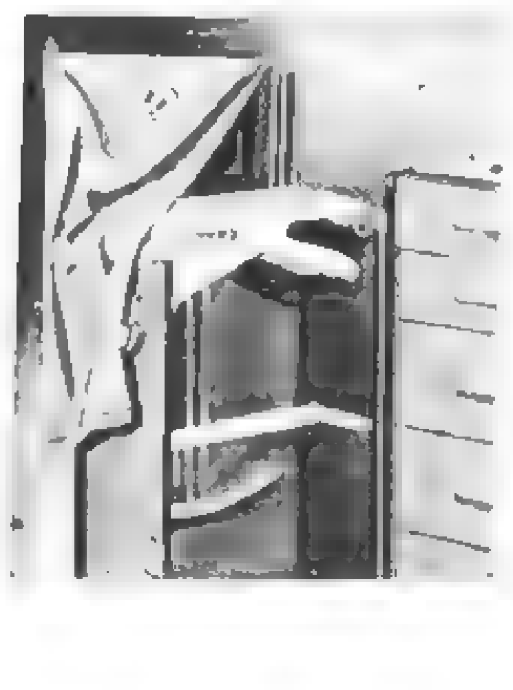

Matching this new Luggage series are Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks which complete a perfect garment-carrying service for all travel. They reflect Hartmann's 60-year-old tradition of craftsmanship.

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Inventor of the Truth Extractor

Continued from pages 89-172-174-177

come tax returns. Ingenious chap, this Dewey.

Dewey's truth extracting machine had done its job; Dewey knew that it had produced all the evidence necessary to land "The Boss" and his prostitution racket staff in prison, practically for life. There remained, however, the task of persuading a jury to believe the statements of prostitutes and racketeer witnesses. At this point we pass from a study of Dewey the inventor to a picture of Dewey the persuader. That picture shows a dark-haired, brown-eyed young aristocrat with a close-cropped mustache suggesting the military man and a soft, musical voice suggesting the crooner.

Defense lawyers called Dewey a "boy scout," a "David in khaki shorts," "an immature boy" and one talented jury pleader put on a sort of snake pantomime intended to depict Dewey's treacherous, insidious manner of worming himself into the jury's good graces under a mask of childlike innocence. Dewey smiled and crossed the courtroom to get a drink of water. Lucania's chief counsel said of Dewey, "He could well be referred to as Thomas Belasco Dewey. He put on a vice extravaganza and rehearsed the parts until they were letter-perfect." About this time Dewey accepted a coughdrop from a defense attorney, remarking cheerfully, "That's the first courtesy anyone has shown me today," and went over and sat on a table in front of the jury box.

"Frankly," he said to the jury, "my witnesses are madames, prostitutes, pimps, convicts, ex-convicts and about-to-be convicts. You can't get bishops to testify in a case involving prostitution. And this vice racket wasn't run under the floodlights in Madison Square Garden." He flung truth at the jury and they loved it. Dewey said, "As to our treatment of the women, I want to tell you that we did all we could to ease those dark months in prison waiting for this trial. We took some of the girls to the movies. We gave those whose nerves were twitching for narcotics a drink of liquor—sometimes more than one drink." And those girls repaid Dewey's kind treatment. They stuck to the truth under a terrific grilling from defense cross-examiners. Only two or three witnesses who were supposedly reputable business men double-crossed Dewey when they got on the stand. He told the jury frankly that these men had sold him out and the jury believed him.

As a persuader, a convincing speaker, Dewey is second to no lawyer who ever stood in a courtroom. He speaks only the truth, softly, distinctly, never with a pounding fist. When you've got the facts, he says, they do their own pounding. Nor does he shout at witnesses in cross-examination. He doesn't need to.

"When do you say you were born?" Dewey asked Ralph Liguori, a bright young vice leader who was taking down a fabulous income from the vice racket.

"1906."

"You said that in 1927 you were 18, didn't you?"

"No, no! I was 28."

"You said you thought Nancy Presser (one of the prostitutes) was a manicurist?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet her that evening before dinner?"

"No, no."

"You mean you took her to dinner before you met her?"

"Sure, that's right."

"After that you took her home?"

"Yes."

"By that you mean you left her on a street corner?"

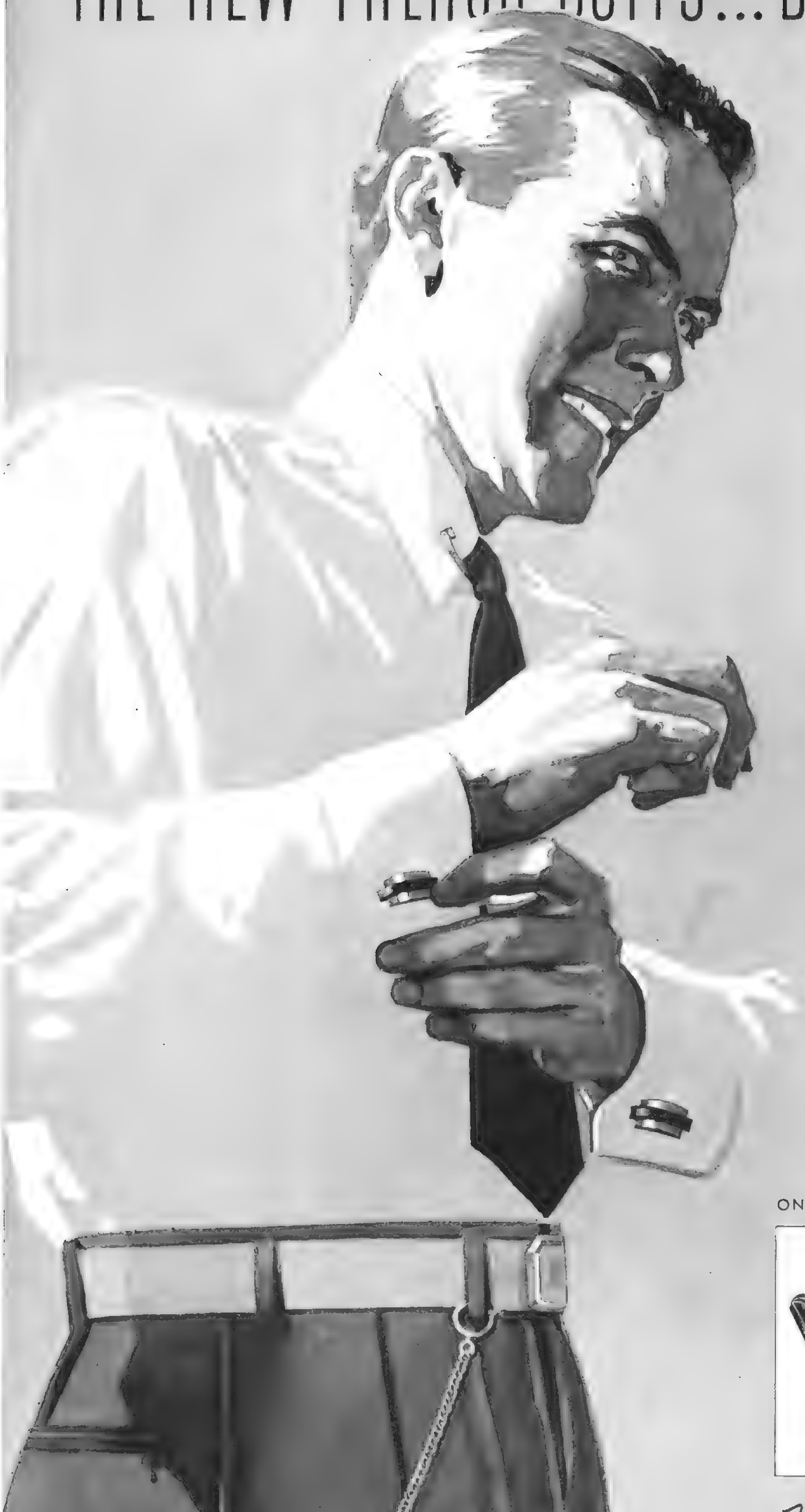
"Yes."

After completing cross-examinations which left most of the defense witnesses as completely discredited as Liguori, Dewey listened carefully to thirteen hours of defense summations. As he pointed out to the jury, 11½ hours of the defense were devoted to vilification of himself and his prostitute witnesses, 1½ hours to the facts of the case. Then the young prosecutor hurried home, spent the night preparing his own summation and spoke for seven hours before the jury, clear-mindedly rehearsing the facts, showing no slightest sign of fatigue. The man is tireless. He has twice the available energy of the ordinary individual because his mind is harmoniously organized. He never permits himself those emotional conflicts which bring exhaustion. After his summation Dewey slept on a couch in the courthouse, placidly as a child. At 5 a.m. he was summoned to hear the jury's verdict. Lucania and his crime associates turned white as death at the first "Guilty" convicting the ex-Lucky on one count. But they hadn't heard anything yet. Sixty-two times the jury foreman said "Guilty" for Lucania, 558 for the whole group of defendants. Dewey's face showed no elation. He simply began rearranging his papers, matter-of-factly getting ready for his next job. But more than one hundred million Americans had cause that day for great rejoicing. For the first time in American history a number 1 racketeer was convicted, by due legal process, of criminal acts forming an integral part of his racket.

Lucania is in forced retirement for a term of thirty to fifty years. Now Dewey is trying nine alleged leaders of the restaurant racket. As this article is being written the number 2 man in this group of defendants has pleaded guilty. The Dewey Truth Extractor is still working. One, at least, of the lesser racket chiefs has given evidence against the others. A few days previous seventy al-

Continued at top of page 180

THE NEW FRENCH CUFFS... DOUBLY SMART



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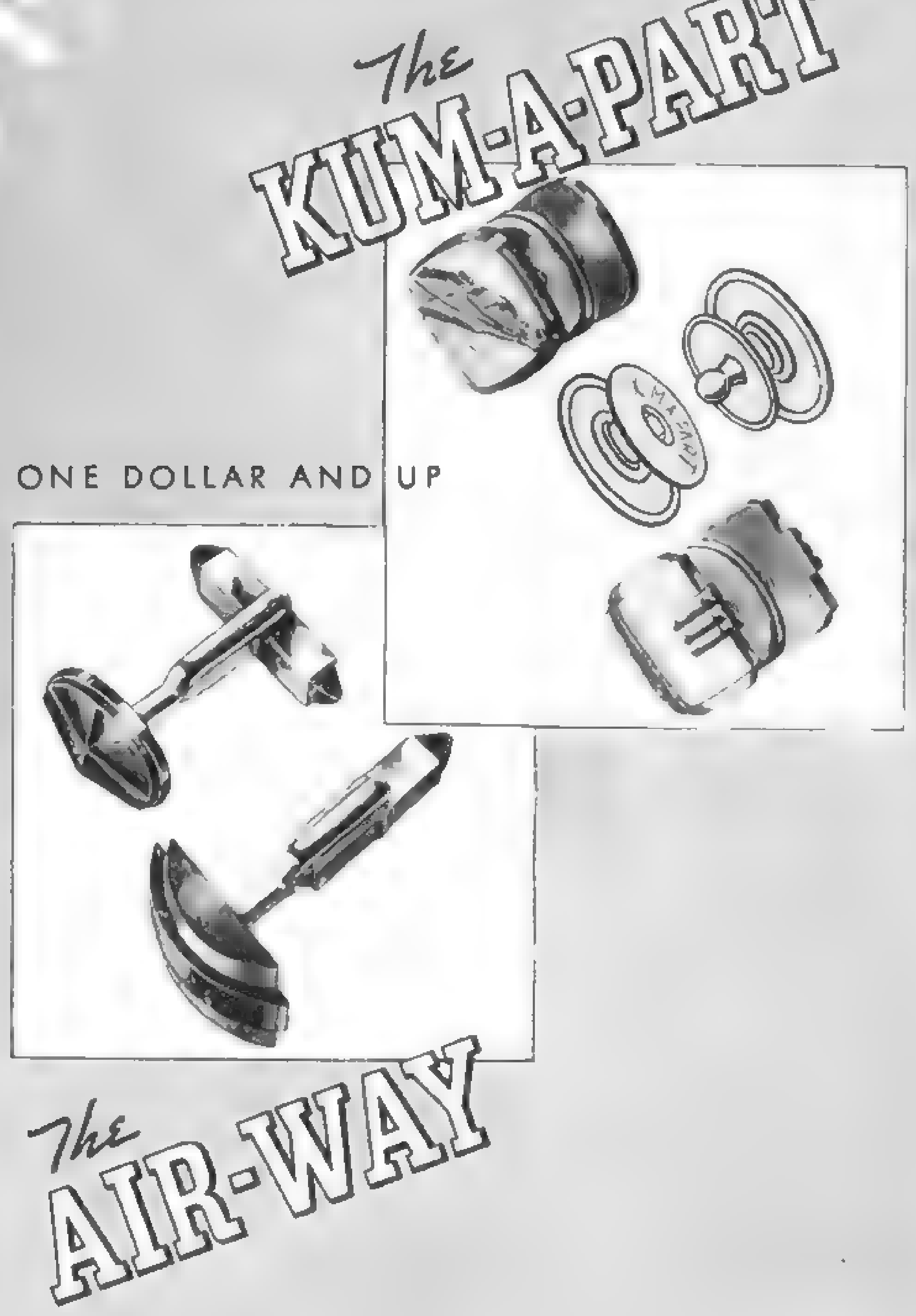

SWANK... NOVEL AID TO GOOD GROOMING

DON'T LET IT ALL GO TO Waist

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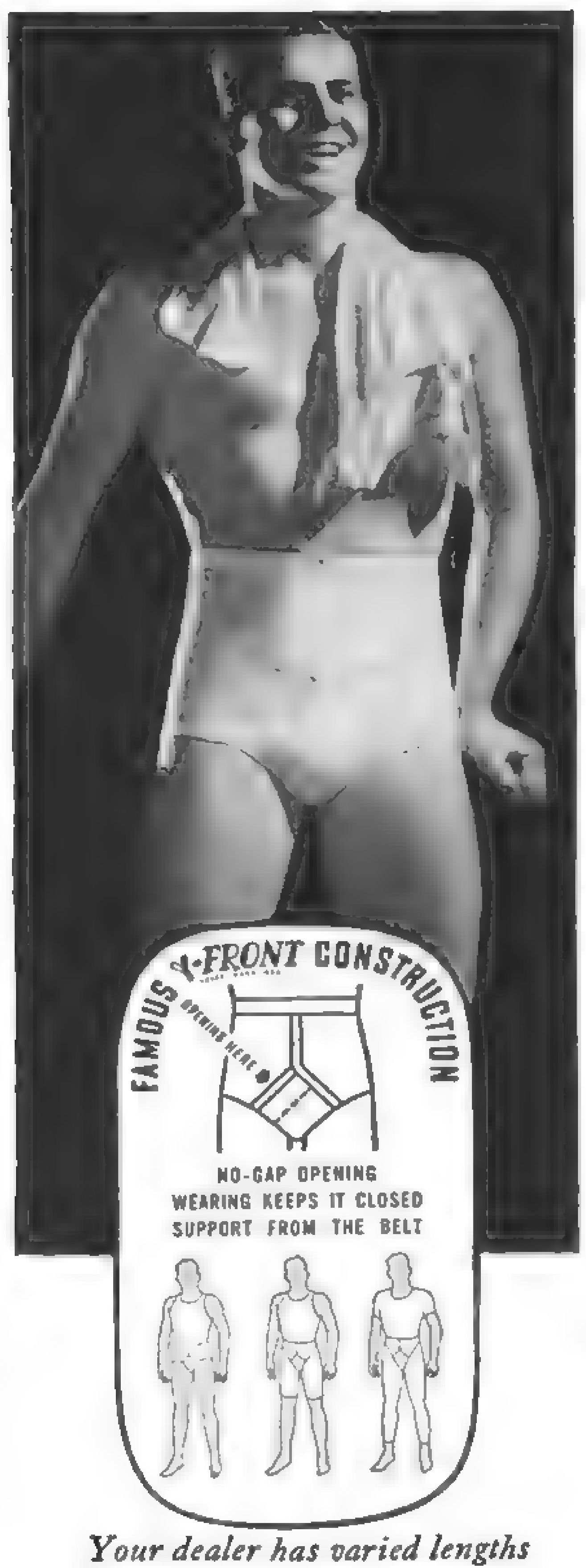
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Coopers Bellin fits you *throughout.* No bunching, no binding, no buttons . . . and no *squirming!* Look at the picture to the left. Notice how the Bellin with the Y-Front leaves no excess material *anywhere.* Notice the features that give you gentle, restful, relaxing support. Bellin is the sensible way to "keep that schoolboy dimension". Get back into form. Wear Bellin—at work or at play.

Coopers Bellin with the Y-Front in varied lengths: very brief; knee; and ankle. The garment $1.00 and up. Shirts —sleeveless or short sleeve, 50c at your favorite men's store.

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MASCULINIZED UNDERGARMENTS
HOSIERY • SPORTSWEAR

Inventor of the Truth Extractor

Continued from pages 89-172-174-177-178

leged members of the numbers racket ring, whose take was estimated at $5,000,000 a year, were captured simultaneously by Dewey. He set up special headquarters in the old Claremont Inn, near Grant's Tomb, and sorted and classified his prisoners there just as he did the prostitutes and madames in the Woolworth Building—obviously the same preliminary to truth extracting. Having perfected a machine that works Thomas Dewey, unlike most inventors, knows enough to use it and stop inventing new devices.

I asked Dewey point-blank what he really hopes to accomplish by all this racket smashing. He wasn't a bit grieved at my lack of faith in the permanence of any racket cure. We had a long talk about it. Thomas Dewey believes—as I should expect a man of extraordinary intelligence to believe—that education, mental evolution of the public is the answer to crime evils. He does not imagine for a moment that upsetting Lucania's crime trust organization will prevent others from being formed. He does not think that breaking rackets in New York will stop them in Chicago, New Orleans or Los Angeles. But he does think this—that once a legal method of smashing big crime combinations has been demonstrated, that method will be used by public officials (wherever the public takes the trouble to elect honest ones) to prosecute racket organizations like Lucania's. Putting the matter my own way, Dewey has invented the machine which, if used as he believes it will be, will make crime trusts too dangerous for future gang leaders to attempt.

Dewey's legal invention may accomplish all he expects. No one can predict until others have tried it. But this I can predict with great assurance: Thomas E. Dewey will accomplish a great deal more than he expects. He is one of the rarest human combinations I have ever studied—a brilliant mind, a Scotch-Irish fighting temperament, the charm of an utterly sincere personality and an organizing ability which combines inventiveness and personal magnetism. And besides that, he's a good egg.

Dewey says he wants no public office, that the most unpleasant thing in life to him is the continual sniping which he has had to endure from all sides, in this present job, without hitting back. Nobody who appreciates what he has done for New York will wish him any hard luck. But if New York grants his desire and lets him retire to a pleasant, prosperous private life it will fail lamentably to justify that faith which Thomas Dewey has in democracy. ###

Famous Cocks and Tales

Continued from page 96

old bartenders are gone. The few still living prefer retirement to the present-day demands. Not that they cannot mix fancy and absurd drinks but they miss the curling of the flowering moustache and the third drink on the customer. Nowadays in the modern bar, the rigid rule is that a bartender never drinks except on Sunday when off duty.

Of the old-line American bartenders, two of the three most famous are memorable because of their residence abroad. Harry Craddock, who wept when the King Cole mural was taken down from the old Knickerbocker Grill and the hotel became just another office building to house realtors and drug stores selling books, is now high man at the Savoy in London. He refuses to come back as the bars abroad are concessions and the bartender usually becomes rich. For a time Craddock tried to get the English to take on the American cocktail. The late lamented and beloved Edward and his crowd were catholic enough to like American ways. But the staid Britisher has stuck to his Scotch and abhors all things American, except Hollywood and lecture-platform salaries.

Of the other two, Harry McElhone, who presided over the affluent brokers of the old Plaza Oakroom, was really a Scot. At the break of war he went home to do his service. A few years before, Tod Sloane, famous jockey, had the bright idea of establishing an American bar in Paris. At considerable cost he imported a complete American bar, old walnut fittings, mirrors, chandeliers and brass rail. At that time, 1911, such decor was top-notch, not whimsy. But the French still preferred their aperitif in that iceless age and the place languished. Milton Henry's widow bought it and tried it for a time. But she also could not convert the French to a new way of drinking.

Then came the war and the influx of Americans. Harry took over the place at 5 Rue Daunou, engaged Fernand and became godfather to the two million homesick. Being the only Frenchman in the doughboy's *pied-à-terre*, Fernand became known as "The Frog" and as that he has become endeared to the millions. They call him Petiot now at the St. Regis except when some legionnaire or some millionaire reaches for his hand across the bar. That's a funny thing, muses Petiot, about this democratic country. Nowadays he serves drinks to the affluent; during the decade following the war in Harry's New York Bar he served newspaper men, boys from Harvard, financiers, diplomats, dough-boys and gobs all in a row. If you misplaced a friend in Paris you could always locate him at Harry's. But that was in aristocratic France. The foreign correspondents still use the bar before they go to work and always meet there before their weekly luncheon at Ciro's.

Some of Petiot's anecdotes are weird. The sailors, on shore leave, invariably came from the train to Harry's. They would thrust an envelope, holding perhaps two hundred dollars in it, into Petiot's hand. Then they would beg him never to give them more than ten dollars a day, no matter how long they pleaded or how much the dame insisted.

O. O. McIntyre, on one of his touring jaunts, became peeved at the boys who hung around Paris after the war, cadging drinks, and came home to write a piece about bar-flies. Harry, being Scotch, was not offended. He immediately formed the I. B. F., had a button struck off (a fly rampant on a loaf of sugar) and membership cards printed. These he sold to customers at ten francs each. They cost him a franc each. On a return visit McIntyre relented and in a gay mood wrote a constitution and by-laws for the I. B. F. The membership exceeded the combined memberships of most of the clubs of the world. All the famous of that era were members. And Harry, the Scot, only smiled. He was still making nine francs a membership. Recently some pretty girls came to ask Petiot about the order. They had heard of it from their fathers. So Petiot is compelled to start an American headquarters.

During the post-war decade Petiot mixed every drink known to man. The homesick soldier tried everything and then went back to Old Fashioneds, Martinis or Manhattans. The sailor always drank Jamaica rum with a beer chaser. The Colonial called for his Singapore Sling, his gin and tonic or Planter's Punch. In the mad era of topless markets, Harry opened his cellar and there Tommy Lyman sang his ribald songs to the piano accompaniment of Roy Barton. Lyman is now on our own Montmartre, West Fifty-Second Street, New York. It was in this cellar that the two composed *Montmartre Rose* which Ziegfeld bought and turned into Fannie Brice's song, *My Man.*

Aesthetically speaking, the drinker gained by the purge of prohibition. Outside the nostalgic few there is no one who would prefer the old, dingy bar of the Victoria or late-Grant period to the streamlined cleanliness of the modern drinking interior. The saloon was called the "poor man's club" and in this democracy the poor man rates a pretty fancy retreat. And by all statistics he does not seem to miss the sawdust on the floor or the shining cuspidors. Few of the landmarks have survived. Seigel's, on Third Avenue, is about as it was except for change in management. For a long time, McSorley's tried to keep up its head with gas fixtures and Argentine cloth over the mirrors. Gone too are the places that are distinctive for the best making of this or that drink. For a long time there was a New Orleans bar, next the Knickerbocker, where the Ramos and Sazerac were made exactly as they were at the Ramos Bar in New Orleans; the Sazerac Restaurant on Forty-Seventh Street, just off Fifth Avenue, tries to carry on the torch. Several of the better-class bars make the Martini in the French manner, one-sixth instead of one-third vermouth, but most of the bars make everything equally well or equally bad, according to the grade of liquor they dispense.

It is not the thousands of cocktails extant, the barkeep explains, but the variations on the theme, that send the dispenser home dizzy. The women are especially bad, demanding a sprig of mint or a dash of maraschino in everything. The barkeeps watch the monthly hotel statistic reports, noting happily that the Americans are slowly returning to the old stand-bys, those that have survived even the drought. For your guidance here are appended the original formulas with notations of changes.

BRONX (W)

⅔ Gin
⅓ Orange Juice
2 slices fresh Pineapple in glass
(new way requires ⅓ gin, ⅓ Italian Vermouth)

CLOVER CLUB

Juice ½ Lemon
½ spoon Sugar
½ pony Raspberry Syrup
¼ pony White of Egg
1 jigger Gin (star glass)

ORANGE BLOSSOM

⅓ Orange Juice
⅓ Tom Gin
⅓ Italian Vermouth

MANHATTAN

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ Italian Vermouth
½ Rye Whiskey (stir)
Serve with Maraschino Cherry

SAZERAC

Few dashes of Peychaud Bitters
Dash of Absinthe
Dash of Italian Vermouth
1 jigger Bourbon or Scotch

ALEXANDER

⅓ Gin
⅓ Crème de Cacao
⅓ Cream

BACARDI

2 jiggers Bacardi Rum
2 Limes
A little Sugar
A little Grenadine

JACK ROSE

Juice of Lime
⅓ Grenadine Syrup
⅔ Applejack

SLOE GIN

Dash of Orange Bitters
⅔ Sloe Gin
⅓ Plymouth Gin (stir)

OLD-FASHIONED

¼ lump Sugar
2 spoons Water
1 dash Bitters
1 jigger Whiskey
1 piece Lemon Peel
1 lump Ice

Continued at top of page 182

THEY'VE NEVER BUILT A CAR TO FIT A SQUIRMER

And Likely Never WILL!

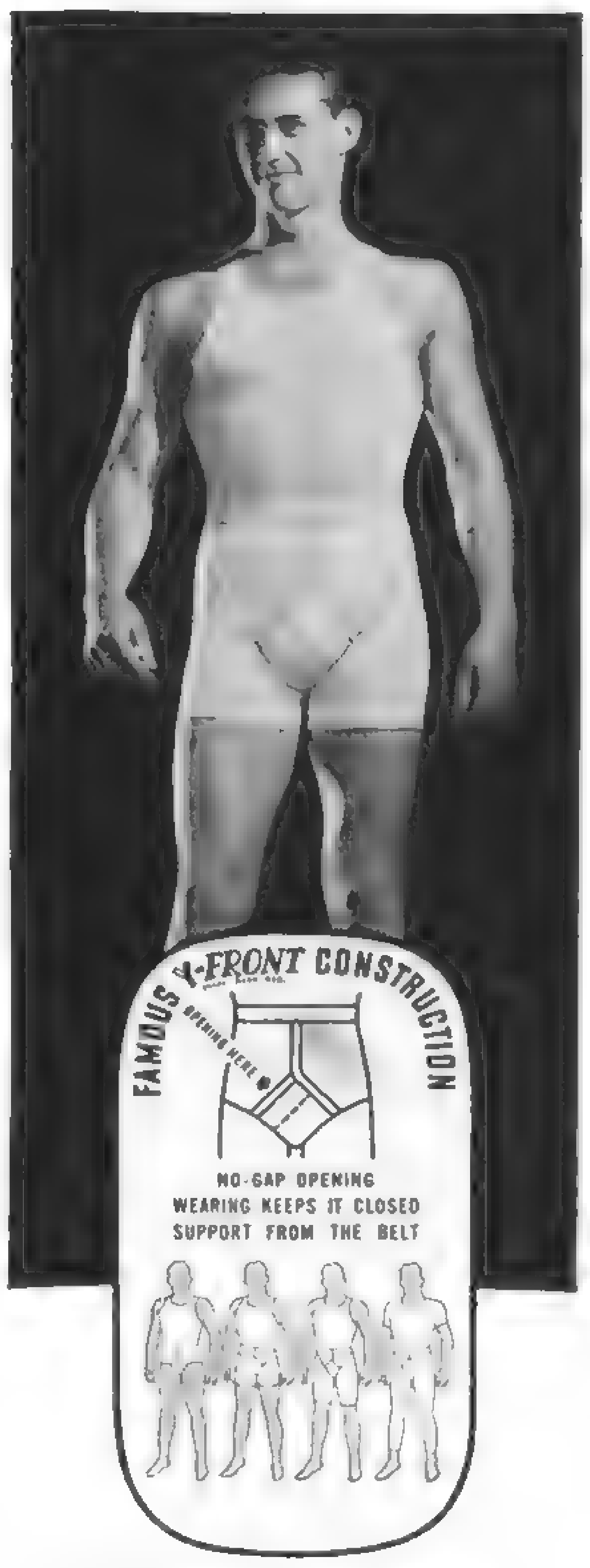
Automotive engineers are clever, but despite all they do to build the driver's seat to fit you, the non-skid upholstery fabric, plus the pitch of the seat, plus a long drive make you slide into the relentless clutches of your underwear.

So the next time you fret at the wheel of your car it's probably because of misfit undergarments that are taking your mind off your driving. Don't do a roadway rhumba . . . it's dangerous! Folks don't like to sit beside a *squirmer* either—so get streamlined for comfort's sake.

Coopers Y-Front masculinized underwear is great for outdoor action—golf, tennis, riding, climbing or hiking. For swimmers there's even special Coopers J. B. Sport Trunks with Jockey-Bellin shorts inside! All Coopers masculinized garments give firm but gentle and restful support.

Coopers Jockey shorts with the Y-Front construction leave no excess material *anywhere* to bunch or creep. The Y-Front, an exclusive Coopers feature, gives the support you need for absolute comfort and freedom . . . stops your *squirming*—wherever you are, whatever you're doing. No bunching, no binding... and no buttons.

Varied lengths: Jockey, very brief; above the knee; knee; calf; and ankle. Shirts—sleeveless or short sleeve. The garment 50 cents and up at your favorite men's store.



Your dealer has varied lengths for your selection

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The Cognac of the Connoisseur since 1715

The man who knows Cognac demands one that is DRY—not sweet. He insists on MARTELL

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The COGNAC Brandy for every occasion

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Famous Cocks and Tales

Continued from pages 96-181

Martini (Dry)

⅔ Gin
⅓ French Vermouth (stir)
Serve with a green Olive
Twist piece of Lemon Peel on top
(French method: ⅙ Vermouth, ⅚ Gin)

Martini

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ Tom Gin
½ Italian Vermouth (stir)
Serve with a green Olive
Twist piece of Lemon Peel on top
(for ladies only)

Planter's Punch (The old Plantation Formula as served at Myer's Jamaica Warehouse).
1 part fresh Lime Juice
2 parts Sugar (stir)
3 parts Rum
4 parts Water and Ice
Dash Bitters
Shake well and serve very cold

Daiquiri (H)

⅔ Bacardi
⅓ Grenadine
Juice of 2 Fresh Limes
Shake well and strain

Singapore Sling (W. J. C.)

1 jigger Sloe Gin
½ jigger dry Gin
½ jigger Apricot Brandy
½ jigger Cherry Brandy
½ Lime Juice
1 teaspoon Sugar
Serve in 12-ounce glass. Fill with Ice and Seltzer Water. Decorate with Cherry and slice of Orange and Pineapple deep red in color.

Stirrup Cup

(Attributed, but not by me, to George Washington)

1 jigger Cherry Brandy
1 jigger Brandy
Juice of half Lemon.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 112

place. The humble dwellings in the valley are dominated by the magnificent, modernistic-baronial palaces of the lamas. While every modern luxury, from steam-heating to indirect lighting, is present in the palaces of the lamas, it is apparent that the valley-folk live in an almost primitive state. They are shown happily at work dipping candles, shearing sheep, smithing, lugging loads on their backs. Everybody smiles, we are told, because everybody has everything he wants. There is an abundance of all necessities.

And further, there is gold. The lamasery is able to buy and store away the treasures of the world by the simple expedient of lifting chunks of gold from the mountainside and sending the gold into the outside world. It is presumed that in the universal Utopia envisioned in the regeneration of the world, a similar favorable balance of exchange will exist in all localities. People will spend their time sending around chunks of gold, and tying flutes to the tails of pigeons.

This, then, is the great "Message." Let us be content with things as they are, for we can't avoid the great world catastrophe that is coming. After we are annihilated, a new race will grow up in our place, engendered by Mr. Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, everybody will happily do what the old lamas on the hill tell them to do, there will be gold on every hillside, and everybody will remain youthful forever, and the air will be filled with music from flutes on the tails of pigeons. If you ask me, it's molasses, sickening if taken in too great quantity.

Another brand of molasses, of flavor equally subtle in disguise, is contained in the sister inspirational epic, *The Good Earth.* The message here is slavish humility. Again, I believe that the film has slightly perverted its source, by changing the emphasis of the story. Pearl Buck's novel left the reader with the message that the Chinese were human beings. She showed the peasant's land-hunger, his obsession for owning and clinging to his bit of earth as his intuitive defense against a chaotic world-economy that was gradually blotting him out.

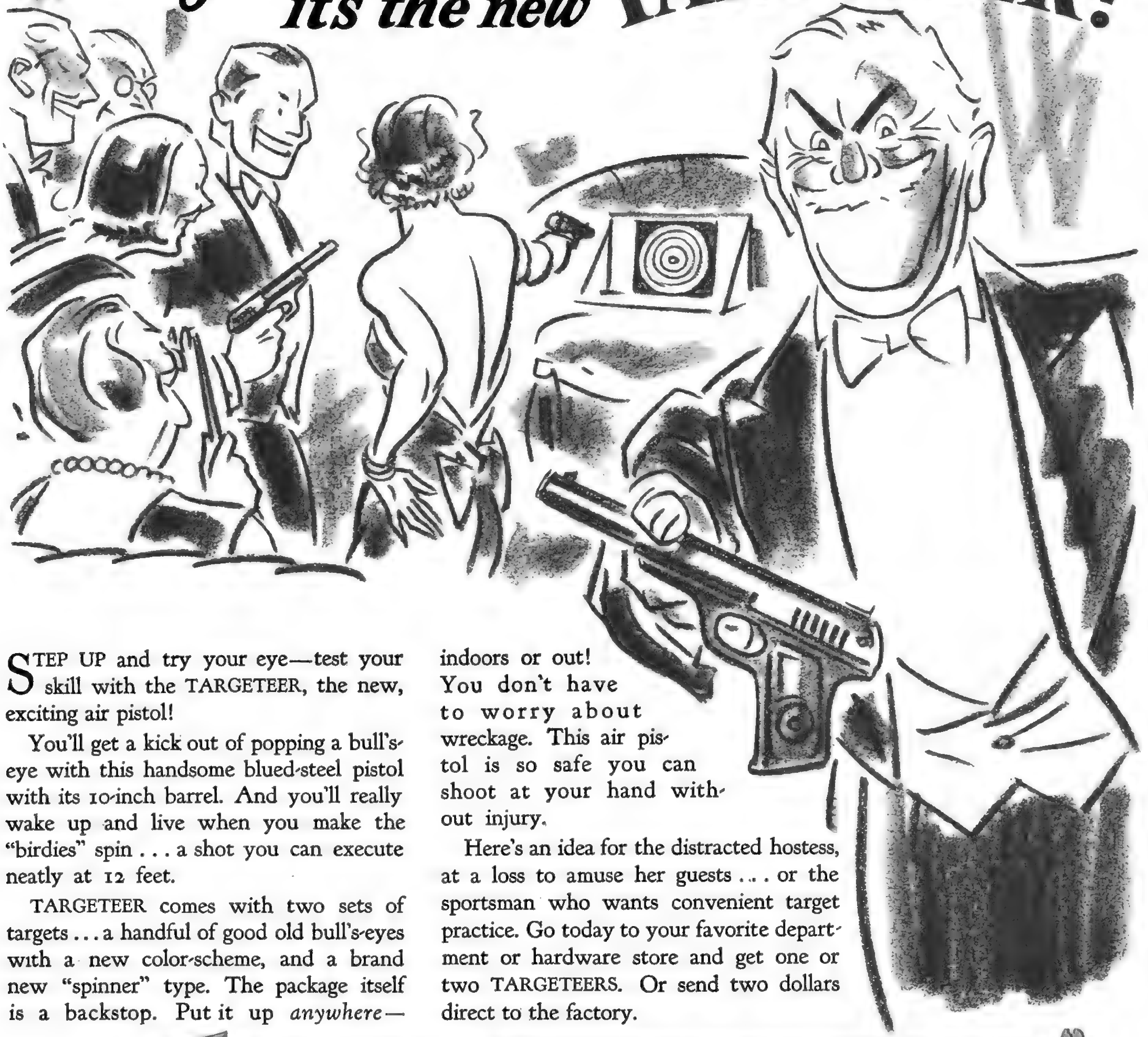
The motion picture folk approached this immensely popular book with a reverence so great that they were bound to fall over their own feet, somewhere. One woman wrote a story: then twenty of the world's best and highest paid writers worked for two years to copy out part of the story in scenario form. The producers were all but gods in re-creating China in Hollywood. They were all but gods in putting Occidental actors among a cast of Orientals and making believe all were Orientals and that Viennese, Chicago, Harvard, and Chinatown English all sounded the same.

The miracle they produced has more negative than positive values. One is surprised that the Western actors do not jar, among the Orientals. One is surprised that the accents do not jar. One is astonished that the Hollywood rice fields really seem to be in China. But the mind is continuously diverted by this approbation; the complete illusion is constantly broken by approbation for the details that should build the illusion.

Again, the best part of the film is the long opening; Paul Muni awakening, going about his farm chores on his wedding day, going to get his bride, the slavey in the big house, never daring to look at her, or she at him, till they are safely out the gate. In these scenes, he has a complete and easy characterization. Throughout the rest of the film he seems to be constantly working to recapture the Oriental rhythms, at moments he has it, at moments he is lost, he is apparently working hard, using every intelligent means at an actor's command, but he hasn't got the character. Luise Rainer does a simpler, and therefore a more effective job. She plays only in one mood: a wife is a husband's chattel. I should like to interpolate here a little apology to the lady for suggesting in a recent

Continued on page 184

Here...*You* try it... it's the new TARGETEER!



STEP UP and try your eye—test your skill with the TARGETEER, the new, exciting air pistol!

You'll get a kick out of popping a bull's-eye with this handsome blued-steel pistol with its 10-inch barrel. And you'll really wake up and live when you make the "birdies" spin . . . a shot you can execute neatly at 12 feet.

TARGETEER comes with two sets of targets . . . a handful of good old bull's-eyes with a new color-scheme, and a brand new "spinner" type. The package itself is a backstop. Put it up *anywhere*—indoors or out! You don't have to worry about wreckage. This air pistol is so safe you can shoot at your hand without injury.

Here's an idea for the distracted hostess, at a loss to amuse her guests . . . or the sportsman who wants convenient target practice. Go today to your favorite department or hardware store and get one or two TARGETEERS. Or send two dollars direct to the factory.

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Tube of 500 Shot, two sets of targets, and TARGETEER—$2. Extra tubes of shot, 10c each.

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For the Esquire or his Lady—
UPHOLDING TRADITION

TOSCA Eau de Cologne—refreshing, provocative aura of the eternal feminine for the kind of evening that should never end.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne—racingly alive and youthful, an immaculate essential to any sports ensemble tastefully selected.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne—essential to the other two as their base, as essential as this stimulating original "4711" Classic Eau de Cologne has traditionally been to the toilet of carefully groomed men and women the world over since 1792.

GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne—offering pleasant tryst with bygone days, stirring treasured memories of some secluded rose garden fresh with morning dew.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 112-182

issue that she beware of over-acting. That suggestion followed her much lauded performance in *The Great Ziegfeld*. It is apparent from her performance in *The Good Earth* that she can control herself, and that she is really a fine actress.

As long as the film follows the simple and typical destinies of the small farmer and his family, it is epic stuff. It may stagger, it may stumble, but the large idea carries it along the epic line. It is a pure exposition of the life of a hard-working folk, the urgent work in the fields, the triumph over storms, the elemental reactions to the elemental situations: marriages, births, harvests, famine. The trek southward during the famine is great material, and the burgeoning of revolt, blind, ill-guided revolt among the hungry, is suggested with great cinematic power.

Then O-lan finds a bag-full of jewels and the film goes haywire—as did the novel. Only the film shows the flaw more clearly. The giving of riches to the peasant is a violation of the basic idea of the film: the picturization of a typical farmer's life. It is here that the romantic crosses the realistic; and this is a betrayal of the audience whose faith in the typicality of the story has been so deliberately built up. We are led over from the significant to the trivial.

The peasant becomes a rich man, gets himself a singsong girl, takes O-lan's only two pearls from her (when it's art with a message, it can't be pathos), acts mean to family and friends. It takes a seven-year locust plague to bring him back to himself and the good earth. Moral: Riches ruin.

There is an attempt to give the whole thing a mystical meaning by identifying the dying O-lan as "the good earth," though what there was earthy about the slavish creature I don't know.

It is the pretentious humility about this film that is disturbing. And again, it is irksome to feel that our story-tellers and film-makers have to go so far, far away when they at last consent to make a picture about simple folk.

Even three million dollars can't turn Americans into Chinese; and for a tenth of that sum, an epic of American farming could be made. In spite of the sincere effort that goes into *Lost Horizon* and *The Good Earth*, such pictures nowhere contain the intimacy that comes in so simple a film as *John Meade's Woman*.

Here is a picture that, while it conforms to the established Cinderella formula, breaks out every once in a while with freshness and honesty. Francine Larrimore manages to capture and hold tight onto the most vital characteristic of the American farming type. She is damned independent. It's not the cute spunk of a Jean Arthur, but a down-to-the-toes midwestern folk-quality that comes out of the screen as sheer truth. The first hour of the picture doesn't matter much, but once the girl gets back on the farm, recognizable life bangs out, the sequences begin to vibrate, one begins to feel: here's something to make a picture about.

The film contains one splendid outspoken speech: when the governor tells the tycoon how dust-storms are man-made, not god-made. There's no defeatism here, no utopianism either.

While I recognize the immense production superiority, the artistic superiority, and on the whole, even the entertainment superiority of the three-million-dollar epics over *John Meade's Woman*, it remains a fact that there are scenes in this simple film that touch closer than anything in the big films. And while there is so great a wealth of material in American life, unused, why need our masterpiece-makers go so far, far away?

At this moment there is a dramatic theme that has swept the country, it can be worked for a thousand variations, it has shown every facet of American character: the tendency to rush an idea into a fad-craze, the facility at playing up the kidding and human interest angles of an idea even while a battle is in progress, the passion for fairness, the capacity for change.

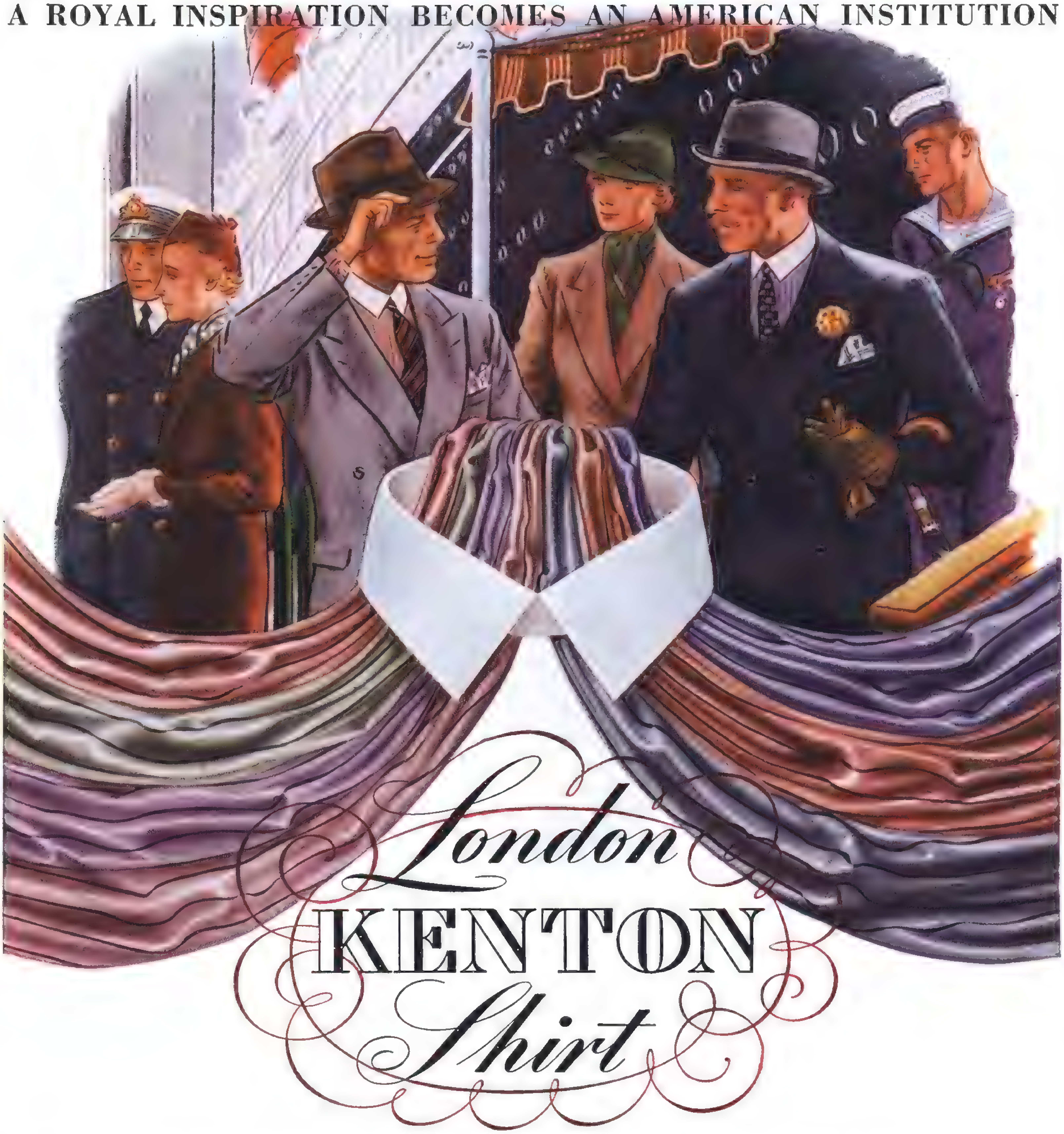
The sit-down strike is a natural subject for the films. Let us take our favorite movie fable of the five-and-ten girl and her boss's son. Let Jean Harlow be the gal. She gets twelve dollars a week serving hot-dogs over the counter. Cagney is her boy friend.

The girls get the sit-down fever. They hear about the sit-down strike in the hosiery mills, they read the cute story about the swain who attached himself to a radiator and conducted a sit-down, about the boss who sat-down with his employees, about the blind men who staged a sit-down strike, in a hodge-podge way they get together, and on a Saturday when there's a rush in the store, they stop making change, there's a sit-down. Jimmy works in the stock-room; he is one of the committee that runs the strike. They get together and make their rules. How to keep busy. A ping-pong tournament. Where to sleep. Boys' side and girls' side. They set up a kitchen committee.

You can take it from there. The millionaire boss's son is having some fun working as a reporter, and he gets on this story and wangles his way into the store to join the sit-downers. Develops the romance. He acts as Jean's go-between to her family and learns how the other half lives. He sits in with the rest of the kids and good old Hollywood will know how to get capital and labor into closer understanding.

Give me a good warm little picture right here at home, and you can take back six million dollars worth of epic. #

A ROYAL INSPIRATION BECOMES AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

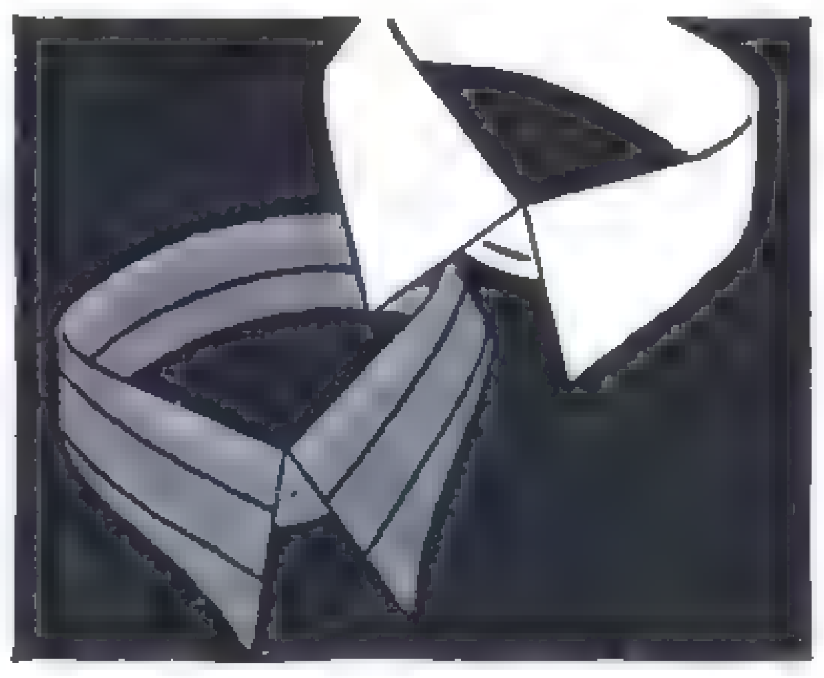


IN NEW, DISTINCTIVE BRITISH TONES

The happy Anglo-American alliance of the soft-hued shirt with the smart white collar now reaches full-fledged fashionhood! Still as British as Bond Street, the London Kenton Shirt strides into today's style-scene with a regal assemblage of new British Tones... distinguished by discreet, correctly spaced pencil-stripes.

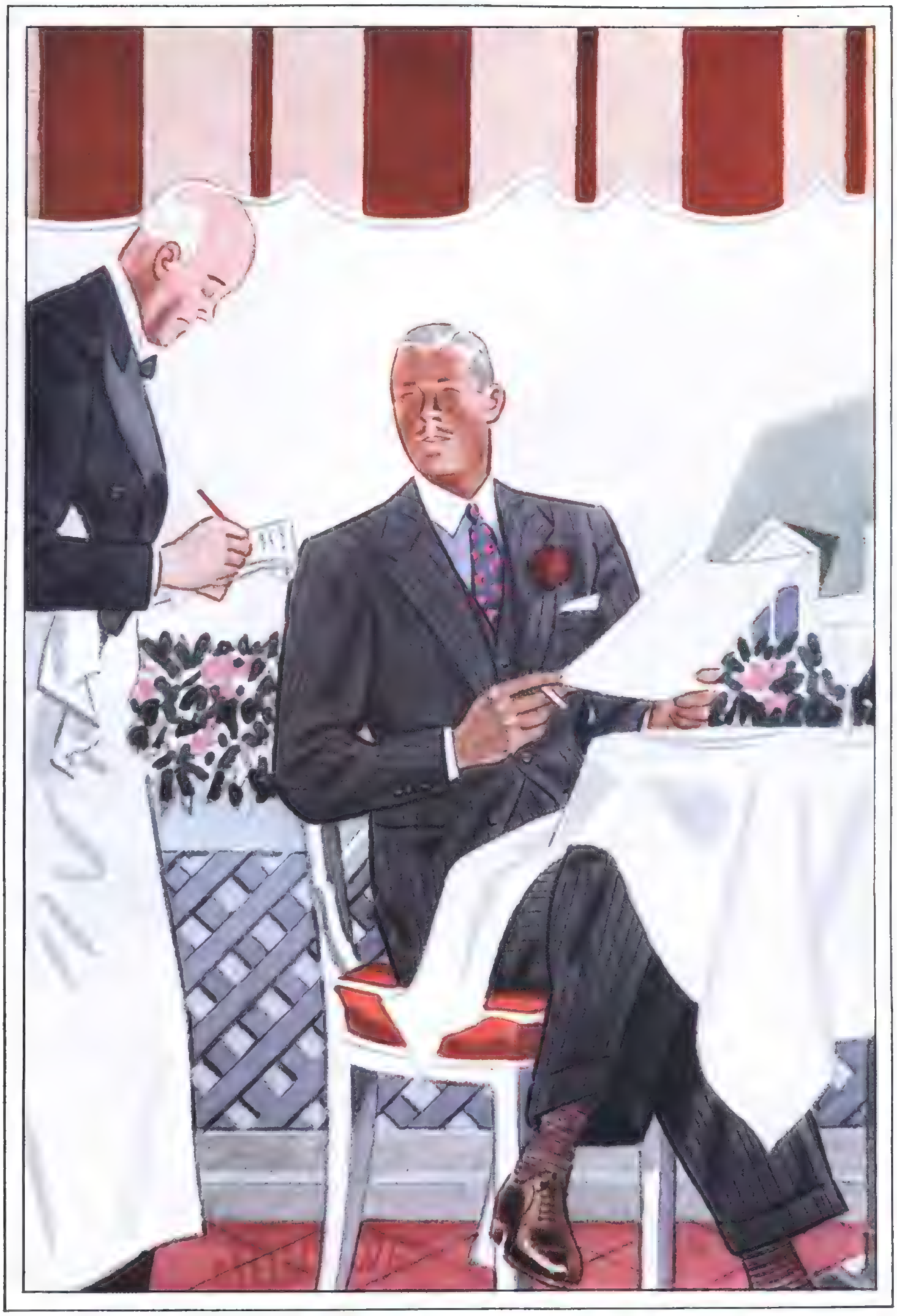
The better men's wear shops are now featuring London Kenton Shirts... each with a separate white Van Heusen Collar and (for the more conventional-minded gentleman) a separate *matching* flexible collar. Each suavely smart as a King's guard! . . . . . $2.00 each, including two collars.

Now...two *different* kinds of collars with each London Kenton Shirt. One, a white starchless Van Heusen in the new, modified Duke of Kent design, with the impeccably smart corded-effect Warren-weave... the other, a flexible *matching* collar with conventional points.



PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN PRODUCTS



WHAT A WELL-DRESSED WAITER WILL WEAR

On second thought, we'll leave the waiter out of this. Mr. Fellows probably put him in just for atmosphere. For a moment we thought the magazine was going democratic and we were winding up to let fly with a description of his clothes. But we catch ourselves in time and proceed in our best bored monotone to describe the details that characterize the dress of the young man in the sit-down position. Or rather we'll let one of our fashion scouts tell you himself: "He is wearing a two-button, notch lapel, single-breasted, lightweight worsted (editor's note: we didn't know adjectives could be piled that high) suit in blue grey with colored stripes, with piped pockets and a plain back. He is dressed in the best Wall Street tradition." Soft blue shirt, white stiff collar, foulard tie, horizontal striped lisle hose and brown straight tip shoes. White linen pocket handkerchief, clove red carnation boutonnière.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The King's Friday

Continued from page 73

as urban. They had to be universal. Unfortunately the capital was really the only city of any size in the kingdom. The vast majority of his people lived on farms and in the mountains. There were few streets to clutter, and less paper to clutter them with. In fact, paper was a sore subject inasmuch as King Wexlin's promise to provide cheap newspapers for the entire country was still far from being fulfilled. It had been an extremely backward, extremely illiterate nation, and the King had decided, wisely enough, that for a population largely unable to read, installation of radios came first. At a considerable increase in taxes, this had been largely achieved, but since the rural population was now clamoring for papers, it would be distinctly unwise to harangue them for throwing them in the streets—in the same category with the over-eating speech.

King Wexlin reached out, and jerked the bell pull. When the attendant appeared, he announced "I shall stay in bed all day. I have a sore throat—a very sore throat."

"A pity," said the attendant. "The people will be disappointed."

"It's not as serious as all that," said King Wexlin. "There's no need of telling them."

"Yes, but when you fail to make your radio speech tonight—"

"Oh," said Wexlin, "is this Friday?"

The attendant glanced at his master—a rather searching glance—and answered, quietly, "Yes."

"It will have to be cancelled, then," commanded the King.

"And now, your Majesty, shall I summon your physician?"

"No. Do not summon him."

"But your Majesty's throat—"

"Oh," said the King, "all right."

That night King Wexlin delivered his customary Friday night radio address to his subjects. His subject was happiness. He came out in favor of it. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 109

fusion has long been no secret. It seems impossible for him to allow a character to say so little as a simple *Good morning* without embellishing it with an epic poem celebrating the sunrise over the Palisades, the tender dew on the flower beds at Malmaison, the lifting of the pale morning mist over the Bay of Naples and the awaking of Mother Earth in the Antipodes, all further filagreed with metaphorical allusions to the dawn of justice in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the twilight of monarchical rule, to say nothing of a few philosophical titbits relating to the vacuity of civilization, the bane of religious and racial bigotry and the depravity of the capitalistic order of things. In *The Masque of Kings* he substitutes words for drama even more lushly than heretofore. If a rousing moment of dramatic action peers timidly around the corner and tries to edge its way out onto the stage, he hits it over the head with twenty or thirty lines of broken verse and then stands over the corpse and addresses fifteen or twenty more lines to it. It all makes occasionally for some nice ear music, but the eye, which is also a theatrical organ, gets pretty lonely.

This most recent Anderson play amounts in sum to little more than a succession of lengthly dialogues at stage center, with a varying number of other characters standing or sitting stark still and silent about the rest of the stage. Abetted by Mr. Moeller's reticent and static direction, the evening's general aspect, accordingly, is of a dramatic sit-down strike. The only times when anything promises to happen is when some threatening character is announced, when whoever is at stage center at the moment boldly bids him be shown in at once, and when then a servant throws open the huge doors of the Emperor's Hofburg study or the Crown Prince's Hofburg apartments and the wrathful intruder strides in. But no sooner is he in than he also duly takes his position at stage center and enters into another long and exanimate dialogic gabble picnic. The stage, in short, is full of men in flashing swords and fiery uniforms who finally give one little more than the impression that they have met casually before moving on in a body into some exciting play.

Maurice Evans' performance of King Richard II in Shakespeare's play of that name further establishes him as the best of all England's younger actors, and I make the statement with full awareness that on no occasion when I have reviewed his performances has he been suffering from a bad cold. His mastery of his craft, as again surely displayed in this latest appearance, must bring somewhat embarrassed pause to those critics who earlier permitted the supineness of an acting season to confuse them into accepting as a sterling artist such a relative third-rater as the Piccadilly Duse, John Gielgud. The comparative merits of the two actors may clearly be discerned through this particular rôle. Where Evans is able through the resources of his art to convey the early vacillating, querulous and often distinctly feminine aspects of the second Richard and then to motivate him toward the period of his masculine resolution, Gielgud could and can do little more than permit his personal pallor to substitute for Evans' delineation of that quality, and when it comes to the later necessity of progressing into the masculinity of the rôle Gielgud is lost completely.

Continued on page 188

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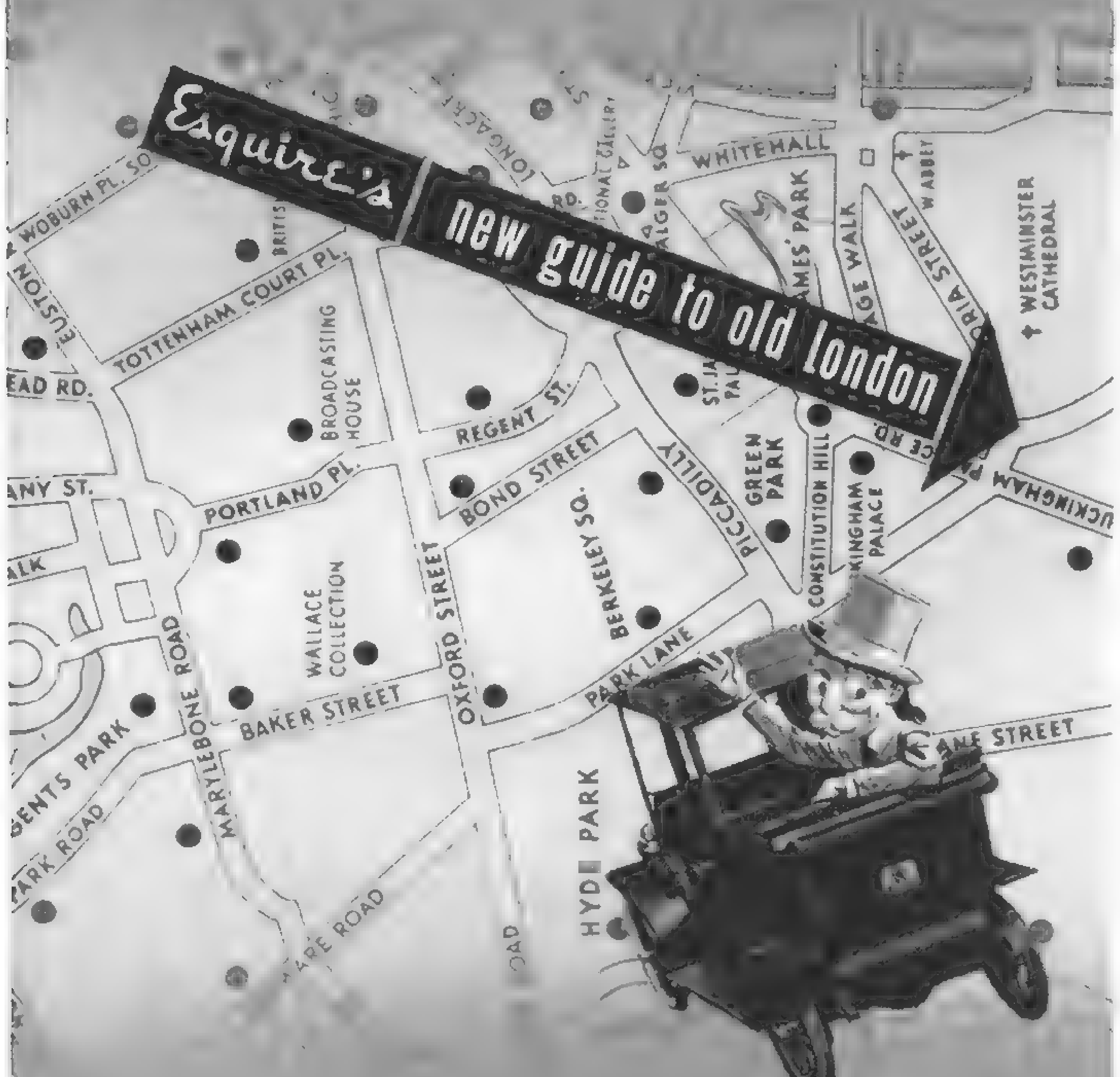

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 109-187

I have noted that it seems to be a habit of the players of the subsidiary rôles in such a Shakespearean exhibit to suggest their conviction that the play was written by Gounod and to read the simplest lines as if they were passages from *Faust.* The present occasion is no exception. Saving Ian Keith in the rôle of Bolingbroke and maybe one or two others, the players of the minor rôles constitute themselves operatic baritones, tenors and coloratura sopranos and make even such speeches as "Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks," "The castle is royally mann'd, my lord," and "That were some love" indistinguishable from Faust's *Interrogo invano,* Marguerite's *Nascose eran* and Valentine's *Stammi adascoltar.* The whole thing, indeed, becomes less a matter for drama critics than for music critics. But Evans' performance, admirably worked out in every detail, rides the evening against such surrounding handicaps to high and brilliant success.

Mark Reed has arrived at that advanced philosophical stage where he has at length caught up with the theory that men in general are more moral than women. In spite of his amazing worldly progress, his comedy, *Yes, My Darling Daughter,* proves to be droll and diverting stuff. Its materials may hardly be vernal and his disingenuous attempt to make his play seem hot off the griddle by inserting into it—just before the first night curtain lifted—up-to-the-minute comments on the immediate daily news may be somewhat lamentable, but so easy is his humor, so good his perception of character and so unforced his sense of dialogue that he contrives an intelligent and quite amusing little theatre piece. The theme, which Bertrand Russell probably wrote a play on at the age of six, concerns an experienced mother's approval of her young daughter's extra-legal affair with the boy she deeply loves. The acting, especially that of Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin and Nicholas Joy, helps matters considerably.

On the night following the opening of Reed's comedy, George M. Cohan came along with his own version of Parker Fennelly's *Fulton of Oak Falls* which deals similarly with a daughter who is set upon taking a fling with her young man without benefit of clergy. The difference in the attitude of the younger and older school of local playwrights is no more clearly to be perceived than in the two handlings of the theme. Where Reed dismisses the accepted moral philosophy in the situation, Mr. Cohan embraces it warmly with both arms and the result is one of those "wholesome" plays that in this day and age evoke all the analogous personal respect and fatigue that one feels in the company of one's grandfather. Please do not misconstrue this to imply that I am one of those donkeys who have hardboiled themselves in the hot waters of pseudo-sophistication to a degree where no play can fetch them save it justifies a married man's affairs with his wife's three nieces, the butler's daughter and the upstairs maid's foster mother or unless it sponsors miscellaneous adultery as something infinitely nobler and more estimable than the combined arts of Bach, the Twelve Apostles and open plumbing. No one likes a decent play more than I do. But when the applaudable quality that decency is, is translated theatrically into such flagrant showshop hokum as assiduous apostrophes to lilacs, moist quotations from Tennyson, and Denman Thompson front porches in the moonlight, I refractorily begin to long for a little bolus in the form of some nice, sweet, filthy sex. The trouble with Mr. Cohan here is that he has overdone wholesomeness. His characters all comport themselves like migratory Sunday schools. And his play is as tender and at the same time as unappetizing as French-prepared horse meat.

Nevertheless it is a pleasure, as always it has been and as always it remains, to watch the fellow as an actor. It is remarkable how periodically entertaining he can make a consistently unentertaining play. That we have no actor in the American theatre to compare with him is a fact sufficiently known and by this time generally admitted. But he is more than merely an actor. He represents, insofar as we have such a thing, the whole purely American school of acting in himself. See him anywhere in the world—on a stage in China, a stage in Poland or a stage in Labrador—and you would say to yourself instantly: "There, but for the grace of God, goes Button Gwinnett!" Or, God forbid, maybe Huey Long.

Having opened this month's meeting with several questions, I beg leave to bring it to a close with still another. Why is it, I should like to ask, that almost invariably it is some particularly bad play that serves to introduce some new and particularly lovely ingénue? I have been pondering the big problem for several years and still haven't been successful in getting at the solution of the mystery. But the fact remains, as a glance backward through the statistics of the last ten years will prove, that almost every good-looking young newcomer to the stage has been delivered to the public through the medium of a dish of claptrap. The most recent statistical evidence was Miss Ann Meril and *Thirsty Soil,* by one Raymond Bond. To anyone who can tell me why it almost always happens that way, I offer as a prize all the money that the United States will receive from France on the war loan debt. ⵌ

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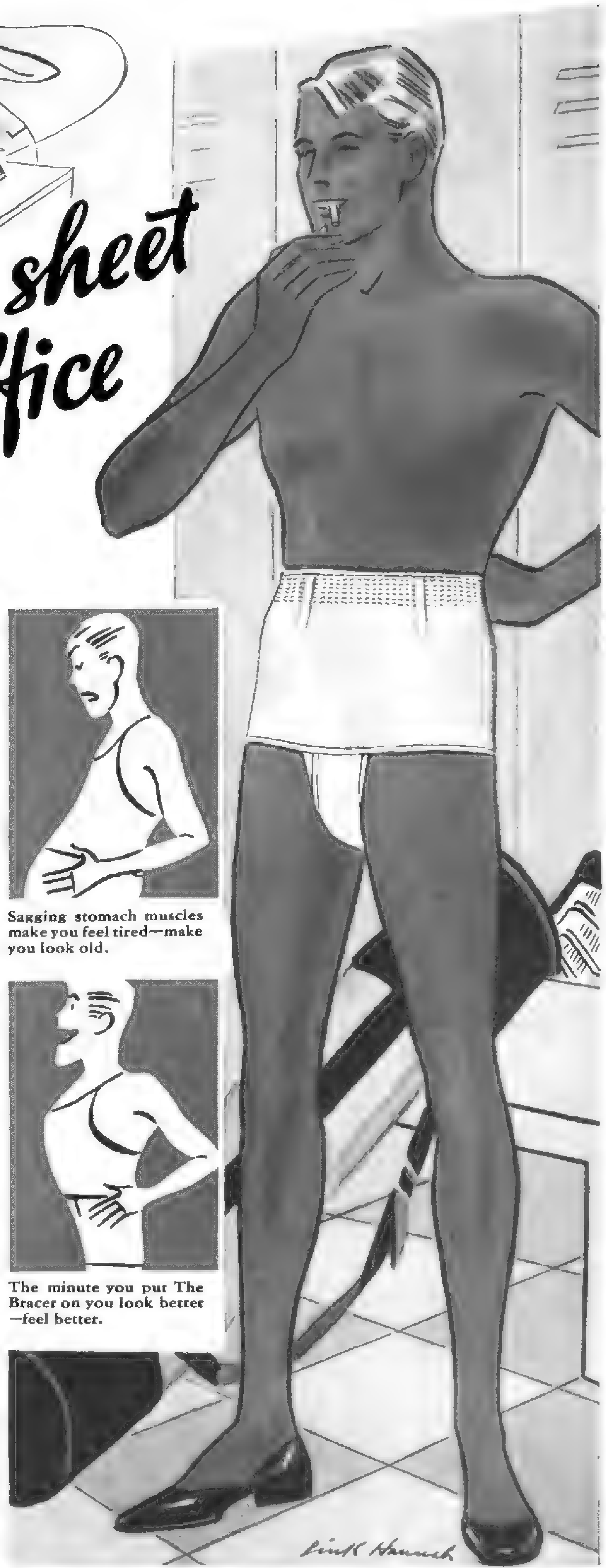

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America's Sun Worshiper

Continued from page 88

his influence in the world, but he is happy to let it be so. If he is unhappy it can be only on the score that his painting does not come up to the measure of his vision. The world which the painting of Glackens reflects is a world without care, without drabness, without malice, without profundity and without irritation. It is a world in which, as in the society columns, the sources of revenue are genteelly and discreetly hidden, but taken for granted. There is something of the charm of a wished-for world in the seen world Glackens has painted. Almost might one say that it is a dream world in terms of a real world. It isn't that Glackens is escaping from anything; it is that, like any other artist, he is stating and selecting in terms of his personality in paint what he may be too incoherent or too choked up to say in words.

Once upon a time, it is ironic to recall, Glackens was regarded as a painting rebel. This might be the place to repeat that line about the rebel of yesterday being the reactionary of tomorrow and if it isn't applicable to Glackens that is because he was as little aware in 1908 of being a rebel as he is today of being either conservative or reactionary, although, posed against the surrealists and the class conscious boys, he is a conservative. But way back in 1908 Glackens was one of the eight modernists whose joint exhibition at Macbeth's made New York modern-art conscious for a time.

That exhibition is part not only of the history of American art but of the biographies of the eight who took part in it. These were, besides Glackens, Henri, Sloan, Luks, Davies, Prendergast, Lawson and Shinn. In the light of what 1937 regards as advance guard art, the 1908 lineup of rabid reds is almost funny. Because, in the 1937 perspective, most of these 1908 painters are romantic and poetic. Their then radicalism consisted in looking for objects for art outside of the posed nude, the pompous portrait and the artificial still life and flower piece. They simply went to life for the materials of art at a time when the Academy's "No, No" sounded as if there were force behind it and when such foreign fellows as Manet and Degas were still not respectable as influences.

At the Whitney Museum in New York, as this is being written, there is a reunion of most of these eight, together with three others.

The six of the eight represented at the Whitney are Henri, Luks, Sloan, Lawson, Shinn and Glackens, with George Bellows, Glenn O. Coleman and Guy Pène du Bois added, the pictures of the nine being shown under the group name of New York Realists.

Posed with, and against, his contemporaries, one can observe the effect of the contrast Glackens creates and that effect is, chiefly, that he dares to glow while they remain in the night shadows. Sloan, in the same room, makes Glackens seem almost raw, while Glackens makes Sloan seem much more subdued than he really is, by himself, while the contrast between the Glackens and the Luks canvasses, which may be seen in the room adjoining, is almost violent. The exhibition, since it is limited to pictures finished by 1914, is unfair as representing a man's life work, but it does show us that whereas Luks and Sloan were more deeply concerned with character, social settings and plastic values, Glackens was learning to play the whole piano of color and inclining to subordinate other factors which he may have been taking for granted. Titian is not a greater painter than Rembrandt because he employs a greater scale on his palette, but he may be more ingratiating and, as the picture salesmen say, easy to live with. In Glackens' *Chez Mouquin*, painted in 1905, we can see him moving half-way between the dark and the light period and more concerned with defining the personalities of his sitters than with the nature of their setting. The 1909 *Girl with the Yellow Stockings* shows Glackens fairly en route to his goal with the 1912 *Parade, Washington Square*, and the 1913 *Family Group* blazing like the noonday sun. Yet on the basis of this exhibition Glackens would appear to be inferior to his fellows, for among the paintings shown there is not a flower, a child, a nude or a beach.

It may seem strange that a man who once strove for the sunlight of Impressionism should have been rated a realist at any time. It is astonishing to learn that the customers once complained of Glackens' realism. Glackens gave up the job of drawing for magazines and newspapers so many years ago that men and women who look at his paintings today are not aware that once this painter was a pioneer at whom a few stones were cast, a pioneer who loathed the job at which he was so superb more intensely than the sentimental readers of the magazines loathed his drawings.

Williams J. Glackens was born in Philadelphia in 1870 and soon thereafter began making pencil marks on paper. He seems to have been one of those instinctive draftsmen who does not have to toil and moil, submit to influences, shop around among art classes, fume and fret, waste reams of paper in numerous tentative forays in catching the twists and turns of human anatomy. At Central High School, where Albert C. Barnes and John Sloan were his classmates, Glackens illustrated a mathematics textbook for a teacher and made hundreds of drawings, for a pittance, to illustrate a dictionary. He has at no time been a good business man. Of those days Dr. Barnes writes me the following:

"Glackens and I first met by being members of the same class of the Central High School in Philadelphia. During the four years there we became close friends, partly through my interest in his drawing of various scenes common to school-day life, and partly because we had the same interest in sports. We were members of the Central High School baseball team for several years." They took separate paths and resumed their schoolboy friendship about 1910 "because I had, in the meantime, become interested in the study of art and especially as it related to education. I spent many days in his studio and he came frequently to my house to visit me and discuss the paintings I had accumulated."

Glackens came of age in the world of art at that period in journalism when the sketch artist had to anticipate the functions of the camera for the newspaper and magazine. In Philadelphia alone at that time, one newspaper, the *Press*, employed as illustrating reporters, Luks, Glackens, Shinn and Sloan. Henri was the only artist of that group who did not sketch for the papers. Dashing out on assignments gave these men a grasp of realities they could not otherwise have obtained. They covered, without temperament, murders, trials, floods, wars, accidents, politics, street scenes, or whatever else there was to cover. At the least such work served as magnificent memory training. Years later, up in New England, when a fellow artist told Glackens he would have to go to New York to verify the look of a lamp post and the way the shafts were related to the rest of a typical hansom cab, Glackens solved both problems in rapid sketches. From 1891 to 1895 Glackens worked on the Philadelphia *Record*, the *Press* and the *Ledger*, studying intermittently at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, under Thomas Anshutz, of whose influence he did not seem deeply aware. He spent 1895-96 in Paris where he rented a studio and worked, but attended no school. In the winter of 1896 he returned, but to New York where Luks found Glackens a place as comic cartoonist for the *World's* Sunday supplement. Luks was himself doing a pioneer comic strip, *The Yellow Kid*, for that paper. Glackens left shortly thereafter to become sketch artist for the New York *Herald*, with which he stayed for a year.

It was stringent training. He recalls an occasion on which he was sent to "report" a murder, the setting of which was a barn, which was locked. Being small and wiry, Glackens was lifted up and descended through a broken slat right into the puddle of the victim's blood, in which he had to stand while making a rough sketch, or, at least, impressing the weird details on his memory. After leaving the *Herald* he began drawing for *McClure's Magazine* which sent him to northwest Wisconsin to sketch a log drive. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War *McClure's* despatched him to Florida, from which he joined the boatload of war correspondents and artists accompanying the U. S. Army to Cuba. He made hundreds of sketches, which arrived at their destination when the war was over, the artist following shortly afterwards. A slight attack of malaria had delayed his return to the states.

As illustrator Glackens possessed an uncanny memory. He could match that memory with the most copious notes taken on the spot by any rival. A colleague of those 1890 days described how Glackens, without even seeming to be aware of the nature of his surroundings, would somehow manage to impress every significant detail on his mind so that when he returned to the office to draw the scene, a court room, for example, he would be able to put down the exact interior, the precise physiognomies of district-attorney, judge and even the most insignificant juror through identifying idiosyncrasy. Fellow illustrators who had taken heaps of notes were frantic with envy and admiration at this indifferent ease, this magical correlation in him of eye, brain and hand. A semi-circle would silently form around Glackens' drawing board and no less indifferently Glackens would dismiss their praise, not knowing what to say or how to say it. The wonder is that while no camera could have restated that scene with more precision, Glackens' restatement was first class drawing. It had significance and character. It wasn't caricature and it wasn't a chart.

Hating machines, Glackens can make a most understanding picture of a machine shop in full blast. Not knowing how a boat is put together, he can make a drawing from which one can almost build a boat. It seems possible to construct an old-fashioned Fifth Avenue bus from his drawing of one. As an old associate of the artist expressed it, there is something like a camera which clicks in his brain so that when a fire engine clangs by, Glackens, only glancingly aware of the cause of disturbance, will go to drawing board and put on paper enough significant detail about a fire engine to enable you to build one.

People wrote essays about Glackens' illustrations. Artists were excited and influenced by his drawings. His work is credited with bringing American illustration to maturity. Wallace Mor-

Continued on page 192

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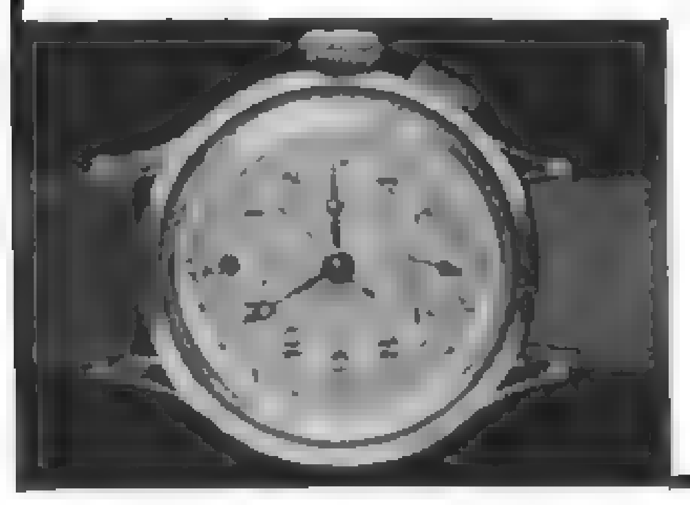


America's Sun Worshiper

Continued from page 88-191

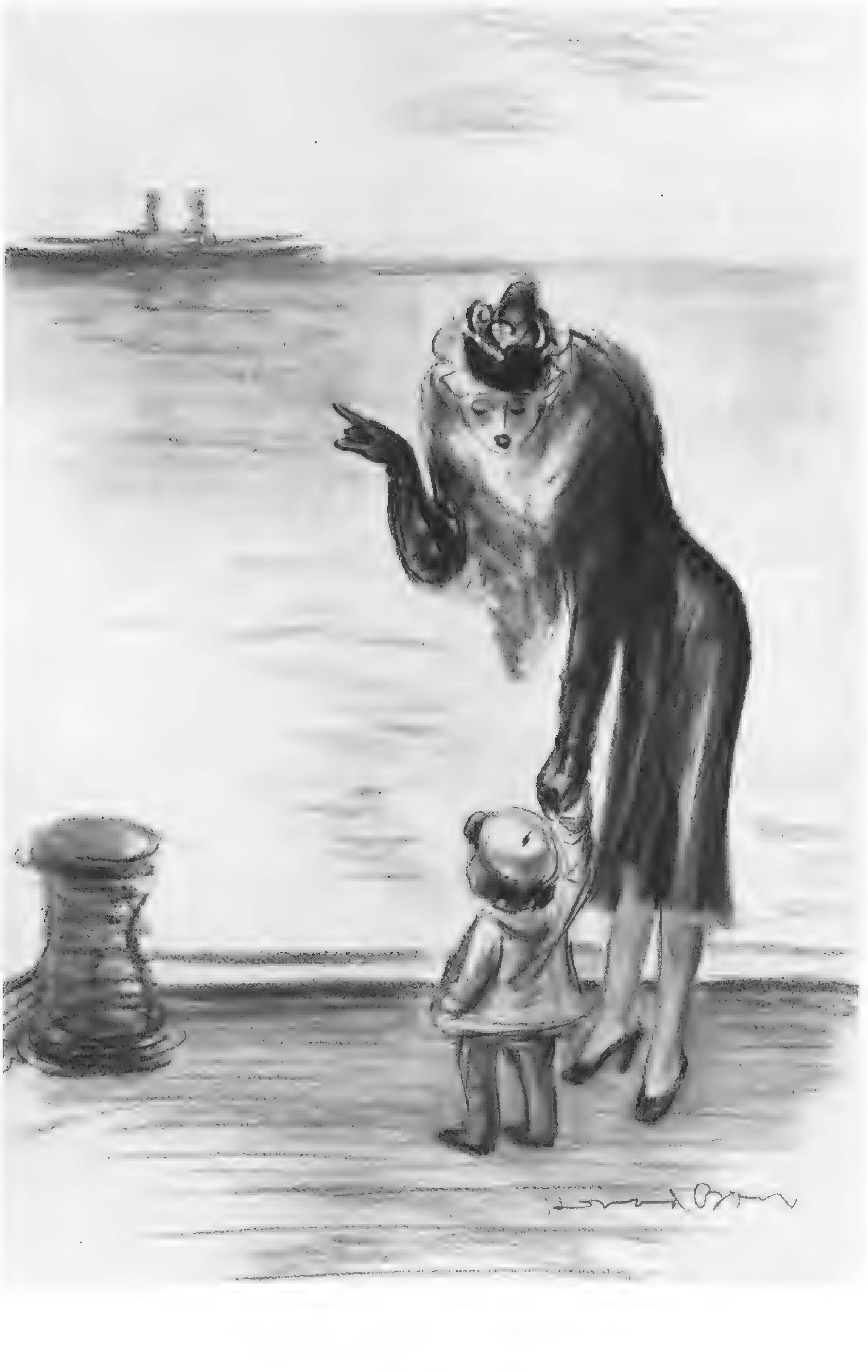
gan, Frederick Gruger, Henry Raleigh, Everett Shinn were among the illustrators whom he influenced. Once he illustrated a South American revolutionary story so admirably for *Scribner's Magazine* that the editors waited impatiently for another South American revolutionary story so they could ask Glackens to illustrate that too—although he could have done an Eskimo story just as well. The Boxer Rebellion held no terror for Glackens. Artists who remember Glackens' covers in crayon for *Collier's* are still discovering new wonders in those old illustrations and even today they do not suffer from that old-age dating which afflicts magazine pictures done a generation ago.

No one would dream that the man who did the East Side as Glackens did it had not lived in it, at least for months. It represents the conquest of art over experience. I am told that Glackens drew for a race of art editors who were not so deeply concerned about what the public thought it wanted but had the wit to know what they themselves wanted. Even *The Saturday Evening Post* printed Glackens' unsentimental drawings. Years later Albert Sterner told of the complaints *McClure's* subscribers made because Glackens' drawings were not sweet enough. Sweetness alone is a corrosive to art and the reason Glackens' drawings can stand gallery scrutiny today is because they were honest. As linear artist Dr. Barnes puts Glackens in the class of Goya, Daumier and Degas "and his illustrative powers," he tells us in his *The Art in Painting*, "do not depend upon adventitious literary or sentimental sources of appeal. . . . He is free from Degas' preoccupation with the triviality of events, from Daumier's tendency to emphasize the comic or absurd, and from Goya's satiric interest in human weakness, meanness and pretense. His work is impersonal in the sense that Velasquez's is impersonal: he selects the picturesque and significant and renders them without comment of his own."

Men do not abandon what they do well, but they may abandon what they do so easily that the dong thereof constitutes neither triumph nor satisfaction. That colleague of his who has served as one of my chief sources of information described for me the cascade of carelessly accomplished and little regarded graphic masterpieces that flow from Glackens' pencil to the floor. In any event Glackens abandoned illustration almost as soon as he could, to devote himself to the ardors of pure painting, which he has found to be not so slight a task. Masterpieces in paint do not flow from his brush; his finished work does show unevenness, but the body of his work manifests integrity, as his life makes manifest character. Deft in the manipulation of his materials, he has not taken the easy way in art. As one friend put it, he has even sought to complicate what may have been an easy process at the start in order to give himself the feeling that he, Glackens, and not his effortless God-given gift, was doing the job. Forbes Watson calls him "too pure a painter to be honored officially, too uncomplex to be honored by the up-to-the-minute cerebralists" and says of him: "I have never met an artist who so consistently fails to indulge in blah." He must have been the most silent president the Society of Independent Artists ever had.

He has been known to talk—about fishing. Otherwise he is an enigma, a mystery—and men close to him have thus described him: "No one can get into Glack." He will never say three words when one will do and rarely one when he has the more pleasant alternative of keeping his tongue in his cheek, which is irritating to those who won't take Glackens as they find him. His friends are few and he has had almost no turnover for the past twenty or thirty years. Even among them he will use a kind of shorthand of speech which requires the interpretation of intimacy. He has no ascertainable philosophy of painting outside of that which can be ascertained by looking at his pictures. He has been heard to praise Pascin. He seems so abstracted that strangers, including the rarely admitted interviewer, feel that he is not attending to what they say until he delivers himself of a spare comment which proves that he has listened only too well. It is known that he has a sense of humor. I regret, however, that examples are lacking. Du Bois tells of the early days in Paris when the two of them used to go to a café for an aperitif and of how serenely unaware Glackens was of the then raging talk about art. His concerns were with "How do you paint a hand?" and "When do you know that your picture looks like the sitter—how can you tell?" These are the longest consecutive sentences attributed to the artist, but then they were said in his loquacious youth.

He is not a managing person; if anything, he is managed rather than managing. After fishing, he loves walking, preferably in the country. Rain or shine he walks every Sunday in the Ramapo Mountains with a like-minded friend. He is a gourmet, he knows about wines and cheeses and has even been known to discourse about mushrooms, of whose varieties he has specialist knowledge. During prohibition, his son tells me, his father made better ale than can now be obtained at any bar or restaurant. There is a person hidden in the artist but he prefers to remain practically anonymous. ⋕



"Marie darling—that's your daddy"

SAY, BUDDY, YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE
Williams

Right! The

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What Makes Men Dance

Continued from page 106

movements you see in an American dance hall—which is as far as you can go because the people on an American dance floor are not a chosen few doing an exhibition. If we ever develop an American ballet to a high point, then we may have something to use for comparison.

The thing I can't see is where American tap dancing has any effect on the dancing of the average American. Perhaps it is too intricate and perhaps the dancing of specialists never does have any effect on the dancing of the average man. I don't, for instance, know that the classical five-point ballet of the Italians ever had any great influence on whatever dances the Italian peasant or bank cashier did in the piazza. But the thing does work the other way and one of the great re-invigorating impulses of ballet-dancing came when the Russians incorporated native steps into the studied ballet. Well, the native steps of the Negro have got themselves incorporated into American dancing in both popular and tap dancing, but the rustic dances which you can still see in Vermont and points west have not been made the basis of our ballroom operations or our moving picture exhibitions.

I have found that dance enthusiasts are a little bit more concentrated and fanatical even than music lovers—if you can believe that this is possible. At the time of the Mary Wigman excitement, you had to be prepared for rioting in the streets if you denied that one twirl of that celebrated dancer was not worth more than all the philosophy of William James—or somebody. The fans of dancing (which is quite different from the fan dancers) are sure that dancing is the way to the abundant life. And the one thing they hate more than anything else is to have the dance which expresses the soul mixed up in any way with that dreadfully common thing known as ordinary dancing. I have a suspicion that the two things are related nonetheless. #

Fast-Train Ike

Continued from page 45

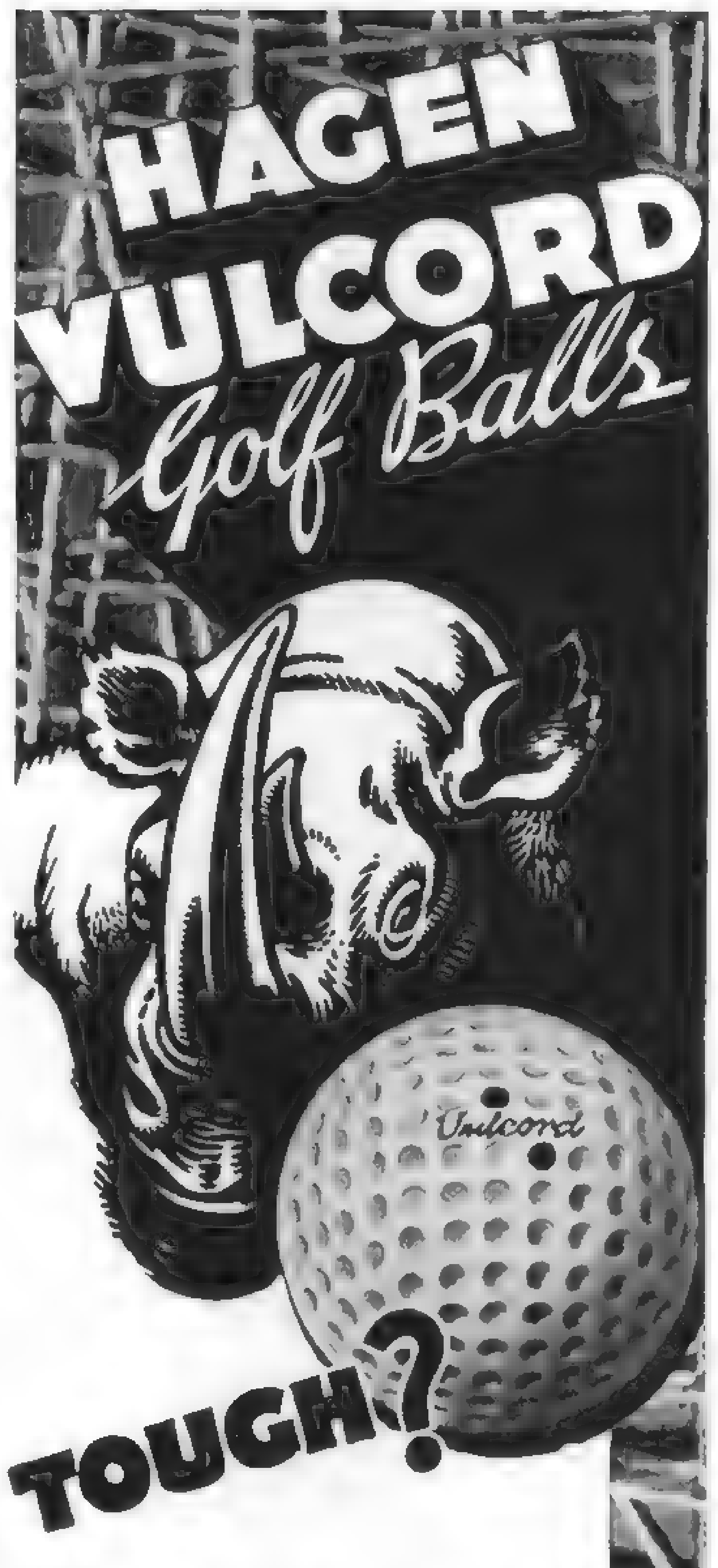
knew it was a matter of time when I'd have to leave my sweet little wife and my children—So, I just didn't bother about marrying. I knew I'd have to ride this train if I stayed among my hills—and I knew I was going to stay—for I've drunk water from the same well for fifty-eight years. Pap drunk it from the same well his lifetime. Why should I quit drinking it because I'm to die in a train wreck. Why should I leave my happy home—ah, why should I—got to go one time. Just as well be in a train wreck as any other way—only I want to hit on the dirt or a soft cushion—I don't want to be ground to sausage or squeezed between the walls of one of these coaches. I want to get out of it with my natural body not changed a particle. That's me Lady—I know the train is going to wreck. That's why I come from the other coach in here—"

"Train's a going to wreck—ah, train is going to wreck—"

"Who said the train was going to wreck—ah, ah—that fellow huh—well that fellar's not all there—now who knows the appinted time like that—who knows—w'y that fellar is a nut. He oughtn't be allowed to ride a train with respectable people. Look how he's dressed with that high collar—it's fifty years behind time—" "Well, you old Big-Belly you——you—you can talk about his collar if you please—but it's better than what you got on—a homemade shirt without a sign of a collar—He looks a devil of a sight better than you—And there can be a train wreck. Guess I had a dream last night. Guess I dreamed of a train wreck. I know I would rather believe what I dreamed and what he said as to believe the things you say—you old Big-Belly fun-maker you. Keep your tongue inside your toothless gums and you'll have enough to do—" "Quiet, quiet please—quiet—quiet—please—I've a few words to say. Who said this train would wreck?" says Conductor Harry—"who says it will wreck?" "I," says Fast-Train Ike, "I say it will wreck—" "W'y this fellow," says Conductor Harry, "ought to be in the asylum. He's not all there. You people can see that. Had me to move him from the last coach up here. I tell you this fellow is not all there. You've seen 'em like that. I've been moving him from the back coach and giving him a newspaper to read or to look at the pictures for the past forty-nine years to keep him quiet on this train. Wish the Kentucky Legislature would make a law to keep nuts off'n the passenger trains. Sight what a conductor has to go through with—got my coat tail cut off two or three times and a gallon jug busted over my head—three or four bottles busted around my temples—and have been vomited over a half dozen times—yet, can't get any help from the Kentucky Legislature. The man is a nut—that's all—a nut—you all can see that—now this train is not going to wreck. Set in your seats and keep quiet. You are running me crazy—"

"I told you," says the Big-Bellied man to the woman with the red face. "I told you the man was a nut. He's not all there. How does he know so much about the train's business—the Lord's business. You know if it is the Lord's will to wreck this train he's not going to tell a lot of people about his business and let them know as

Continued on page 197



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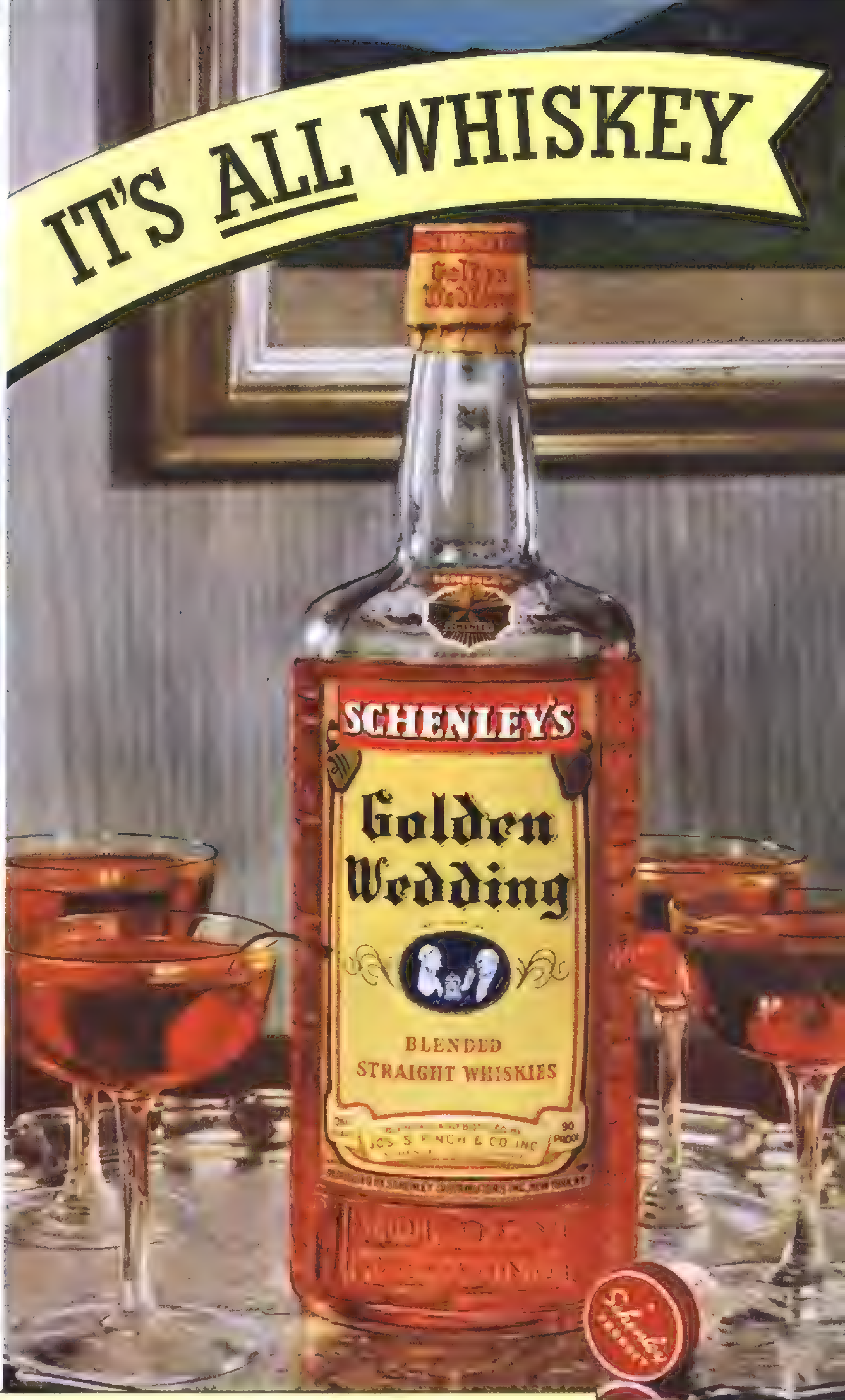

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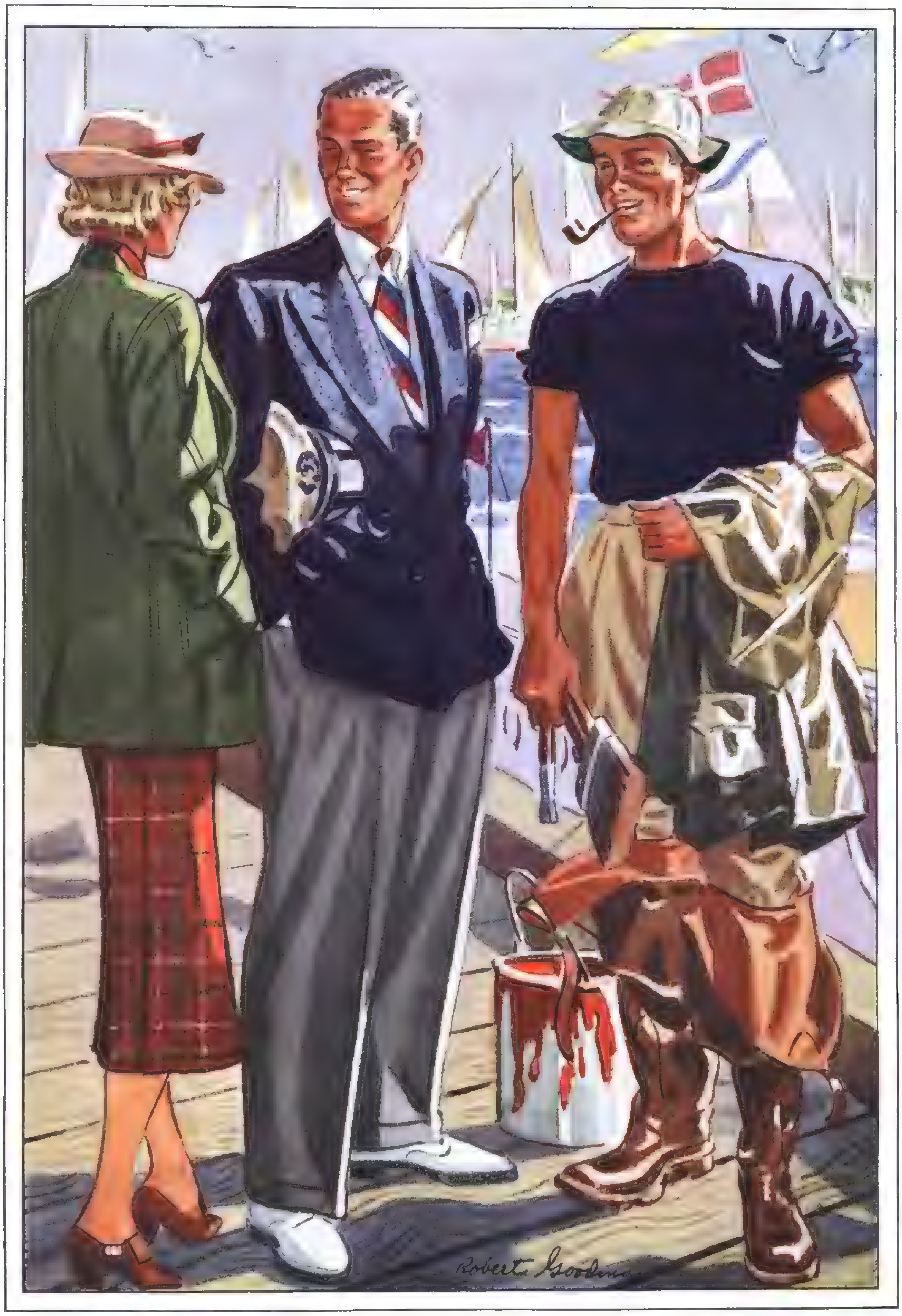


THE WENCH GOES DOWN TO SEE THE SHIPS

The young man in the center is dressed in the conventional sea-going manner for sailing or yachting, wearing a double-breasted homespun tweed blazer with grey flannel trousers, white buck shoes with black rubber soles and heels, white oxford button-down-collar-attached shirt and club stripe tie. The other man wears the uniform of those who own and sail small boats, a heavy rib crew-neck sweater with long sleeves (rolled up), cotton gabardine trousers and a white sailing cap. The rubber boots are only for dirty weather; so is the short oil silk coat. Normally a pair of canvas shoes with rope or rubber soles would be indicated. Getting back to the figure in the center, with the substitution, for the yachting cap, of a sennit straw, a coconut straw or even a lightweight felt, the outfit would be appropriate for general resort wear, as the blazer has once more appeared inside the pale of fashion.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Fast-Train Ike

Continued from pages 45-194

much as the Lord knows himself. That's a evident fact. It wouldn't do for the Lord to let everybody know when they were going to die. It would be giving them a chance they already ought to have taken. Warn them like a rabbit before you shoot it—w'y have the whole bunch a screaming—w'y they wouldn't even be patronizing the train. The Lord would be interfering with Business too. It don't make sense—" And the red-faced woman says: "I'll just show you how to make sense—talking about the Lord and that poor man over there and all—making me out of a liar about the dream I had—I'll let you have this umberell right between the eyes—"

"Ah," says Conductor Harry, "no fighting on this train. I'll stop the train and have you both put off. That's what I'll do. I'll have that old codger put off over there for starting all of this fracas on the train too. That nut over there started it all. Wish we'd a never stopped back there at that flag-station and got him—"

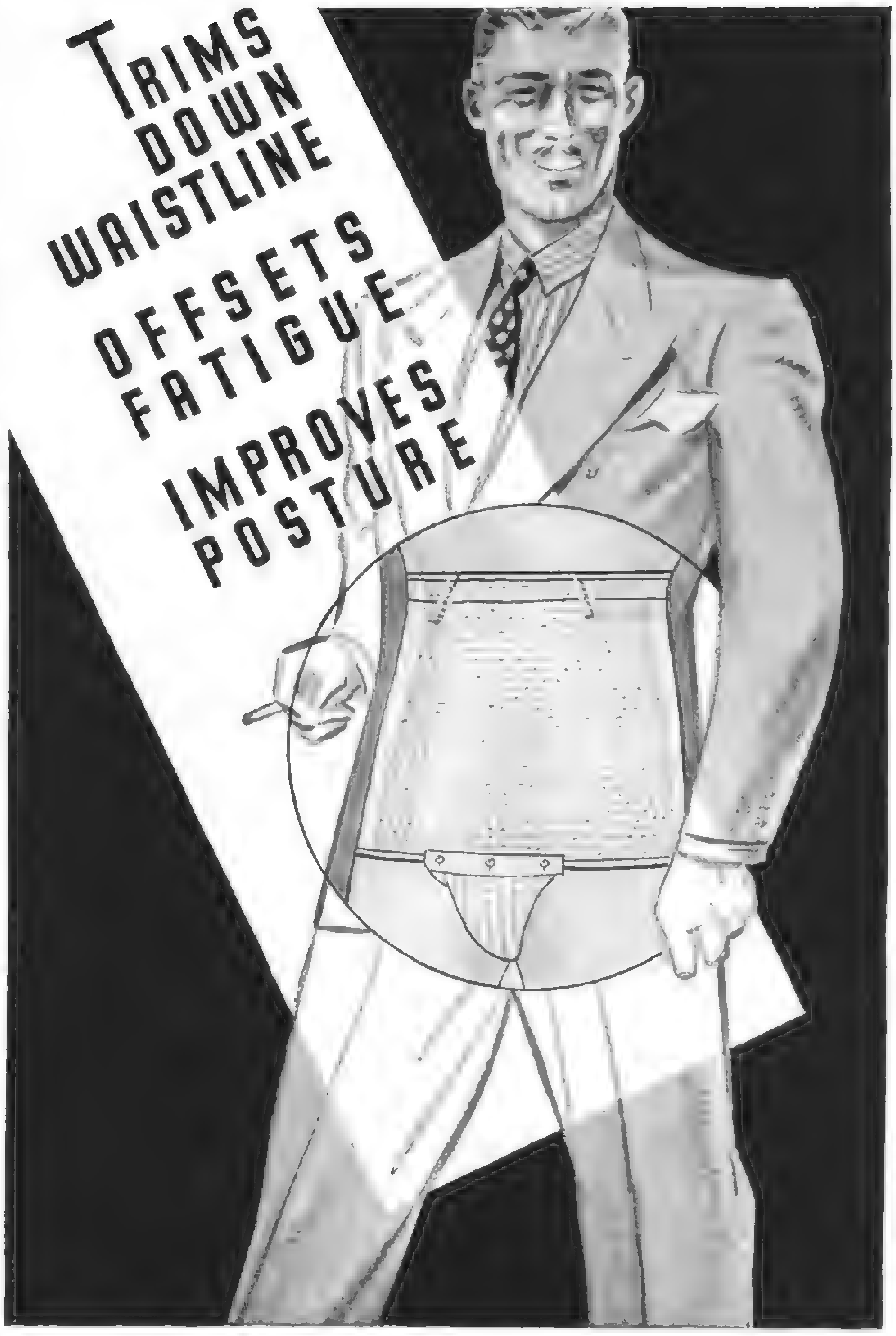
"You can't have me put off," says Fast-Train Ike, "for I know the Law. You say I'm a nut. I can prove to you after this night I am a smart man. This train is going to wreck. I have come up here in this coach so I can have it easier. You can just say what you please. I haven't lived all these years for nothing. Guess I got a little sense—You can't even stop the train now. The train is running away—It's going I tell you—I can see it—something the matter with the pistons and the brakes won't hold—going, going, going, going—down—down—down—all of you not right with the Lord had better pray. I know I'm a goner. I'm ready—Don't need to pray—I'm ready—I know I'm a goner—I've been looking for this since I was a child. I'm getting cold right now as a beef hung out in the October wind to cool—I know it's not long off—"

And the scream of the whistle—under the red moon on the low hills—the gray smoke in long streamers in the wind—running, running, running—lunging, plunging through the night. The wind zooms among the rusty telephone wires—the wind follows the train—the wind can't catch the train—a train running downgrade on two streaks of rust—running, running—rolling—and the whistle screaming—"Boys something wrong with the O. L. S.—something wrong with the Old Line Special—never stopped for a station—went right past—Jim Henly out there at Salt Center to flag her and she come batting it right out'n the tunnel and right down the track—Jim just did clear the track as she passed with the whistle down and the people with their heads out the winders screaming like a bunch of wild geese lost at night—something is wrong I tell you—something bad the matter—smoke just streamed back like a rabbit's ears laid back when it's running from buckshot. You'll hear about all this tomorrow—maybe tonight. That track can't hold a train running that fast—people just tumbling over one another in the coaches—could get a snake's eye full of them when they passed—and of all the hollering—hollering—"

And the red moon in the Kentucky sky—red moon over the low August hills and the wheat and corn thereon—the ripe wheat—the growing corn—over the scars on the hills where the sulphur blood runs from the bowels of the Kentucky earth. If you could see the O. L. S. running away like a mad bull down the beaten path of a century with both ears laid back—mad because it's had to work overhours—It's had to work too long—it ought to be retired and a new bull—bench-legged, take its place—and throw up new white hot cinders from its belly into the night. Work an old bull to death—no wonder it wants to run away—gets something wrong with the pistons and has all the people screaming to the moon with their heads out'n the windows—out into the night air—under a million cold stars twinkling in the August heavens—no wonder—no wonder. You might think I'm crazy but the old bench-legged engine ought to be retired—one-eyed and that big tall stack—w'y it's as old-fashioned as Fast-Train Ike's collar—and the track needs a rest—rails that have held up loads for a century—"Just take a rail out when it breaks. That's all." And the great night—nothing we can do about it—and the wind—following the train and humming a song—very nice of the wind—nothing really we can do about that—nor the wheat on the hills—nor the red moon in the sky—nothing, nothing we can do about the whole affair.

"I told you you couldn't stop this train. I told you it was running away. I could tell it would happen soon as I got on the train. Pull your cord fifty times and you can't stop this train. It's gone—gone down the two streaks of rust. That's the reason I read the paper so long tonight—went over the pictures and all the print—even to the funnies—something not funny to me. But I read them tonight and shed tears. Saddest part of the paper anymore—pull one hundred times on the cord. I know what you are trying to do—stop the train—you can't stop the train—it's running away. I knew after I got on the train it was my last ride. I'm taking my last look at my hills—it's in the night too—in the moonlight. Wish I could see them in the daytime. Lord have mercy on these hills when I am gone and keep the coal picks out'n their bellies and the axes out'n the trees. Wish I could see the trees again—and the sawbriars and the old piles of crossties along the tracks. W'y if I'd a stepped off'n

Continued on page 198



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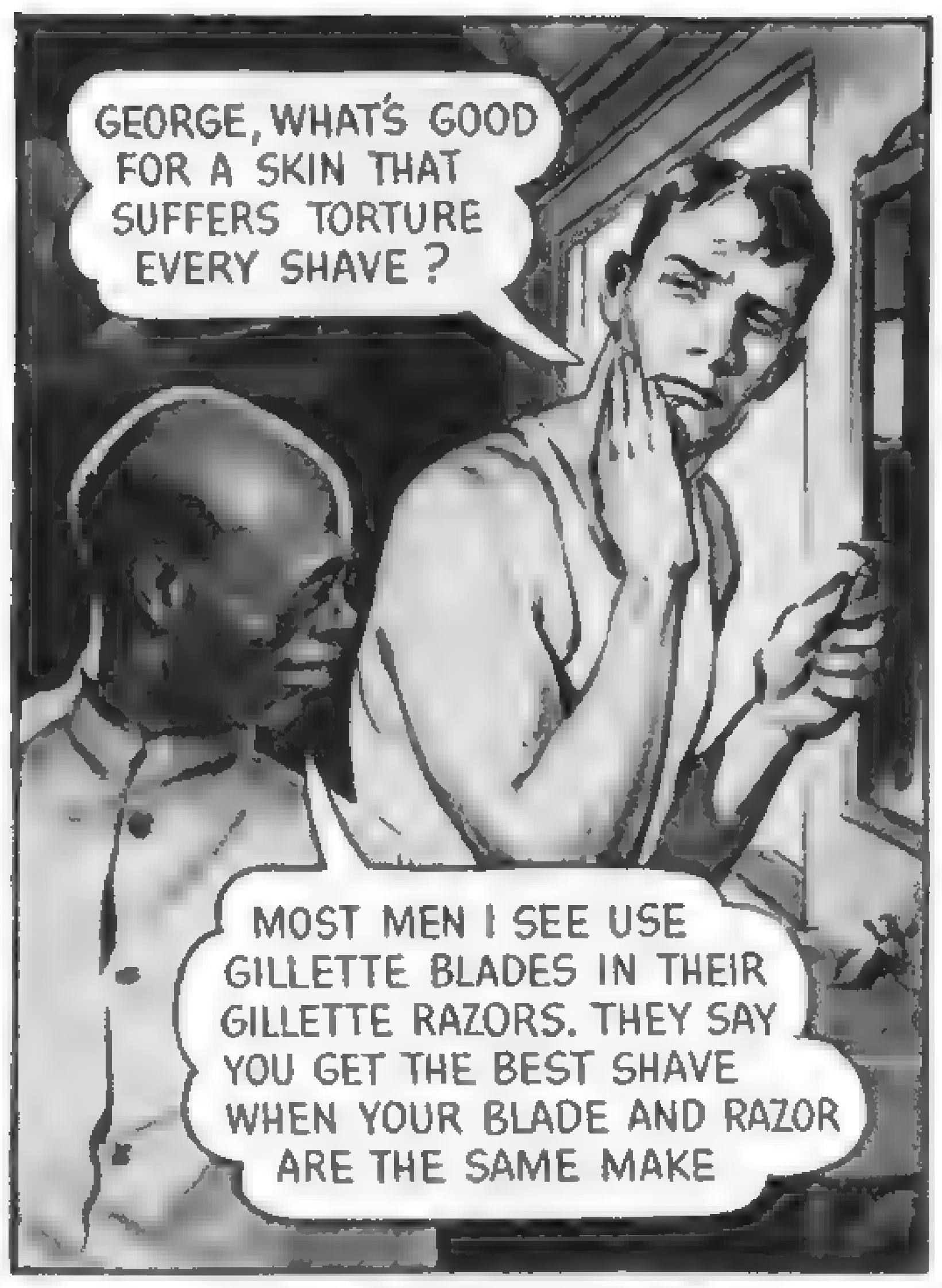
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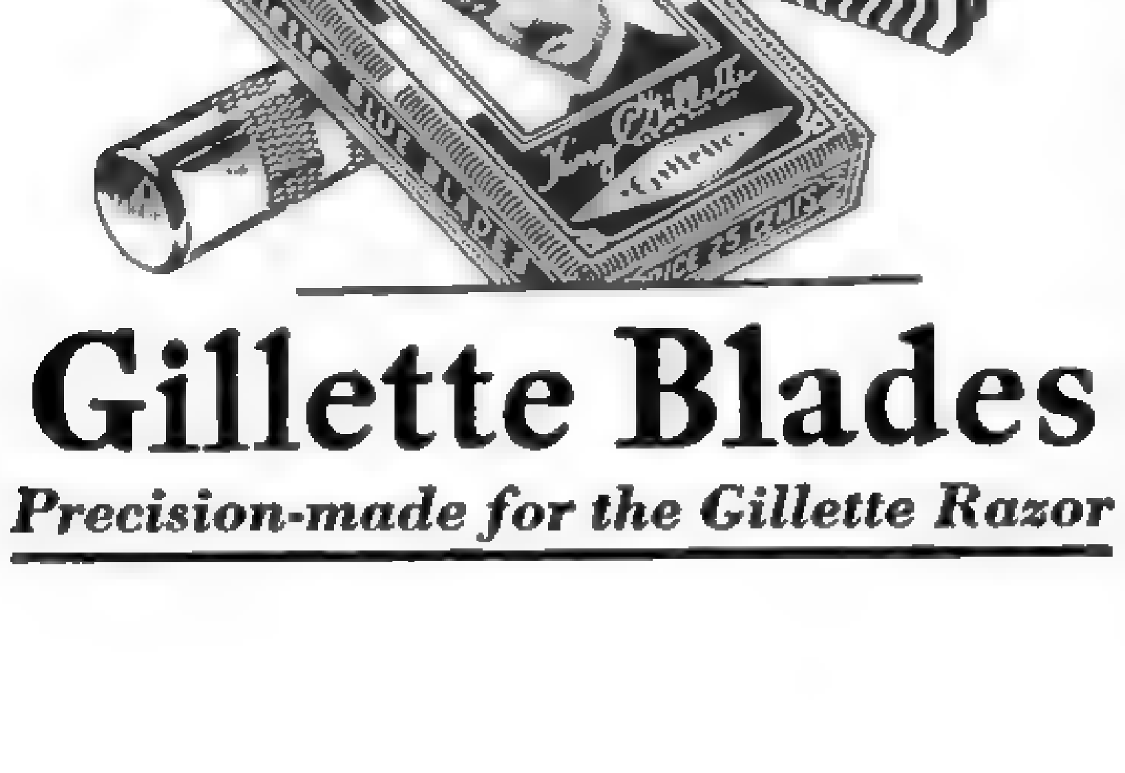

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Fast-Train Ike

Continued from pages 45-194-197

that train when I got on—w'y I'd a broken my neck—I know it just as same as I know this train is going to wreck—pull you old Conductor—pull two hundred times on that cord for it to stop—it won't stop until it wrecks—can't you feel the speed coming on? I can just feel it. Hear the engine whistle past these cars. Hear the wheels clashing on the weasly rails—hear it—rush, rush-rushing into the night—I'm getting cold as a cucumber—I'd be all right if I could just see the hills one more time. Pull your cord a thousand times and the train won't stop—swing on the cord like a squirrel in the grapevines. Swing on it you polecat you—we are going down, down, down—down the grade through a tunnel—Oh—I've been over this road so much I can feel the curves on every mile—I know just about where the train will wreck—just about at the next river. Don't know whether you all will come out alive or not—but know I'm a goner. I'll tell you that right now—pull you polecat—pull ten thousand times on that cord and the train won't stop—"

People are tumbling through the coaches—running and praying—babies are screaming—"Oh, you Big-Belly—pray—you—yes, you—pray. Now you see don't you—You'll believe in dreams won't you—You'll believe in prayer won't you. Oh, you old Big-Belly you—look how you treated that poor man. He'll never get off this train alive either—and you—a thing like you will be alive—you'll get off—you ought to die—" says the red-faced woman with the little girl in her arms—and the mingling of curses and prayer from the lips of the women—all, all, all, and laughter from the lips of youth—from the fun-loving youth—just another adventure—all going some place—down the two streaks of rust and the moon in the sky—down through the night—down, down, down—to where and to what destiny? To the city at the end of the road? To what city—yes—and the runaway bull keeps snorting across the pasture of hills and through the holes in the ground like a rabbit—people on the train—a living mass of creatures with minds flashing with excitement and life like lightning on a storm-clouded night when the grey-hound sky is filled with leaping dog-clouds—gaunt and trim across the sky—ah, this night and the screams and the prayer—and the night—all across Kentucky—under a Kentucky moon—all something people won't believe—that old man—shivering in the cold—and it is not cold—it is an August night on the train—and the moon can see it—the wind can feel it—a night in old Kentucky and a train load of people headed for a destiny—maybe a hole in the hill—just some place—some afraid and some glad of excitement—some laughing—some crying with excitement—some crying with fear—rock-rock—screech—screech—whistle-screaming, screaming, screaming—"Ooooooooooooooo-wwooooooooooooooo—wooooooooo—woooooooooouh—uh—uh—uh wooooooooooooooooowouh—woo ooooooooooooooooo-uh-uh-uh-uh oooooo—wooooooooooooouh-uh—Screech—rickety-pickety-nickety—splutter—flutter—mutter—apple-butter—Woooooooooooooooo-uh-uh-uh—wooooooooooooooooo—uh-uh-uh—wooooooooooooooooo (Hold her Newt—she's headed for the barn. Let her rare. Let her rip. Let her tear. Let her splutter. Let her splash. Let her derail—let her crash. Let her jar. Let her scold. Let her crash in a dark hole. Let her ride the rails. Let her never. Make it across a river. Whooppee! Hold her Newt—she's headed for the barn. Hold her, Pappie, by the old crumpled horn. She's got some life as sure as you're born. Woooooooooooooo-Wooooooooooooooooooooouh-uh—wooooooooooooooooooo—uh, uh—wooooooooooooooo—Shut up children and hush up your crying. Get you a new Pappie on the Old Special Line. Woooooooooooooooo-oooooooo—uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh—woooooo."

"Oh you old Big-Belly—you old thing—you'll wake up in hell with your back broke. I hope you do. That poor man. He told us what would happen. Why don't they stop the train—?" "W'y Lady—hold your tongue and take it easy—They can't hold the train—w'y it's running away. It's mad as a bull—it is a bull or a hornet and it's selling out—the first opportunity in one hundred years to run away—and all life has changed upside down and why hasn't the train got a right to run away—let her rip. Let her tear. Don't give a damn. For I don't care."

"Stay quiet you people. Get your seats. Set down. You are going to wreck the train by first piling one one side and then t'other. Set down before we do wreck. Is this a dream? Am I crazy? What is the matter? Am I in the clouds? Am I floating through space? Is old Fast-Train Ike on this train? Have I lost my mind? Am I dreaming—hit me somebody? Wake me up—" "Hit you hell—you never had any mind—You'll find out about this train—can't you feel it leaping through the air—it's a matter of minutes—maybe seconds until you'll be cold as a piece of icicle or dead as a mackerel. Just stand up there and holler and let 'em run wild on your train. You are some conductor—you are—You ought to have been fired off this road forty-nine years ago—are you dreaming? Yes, you've always been dreaming—never any other way. Wish I could see my hills in the sunlight. A matter of minutes now—take it easy you all. Maybe it will be a quiet wreck—Just the same it's going to wreck."

"Woooooooooooooooooooooooo

Continued on page 200

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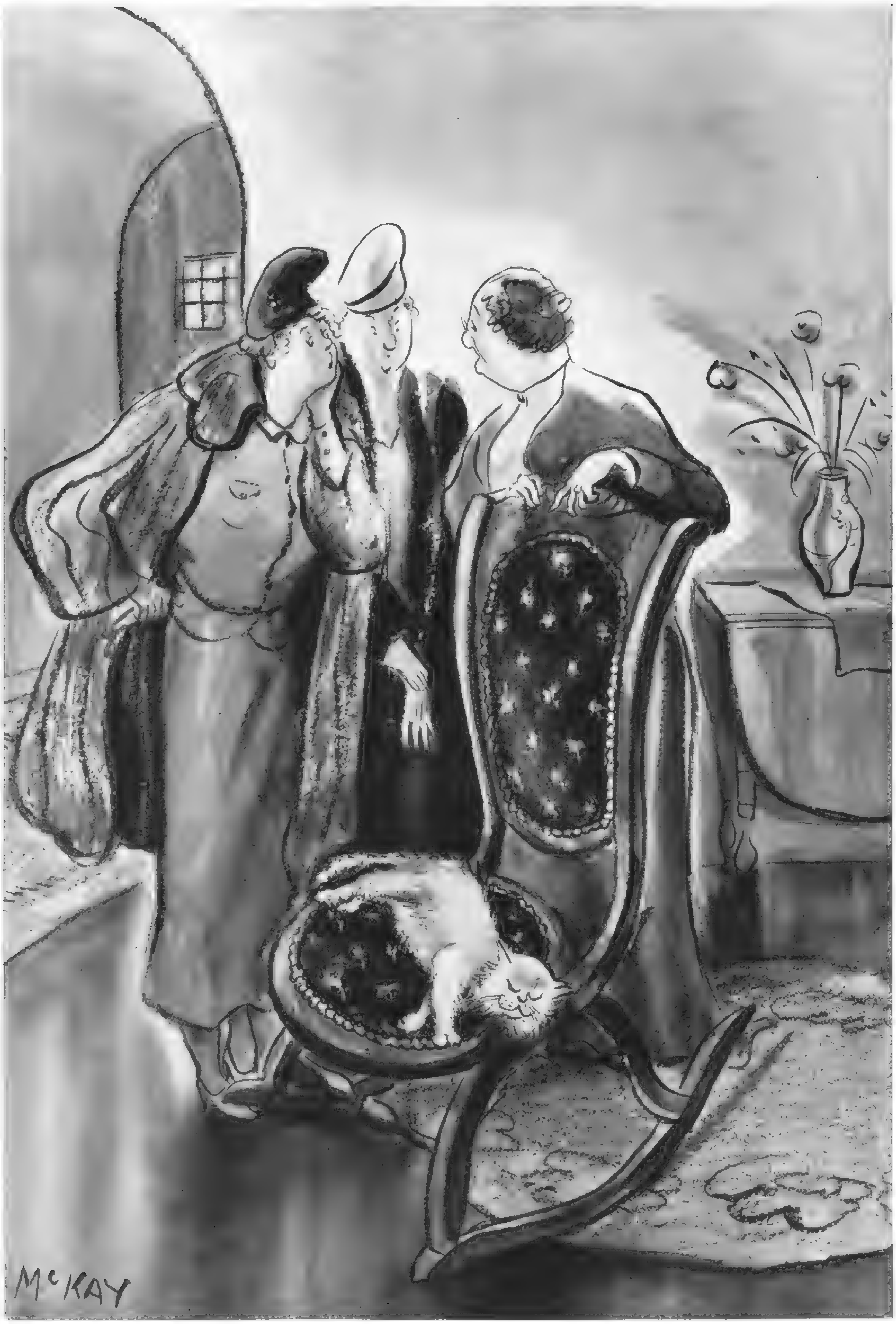

"Poor dear! He was out all night!"

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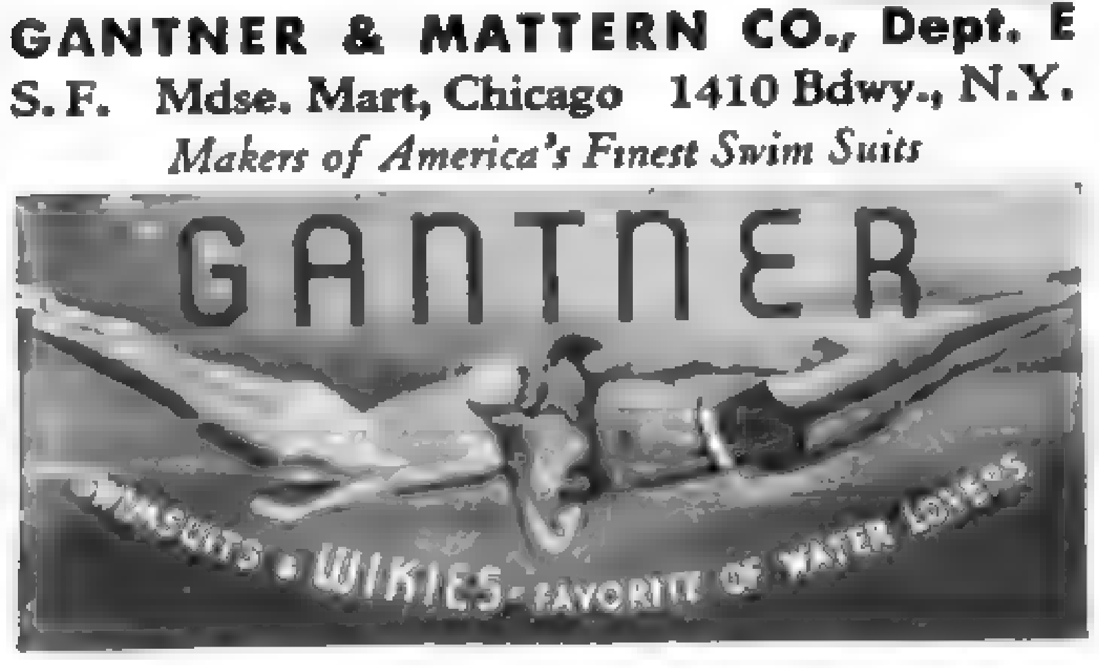
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SWIMSUITS & WIKIES - FAVORITE OF WATER LOVERS

Fast-Train Ike

Continued from pages 45-194-197-198

—Woooooooooooooooooooooo—uh —uh—uh—wooooooooooo!" "Be ready—felt it jump then—too much speed for the train on these rails. The river is close. I feel it is close—prepare to meet the wreck and the eternity. Get my suitcase up there Big-Boy—I'm standing between the coaches so I can get a soft ride into eternity." Big-Boy hands Fast-Train Ike his suitcase. He is shaking like a man with the first chills of the 1917 influenza. "Rickety-pickety-jickety-mickety —wickety-split—whooppee—whooppee—let her wreck, by-heck —down in the gravel up to her neck—whooppee—Woooooooooooo —Woooooooooooooooooooooooo."

"By-by boys. If I'm all that's gone don't break this great O. L. S. by suing for a lot of money. Let 'em keep it and fix the track with it and dig out the tunnels. I've had a good stay with you and the rest of my stay wouldn't be worth all the money you'd sue for. To the O. L. S. with the compliments of Fast-Train Ike—the smartest man that ever rode these rails by-hell. Sleep tight and don't let the bedbugs bite—" And Fast-Train Ike walks out between the coaches. "Woooooooooooooooooooooooo —uh, uh—uh—wooooooooooooooo —wooooooooooooooooooooooo—rip—rip—uppety-fluffy—muffety —tuffety—over and over—and roll and roll—people together—on the floor—what of the weather forevermore—a dream it seems—uppety—cuppety—juppety—duppety—whooppee! Hold her Newt —she's headed for the barn. Didn't I say get her by the old crumpled horn—over the river and through the woods to Grandpa's wedding day—snow on the ground is white instead of gray—and have you a word to say—whow-pow-let her rip. Let her tear. Don't give a damn. For, I don't care. Rickety too-toot she shot right through that hardwood door. W'y he's my man—but he done me W—R—O—N—G. She's my train—but she's done me W—R—O—N—G. Whow—brickbats—snakes and cats—whow and my friend—the end—lumber, number—spinter—Hot-as-hell-cinder comes up from the belly. Like a bowl of jelly—red as a coal. God bless our soul—Like the old cucumber—maybe he's cold."

Train crumpled on the trestle—the big bull—bench-legged with legs broken—Derailed on the trestle and the people pouring out of the windows. Walking the trestle to the land—right over the river —cars just a hanging and not a one over. "Lucky wreck," says Conductor Harry—"a wonder we hadn't all been killed. Get 'em all safe to the bank—all off the train and the trestle. Run through the cars boys and see that they are all out. I can't find anymore—maybe it is a dream and I am fooled. Maybe it's the Lord's will that we got out safe—ah, let me see where's old Fast-Train Ike—ah, let me see—go see if you can find him—He's not in the crowd is he boys—?" "I told you," says the red-faced woman, "guess you'll believe in dreams from now on. I believe in dreams. Had a dream last night about this wreck. Looked it up in the dream book and it said I'd be in a wreck. Now I guess you see, old Fat-Belly—You ought to be in hell with your back broke. But you are the kind that would get out of a wreck—"

Steam flying from the engine—Engineer out all right—limping a little—out standing by the fire kicked out of his firebox—out in the moonlight—and the brakeman's lantern waving to and fro—over the wrecked rails—bent up among the ragweeds like big rusted wires. Steam in the air—white mist going to the red Kentucky moon over the low hills in August —what a night—what a night—what a ride. What a ride—people screaming in the moonlight. Children lost from their mothers—people crawled out of the cars like ants out of a dead stump. Like ants crawling out of a dead black snake the carrion crows killed and just ate his pecked-in skull and left the rest for the ants. Train looks like a snake in the moonlight—only a blunt-tailed copperhead instead of a long pretty-tailed black-snake. And the ants come out from the ribs—ants alive —cursing, praying, screaming—laughing, splashing, dashing—screaming for their children. All alive and all safe? Ah, no—where is Fast-Train Ike? Gone—where is he—Crushed under the train—squeezed between the sides of a coach—? Ah, no—Where is he then—who knows? "Why he's dead," says the red-faced woman. "I know he is dead for he said he'd not get out alive. That was one man I've met in my life—met only for a matter of hours that told the truth. That man is dead. W'y didn't he say the train would wreck at the river—wrecked right on the trestle. Didn't he try to tell that Conductor what was going to happen? And he said he was a nut—He'll pay for the words he said to that man. That man—Fast-Train Ike—is in a different world by now."

"One man gone—Fast-Train Ike is not with us," says the Conductor—"we've checked everyplace for him. Can see under the cars—they're just derailed—He's not there. He's not hiding in the coaches and pretending he's dead I don't guess—might be in one of the toilets. Didn't look there. Go back and look, Brakeman Charlie, and see if he's hiding in the toilet on one of the coaches if the doors aren't sprung and you can get them open." All night—and the people, shook with excitement, were hauled away. Men came to straighten up the wreck. Men came to lay new rails and put in new crossties and do something with the engine and the coaches. People talked and laughed and shouted — prayed, cried — ran

Continued on page 203

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(TABLE LIGHTER)
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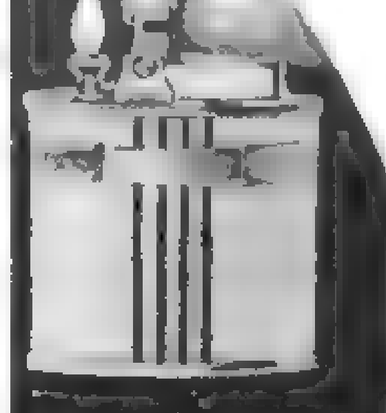
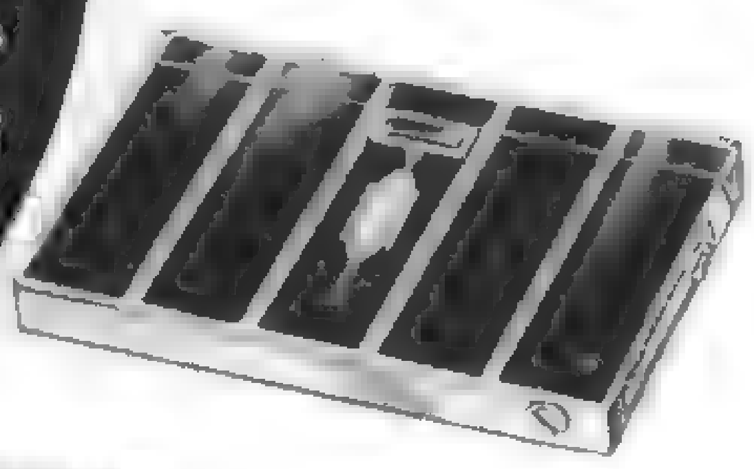
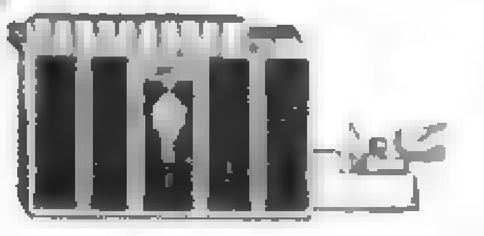


One of many pocket models
FLIP—*it's lit!*
RELEASE—*it's out!*





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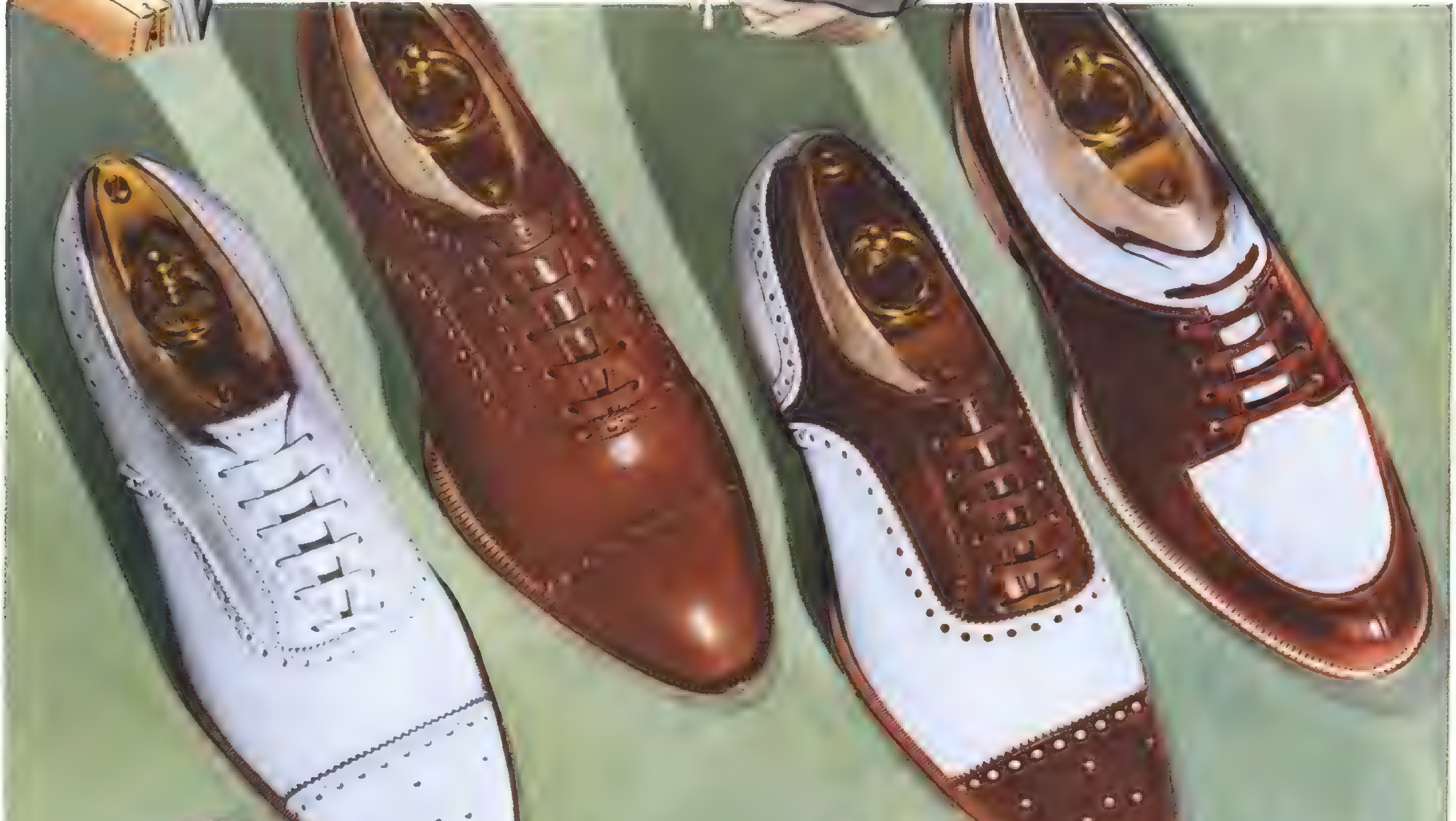
Style note: He's off to the country in the CROYDON (below). New custom toe Walk-Over, wide English-edge sole. Bold punching. Russet Cretan calf, or black.

"We'll just bum around in the afternoon. Maybe go for a swim...

* * *

Put yourself in his shoes—the WESTMINSTER (below), direct from Walk-Over of London. White kid suede with brown calf. Or all-over brown. A knockout for knocking about.



"The Bradleys are throwing a big dance Saturday night. How's your tango?...

* * *

Here's our hero tripping the light fantastic in the AINTREE (above). New semi-square toe English last. Genuine white buck. Dress-up or street wear.

"Sunday there'll be a gang in for cocktails. You can help pour."

* * *

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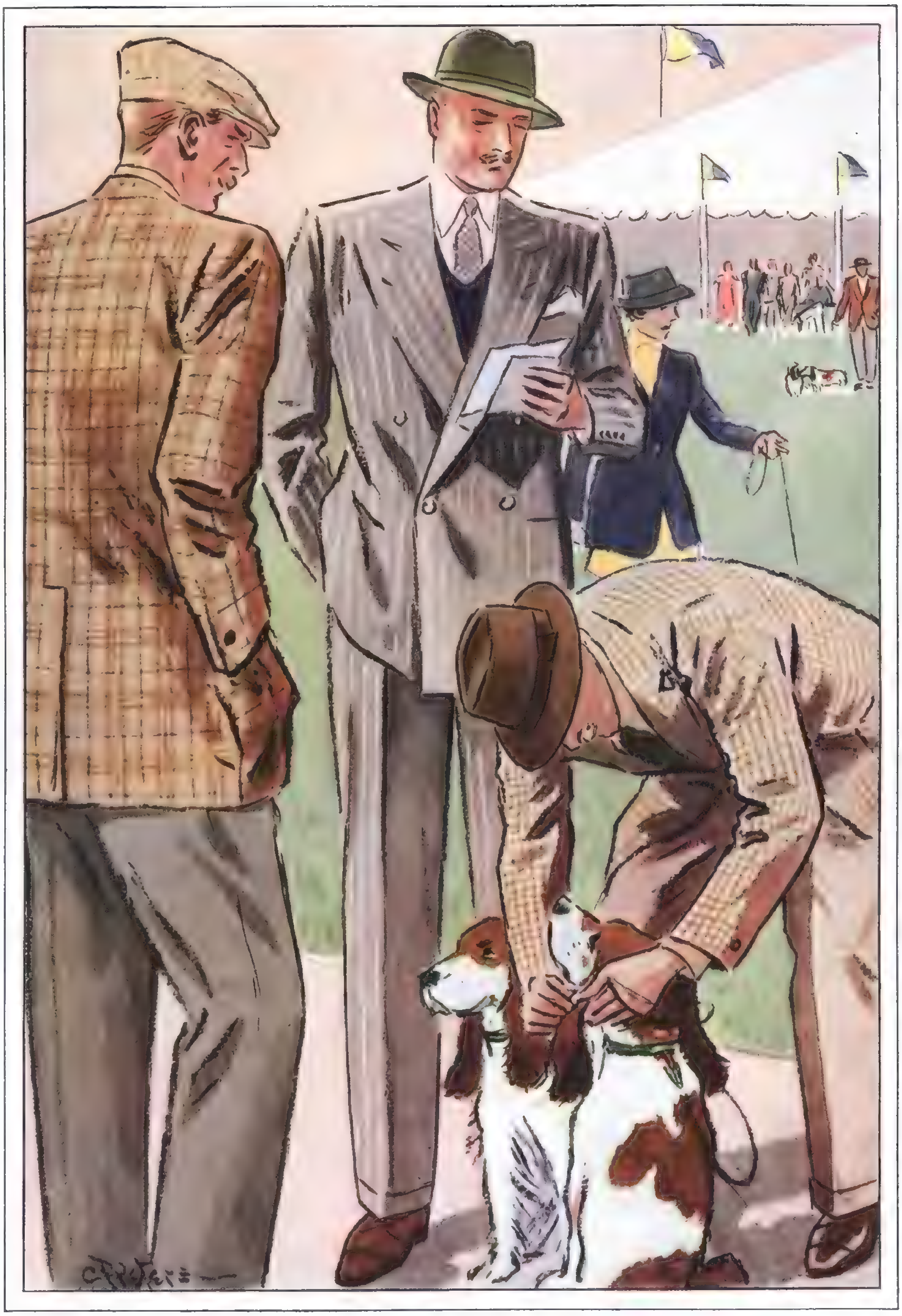

HALF OF MAN'S BEST FRIENDS ARE BITCHES

The statement foregoing is made for what it's worth, without documentation, and lacking census figures on the relative numbers of gentleman dogs and lady dogs. Besides, we are more concerned with the clothes. The coat at the left is subdued plaid tweed in the new cubbing model, so-called because of its riding jacket derivation. In the center is a semi-sports outfit, a grey flannel chalk striped suit with a navy blue pullover, ivory broadcloth shirt, shepherd check tie, reverse calf shoes and a green semi-sport hat. The other outfit is made up of a checked sports jacket, worn with gabardine trousers, tan shirt and green tie, and another variation of the popular semi-sports hat. Note the extra fullness at the shoulder blades in the back, and the single button at the sleeve cuff on both of these odd jackets. Note also, on the cubbing model at the left, the new ten-inch center vent at the back.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Fast-Train Ike

Continued from pages 45-194-197-198-200

through the fields like wild rabbits—proud to be away from the train. What a night there at the river—what a wreck—people will tell it down for a hundred years to generations unborn about the man with the high collar—they'll speak about old Fast-Train Ike. But where is he now and the people hunting for him—hunting for his bones—his ground-up dust! Where is he now? Will we have to wait until daylight to find him? Did he go through the thin air like some spirit—run out and take wings and fly through the skies to Heaven? Just where is he? W'y he took his suitcase—it can't be found. Went through all the toilets. He's not hiding there. Just where is he? Do you reckon he jumped off before the train hit and took across the field? Or, just what has happened to him? "You are a bunch of fools," says the red-faced woman—"all of you—a bunch of fools—a bunch of stinking polecats. Didn't he say he'd be a goner if all the rest come out alive? What did he tell you? Didn't he say that he'd rather go through space and have an easy seat than to be ground up in sausage meat for the ants—or be squeezed to death between the sides of a coach—Why can't you believe him? His prophecy has all come true so far—and why isn't the rest of it true—you bunch of hypocrite-polecats. Stand there—will you—look for him. He's here some place. Is there any water in that river or has it gone dry enough so the fish don't have drinking water like a lot of other Kentucky rivers do every summer—if there's water down there he's in it. He wanted a soft ride and a soft seat in eternity you know. That's where he is—down there in that water."

"There's a deep hole right under the trestle. Water for the fish. Rest of the river above the trestle and below the trestle is dry. It's a deep hole below. You know Kentucky is not Kentucky any more without we have nine-tenths of our rivers dry in the summer during crop-time." The winds hum lonesome through the wires—And the winds sweep off the cries of the babies, the prayers of the women and the curses of the men—the moans and groans of them all. It is the wind—and the flutter of the leaves—and the red-moon in the sky. It's going down though—See it going down, down, down—morning will soon be here—what a night, what a night in old Kentucky—ah, huh—the barking of the dog—the four-o'clock crowing of the cock—and the streaks of light in the east. The smell of cinder smoke—and the ooze of piston steam—the tired bull has been stabbed. Good for him when he tries running away once every hundred years. See the big black monster humped up there stabbed—throat cut and his back broken. Can't run away on two streaks of rust—that's it. Just can't do it when the odds are five to one with the wind—and ten to one with the night—fifty to one with destiny.

Morning and the people gone and new faces coming to the wreck. New people come and kick scrap iron a hundred years old—scrap iron that has been serviceable—sides and flanks of the precious bull—why should they do it after all the years of service? Ought to give a medal—make it a Colonel instead of kicking the thighs and the ribs—the elbows and the shins. Ought to be hunting for Fast-Train Ike instead of pranking around the fire—around the cinder bed and the last breaths of steam.

"Come down to the deep hole under the trestle," says Section Foreman Press Kelley—he won the turkey last Thanksgiving for having the best section on the O. L. S. Devilish nigh worked the water out'n his men to get it. But he got the turkey. "W'y," says he, his red face showing in the morning August sun—his flat nose that looked like it was battered with a slab of steel and burned to a red crisp by the heat from the tee rails—"W'y the way to find a man in that hole is to take a pole and split the end of it—a hickory will do—and put it down in the hole and twist it around—if he's in there you'll more than likely twist his coattail or the pants' legs—or the seat of the pants—maybe the sleeve—maybe the hair. So cut me one, Dave."

Dave cuts the pole—poor little Dave runs around like a cricket. He trims the hickory pole—splits the tip of it in tiny withes to twist with.

He puts it in the water and twists—and the people watch from the bank. "Not quite. Thought that was him. Must a been a mud turtle or a stump." "Found something. Feels like a coattail—" Twist—twist—twist—a heave—"Help me Dave—Help me—pull—Get holt there." And they pull—and again they pull—up to the muddy surface—it is a man—it is Fast-Train Ike—his color just like it was before he left the train—His face about the same—on up and he holds the suitcase with a death grip like he's traveling some place. Taking his old suit—his suitcase and his tiepin.

"What did I tell you," says the red-faced woman on the bank. "Didn't I tell you that you'd find him here in this water? He wanted a soft seat—a quick ride and he got it—Ah, that crazy Conductor that you call Harry—He's a nut. Think of this man. He prophesied it all—and it's come true—wouldn't even sue the railroad. Said his compliments to them. Take the money and build a better track! Poor old Fast-Train Ike—he's riding on a different train now." And she shouts and screams as they pull him from the water—his long gangly frame with the wet suit sticking close to his flanks and his ribs.

Continued at top of page 204

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Fast-Train Ike

Continued from pages 45-194-197-198-200-203

"One thing about this wreck," says Conductor Harry, "we won't have that Fast-Train Ike on any more trains scaring everybody to death about a wreck. The wreck is over—it's worth it to get rid of him. Seems like the Lord just takes 'em out like that. He's had old Fast-Train Ike spotted ever since I been on this road and He just got his work caught up last night. He got him. It'll save me a lot of worry—it'll give me joy to know he's riding on some other man's train and not one where I'm conductor. Just to tell you the truth I'm glad to get rid of him. I won't have to run for a member of the Kentucky Legislature and be up to have my rep probed and my character peeled with rocks. That's what I was going to do until the Lord interfered and took Fast-Train Ike home. It's strange the way things come out in the end. But they do. You just wait and see—but that night—ah, last night—what a night—what a time—in all my life that was the worst I ever put over my head."

Dave gets between the tall man's legs. He gets a leg under each arm. Hiram Pratt gets him by an arm. Judd Sluss gets him by an arm. They start around the deep hole—around among the poison vines—his clothes wet and dripping—the suitcase still in his hand. The crowd follows—the red-faced woman, Conductor Harry, Brakeman Charlie—a whole crowd of children and nearby people who have come to see the train wreck. They whisper to each other about the long dead man. "W'y the glass in the door is out," says Conductor Harry, "he went right through the door. Don't know whether he tried to jump off, or whether the train just bumped him through the door. Guess he could tell you if he could speak." Right up the railroad bank they carry him. "Lord," says Judd Sluss, "he's heavy as any old soggy crosstie I ever took from under the tee rails. Honest, his arm's a load for me." "What about me back here with both legs," says Dave, "a trying to get up this bank." "W'y we're a pulling you up the hill with your load," says Hiram Pratt, "heavier than a switch tie." Up the bank a past the rotted crossties, past the sawbriars. The sun is hot and the sunrays dance on the old rusted rails and the wrecked train—all heaped up on the spread out, bent up rails. The big black horses hitched to the dead-wagon chomp the bits and the foam flies from their thick, gummy rubber lips.

"Heave on him, boys," says Section Foreman Press Kelley, "heave-oh—heave-oh," and they heave the wet-stiff body holding to the suitcase up in the dead wagon. "Got a death grip on that suitcase," says Section Foreman Press Kelley. "They tell me a death grip is harder to come undone that a hangman's knot. Just like he's holding to that suitcase and traveling on." "Glad he's on some other road than the O.L.S.," says Conductor Harry. "Hope he don't give the new conductor as much trouble as he's give me. Worried me for forty-nine years. Every time he got on the train. My worries are over, for the rest of my years on this road will be spent in peace." #

Recovery Portraits

Continued from page 71

make no important sacrifices during the Depression, such as many of their friends—the friends of whom she is now so openly envious—had to make. He reminds her that they got a new car every other year straight through the bad times, and that this one just happens to be the off year. He points out that she is as well dressed as any of her friends, and that for several years she has been much better dressed. So, her husband inquires indignantly, what the Sam Hill does she mean by complaining so much? And why pick on him just because he didn't get a bonus?

But this kind of expostulation only makes her angrier than ever. She complains that it is just like her husband not to understand, and she tells him and their friends that if he had an ounce of getup in his system, he would quit his stodgy job that will never get him anywhere and find the kind of work that permits big salary increases and bonus checks of one or more thousand dollars.

She tried to put over a fast one once. After her husband had refused for the tenth time to issue an ultimatum to his employer, she decided to do it herself. Acting innocent, she suggested to her husband that he invite the boss to dinner. Her plan, of course, was to make that an opportunity to tell the old gentleman what she thought of him. Her husband was pleased with the suggestion and almost fell in with it, but something about her expression warned him and he caught himself in time.

On several occasions her husband and her friends have tried to make jokes about the situation, without success. "Anyway," said her husband one time, "think of the income tax we save." Weak joke though it was, it should not have fallen as flat as it did. She just looked at him, and left the room.

With each new edition of the newspapers, hailing more wage increases and dividend boosts, her mood becomes more and more intensely bitter. Her husband is of the long-suffering type, and has not yet given her the beating that she deserves. His patient hope is for another long Depression which will make her happy again. #

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 100

during the entire summer. Here is an entertainment perfectly proper and in the best taste, and surrounded by all the pomp and sartorial display and "front" of grand opera, and furnishing besides, that certain sensation. No wonder the women are for it.

* * *

But as long as he and his money lasts, "Tommy" will have his "show" and persist as the most provocative figure on the London horizon. He has finally succeeded in capturing Lawrence Tibbett for his first operatic appearance outside the United States. For more than a decade now all Europe has been agog with expectancy over our first lyric artist . . . and now that his movies have taken a turn for the worse, he will have time to show his wares abroad.

Flagstad rates as a major box-office sensation, though it was with fine condescension that London critics admitted: "Some of us had, perhaps, been more prejudiced than otherwise by the advance reports from New York of her excellence." They had anticipated that she was a discovery of our "press agents"—a sort of second Grace Moore.

It is always difficult for London scribes to vary their tradition of disparaging what we label great, and of elevating what we find lousy. They came around slowly, covering up gracefully their long-standing suspicions. The public, as usual, had no doubts. Madame Flagstad will sing her entire repertoire in Covent Garden, and the *Ring* and *Tristan* will be produced by Heinz Teitjen of Bayreuth fame and conducted by Wilhelm Furtwaengler. These gentlemen will thus have a last chance to convince themselves that Madame Flagstad is worthy of being the Bayreuth *Brunnhilde.*

There will be a goodly constellation of other "stars," a better orchestra than at our Metropolitan, and a few revivals and novelties: Gluck's *Alceste* and *Orphee* (in French with a tenor as the protagonist), Debussy's *Pelleas* and Dukas' *Ariane*—all these with the Paris *Opera* and *Opéra Comique* casts—an English work, Eugene Goossens' *Don Juan de Manara* and the *Tales of Hoffmann,* with jumping cats and stage gadgets that Sir Thomas plays with in all his spare moments.

With the International Season elongated to eleven weeks and the town crowded, there will not be any difficulty in getting full houses. And Sir Thomas will be the center of all eyes. When he is not snapping a suspender button and losing his trousers, or making a noise with his nose, he will be gesticulating wildly at the players or roaring at the late-comers.

His disputes and witticisms fill columns of the London papers and stories about him are legion. He's said to have been walking up Bond Street on a spring day when the sun came out. He hailed a taxi and, removing his coat, threw it in. "Follow me!" he drawled to the driver.

His rehearsal cracks would fill a volume. One classic is his remark to the flutist who had four times unsuccessfully gone over a rather difficult passage. The orchestra was waiting. Finally the benign conductor smiled: "I'm sorry, old fellow, but we must get on. You will keep in touch with us, though, won't you?"

An organist, who was playing with him, says that suddenly all the buzzers on the console started buzzing and all the lights were flashing—the instrument was some distance from the podium. He stopped playing and heard Sir Thomas shouting: "I say, why don't you turn on the diapason?"

"It is on, Sir Thomas!" the fellow replied.

"Well, for God's sake, then, turn it off."

* * *

His present windmill-tilting concerns itself with fighting the tendency to idealize the merits of stock-company opera; in particular, he's sore about Glyndebourne. "It is," his friends say, "a blister that needs lancing."

Having spent a lifetime founding orchestras and paying for unsuccessful opera companies, it is a trifle hard on Sir Thomas to watch a venture, not his, succeed. And Glyndebourne is succeeding.

It is the newest and brightest, if smallest, operatic planet on the European horizon. The period of its ascendancy has been short. This is its third season and, as yet, few of that indefatigable vanguard of music enthusiasts who cross the Atlantic each summer in search of excitement, have discovered it. Don't try now, because it's too late. Every seat for every performance between May nineteenth and July third is sold. Admission is as hard to obtain as to the Abbey.

The reason is that Glyndebourne offers an entertainment unique in the world of music today: well-balanced performances of Mozart's operas. Not in Salzburg, surely, is such effort put forth to achieve the unity of ensemble and the fine balance demanded by those exacting scores. The whole atmosphere is refreshing. In the country fifty miles from London, one finds a sense of rest and well-being, an existence sheltered and complete in itself and having a direct effect on performances. The artists, conductor, orchestra, singers, producer, and scene designer work together as though they were long-time friends off on a country house party—an English and not an American house, to be sure. Rehearsals are held in the garden or on the lawn, and plans and ideas are exchanged during a walk through the meadows. By the hour of performance, nervous friction has been reduced to a minimum. And Mozart profits thereby.

The paying guests at Glyndebourne find themselves in an Elizabethan manor house, each free to enjoy, according to his own fancy, the spacious gardens and yew hedges, laid out with that admixture of formality and haphazardness which the English and their climate combine to produce. Each listener, G. B. S. among them, has his own place out of sight of all others, wherein to whittle a twig and enjoy again what he has just heard. No shriek of brakes nor taxi horns!

Glyndebourne is surely England's first stopping-place for the discriminating Coronation music visitor.

Inside, the opera house is plain, serviceable, and intimate enough for a lively exchange of feelings across the footlights. This, incidentally, performs miracles on the most restrained and phlegmatic English audience. At Glyndebourne, they actually seem to be enjoying themselves.

The constituents of the performance are: a thoroughgoing conductor with a rigid sense of devotion to the score, a capable producer who understands music's demands, second-rate singers who have submitted to sufficient rehearsals to be sensitive to the nuances of the ensemble, and a sympathetic collaboration of them all to the end of correlating music and drama. That they succeed to a degree unknown on larger opera house stages is evidenced by the venture's spontaneous success.

Let it be understood that the ideal of perfection is seldom realized. There are occasions when the singers, especially the women, could be more subtle and searching in their exploration of Mozart's melodies and more sensitive to their beauty and intense poignancy. Unhappily the vocal line may never be left to the imagination but must always be flawlessly and fully given. There are few singers at Glyndebourne—or, for that matter, anywhere in the world—who possess resources adequate to meet the lyrical demands of their rôles. And that is the reason that Mozart's sparkling and magical works have practically disappeared from every operatic repertoire, even Salzburg's.

The contribution of Glyndebourne is that, for once, it furnishes a place and an occasion where opera singers take time to match their individual efforts with those of their colleagues and complement each other for the greater good of the performance. Celebrated names cannot afford such luxury and, therefore, Glyndebourne has no international prima donnas. As yet, no Mozartian Flagstad has appeared on its stage. But out of painstaking and sincere efforts, personalities will develop in its ensemble even as they did in the Moscow Art Theatre. And today the quality of performance is sufficient to make at least one American regret that, to hear Mozart's timeless commentaries on human conduct, he must cross the ocean. Among our many summer theatres, there must be one which could house a small Mozart festival. Singers who could compare with those at Glyndebourne are to be found on our doorstep. A conductor and regisseur we might need to import. But certainly no more important addition could be made to our operatic menu.

* * * * * * *

The outstanding Coronation musical event, however, will not be provided by Covent Garden or Glyndebourne. It will not even be the work of an Englishman, but of an Italian, that is, if the B. B. C. doesn't bungle matters again. At the moment, they have an understanding with Arturo Toscanini whereby he has promised to conduct six or eight concerts in May at £1000 each. Two performances are tentatively scheduled of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and, if you expect to be in London at the time, better cable for seats. Any Toscanini performance of this towering structure of the spirit is worth a trip half-way around the world. Those I heard in Vienna last November seemed to me then the top in musical experience.

London, of course, may not get Toscanini. Until he's there, nothing is certain. When the ebullient Arturo failed to put in an appearance the last time the B. B. C. expected him, they explained—being past masters of the art of rationalization—that it was on account of the political difficulties with Italy. Obviously pure bunk, it went down with English readers. The real reason was mis-management on the part of the over-organized corporation plus the maestro's fatigue after his New York season.

The prospects look better now, and going is worth the gamble. Hearing Toscanini in London will furnish connoisseurs a chance to measure the relative excellencies and deficiencies of British and American orchestras, and, no matter which you prefer, the differences are considerable.

In fact, the differences between British and American character are considerable. And, should you be annoyed by them, especially by the Englishman's studious avoidance of emotion and his fear of ridicule, his aloofness from the free expression of a forcible personality and his smug hypocrisy, assuage yourself by jotting down his shortcomings. Don't forget the non-sensical idiocies which we have inherited from him and those institutions which he is copying from us, from Mickey Mouse and Mae West to baseball, dial telephones, and jazz. Your conclusions will be obvious, but take my advice and, until you are safely on the ocean, keep them to yourself. #

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BOURJOIS

Sporting and Mufti Tailor

Continued from page 53

cannot pay for your drinks. Of course, if on the way out you choose to stop off at the ground floor and inspect their latest suiting, the firm will be pleased to show them.

The tailor cashes checks for clients. He gets them the best seats at the theatre. He engages a table at the Ritz for dinner. He telephones their lady friends. Once a client in Egypt asked a tailor to buy a gold watch and chain of a certain kind and send it out. This year a client wrote from India asking a London tailor to have five seats for the Coronation and an Austin car ready when he steps off the P. & O. boat train at Victoria. The tailor dresses his client for a big event like a presentation at Court. Once a tailor I know had a dog left on his hands all day by a customer, and had to walk the dog in Hyde Park.

The tailor knows more of a client's private life in England than does his own family. There's a reason for this close relationship. There are very few ready-made clothing stores in England, and nearly all men go to tailors, good or bad, expensive or cheap. As a rule the Englishman of the upper class goes to the man who made clothes for his father. You can understand this when you realize how the connection originates and how it grows. Besides his shop in the heart of London, John Walls maintains a junior club in the little town of Eton across the river from the castle of Windsor. In this damp and unhealthy valley is the famous public school called Eton for which you have to be entered before you are seven days old. Once this firm was the only tailor in town. They make the two pairs of Eton jackets costing three guineas, the two flannel blazers and the two pairs of flannel trousers every boy at this school is obliged to have. Here the young Etonian at the age of nine has his first connection with a tailor.

He goes from Eton to the varsity at Oxford or Cambridge. The tailor follows him, and hardly a fortnight goes by but the junior member of the firm doesn't look in on him, just in case. He takes his measurements, shows samples, and when a choice is made cuts the suit and brings it down to Oxford. Perhaps the student discovers he's badly in debt. An obliging tailor will bill the boy's father for a suit and hand over the twelve guineas. You see why the relationship is confidential.

The war comes. The tailor makes the young man's uniform. Afterward he continues to cut his clothes. Maybe the junior member of the firm has become the Managing Director by now and his son a junior member making clothes at Eton for the children of his client. Observe that nothing is ever said about money. He pays or he doesn't pay as he wishes. Englishmen are not prompt with their tailors. It's an old English custom. When the client comes in with a check for fifty pounds to square his account, he immediately orders three new suits and is fifty pounds in debt again. Some Englishmen never get square with their tailors until they die. Although most London tailors have from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds outstanding all the time, losses are probably one-fifth that of the tailor in an American city. In England they know their clients.

It takes a lot to sever the relationship there between client and tailor. It has, however, been done. Once the junior member of a tailoring firm travelling in the provinces was asked by a client to stay over an extra day and call on him. He did so, got an order, and being short of cash because of the extra day, borrowed a pound note. The following morning the head of the firm received a letter with a check to close the account, canceling the order. Another time the same junior member was sauntering down the High at Oxford on the way to the train, smoking a cigarette, when he passed an undergraduate who was a client. The Managing Director was immediately advised of the fact and the connection severed because a member of the firm was smoking in business hours. To sell a client the same pattern as a member of the latter's firm or his club happened to wear, would also cause trouble. More than one West End tailor has been forced to take back a suit on this account. That's why a good house never as a rule buys more than one suiting of each material, except what is usually called by the tailoring guild "bread and cheese stuff," that is, blue serge and grey flannel.

The top class tailor in London is often a tyrant. A firm like Scholte of Saville Row who made suits for the former King Edward pays no attention to the wish or wishes of their clients. They make a Scholte suit—or nothing. They cut the suit the way all their other suits are cut. If you don't like it they'll politely suggest you go somewhere else. Like many Englishmen, the Duke of Windsor is fussy about his clothes. His coat and waistcoat are cut by Scholte and his trousers fashioned by another cutter of a different firm. Naturally you don't drop in on a house of this kind and order one suit at a time. They expect you to order several. And don't forget to slip a pound note to the chief cutter when you have your first fitting.

You can spend a lot of money with a good West End tailor, although on the whole their prices are about one-half what the same goods and finish would cost in New York or Chicago. There are several reasons for this. A good cutter in London gets £15 or £20 a week, whereas in New York he is worth $10,000 a year. Labor is much cheaper in London, so is

Continued at top of page 210

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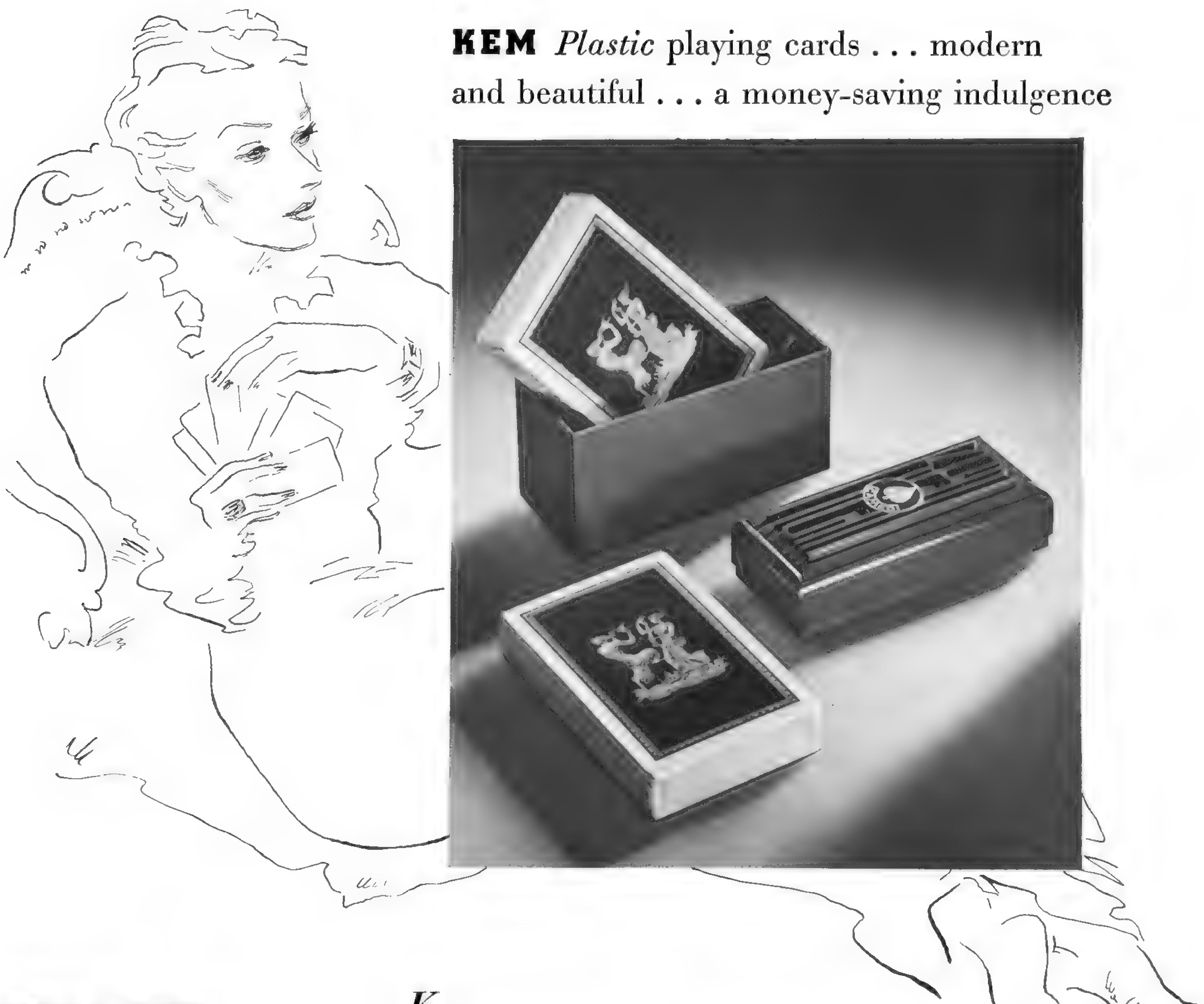

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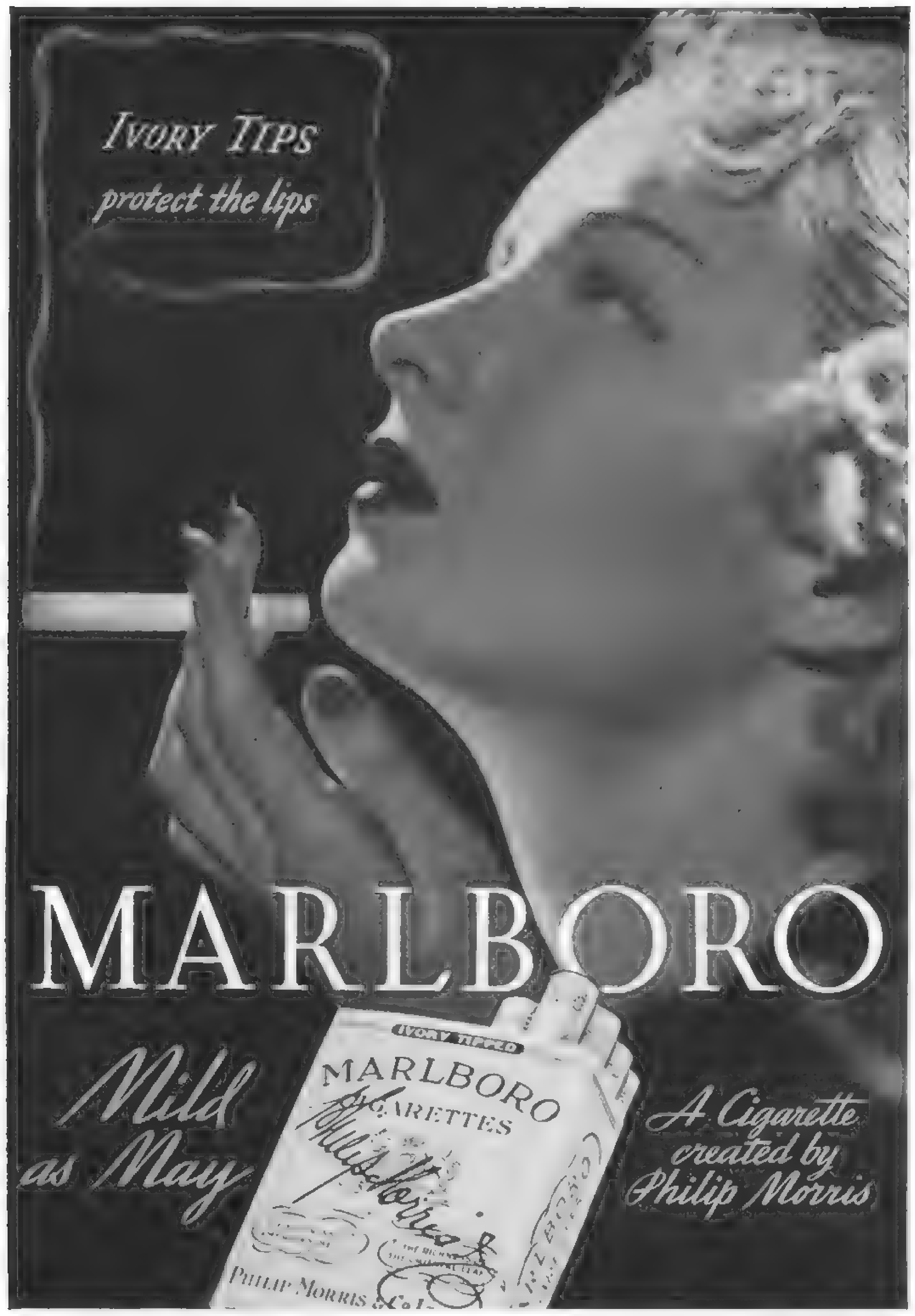

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Sporting and Mufti Tailor

Continued from pages 53-208

overhead, so is material. Because the good tailors on this side use mostly English goods on which the duty is about 75 per cent. You can pay big sums for special kinds of suits in London, however. John Walls once made a diplomatic suit for a British consular agent in the East, costing £220, or about $1,100. This included the uniform, a coat, hat, trousers, and also a tin box to keep it in so the gold braid would not tarnish in the hot weather.

Diplomatic and ceremonial uniforms are the most expensive to make, and not every West End tailor can make them. When you see a sign over an establishment marked "Court" or "Court Tailor," it means they specialize in regalia, velvet coats and breeches for ministers and ambassadors of the Crown, presentation suits and the like. "Military and Civil," over the shop means that he makes ordinary clothes, and also that he has been appointed to some regiment in the British Army as the special tailor of the regiment, and cuts the uniforms for the officers. "Sporting and Mufti" indicates he concentrates particularly on hunting and riding clothes. Occasionally one firm, like Johns and Peg, the tailors for the Guards Brigade, do all the different kinds.

You have to visit a West End tailor to realize how your wife feels when she gets to Paris. You have to see that cloth, touch it, watch it thrown in rippling folds on the table to appreciate what she goes through when she steps into a big dressmaker's shop on the Rue de la Paix. Because it's hard to resist the appeal of that material, especially when you stop to think that you're getting something for half what it would cost in New York. You may have a closet full of suits you can't wear out at home, but you forget it for the moment. Under the spell of British salesmanship, that aloof, detached air which stands off and lets you get deeper and deeper in bolt after bolt of cloth, you forget all sorts of things. You pull yourself together. You remark that you don't need a new suit, and anyway you haven't paid for the overcoat made last year.

"If I may say so, sir, we're not exactly waiting on the doorstep."

All right. Go ahead. Make up this stuff. Two pairs of trousers and no pocket on the breast of the coat. Heaven knows when he'll get paid for it. Heaven knows by this time English tailors don't expect payment soon. ⧺

A Disappointment to His Family

Continued from page 66

Uncle Bert?" And he shouted, "I'm not going to *have* a fight, you stupid! It's a sport—like tennis, or the golf your father plays! I'll make a great deal of money if I win!"

Donald, as skinny as a freshly hatched bird in his underwear, stood up straight on his bed. "I *hope* you win," he declared in a cracking treble, "because—"

"Because what?" laughed Uncle Bert.

"Because!" blurted Donald, blushing wildly; and then he rolled over on his stomach and concealed his eyes in the pillow. But after Uncle Bert had gone, he lifted his head and said softly to Charlie, "Because I'm going to marry him."

But at dinner everything was different. Things had changed when Father walked into the house. When he shook hands with Uncle Bert before the living-room fire, they all knew for sure that everything was quite changed.

"How are you, Albert?" he said stiffly, and Uncle Bert did not laugh at all; his face grew grave as an owl's, and he shifted on his feet and lost all the beautiful repose he had worn that morning. He looked so embarrassed and ashamed that Father seemed to be gazing down at him, although Uncle Bert's head was much the higher.

All through dinner, Father asked serious questions in a strange, quiet voice; about where Uncle Bert had traveled and what he had done in those foreign countries. Uncle Bert replied just as quietly, but the skin was drawn as tight as harpstrings over his face. Mother sat without lifting her eyes, and Donald shivered as if he were cold.

When Uncle Bert had gone, Father looked at Mother with eyes as cool as scales, and said, "Do you realize how humiliating this is to me? My brother, a common prize fighter, performing in the city where I have made my home, and you my wife obliged to be his hostess while he is here? I must apologize."

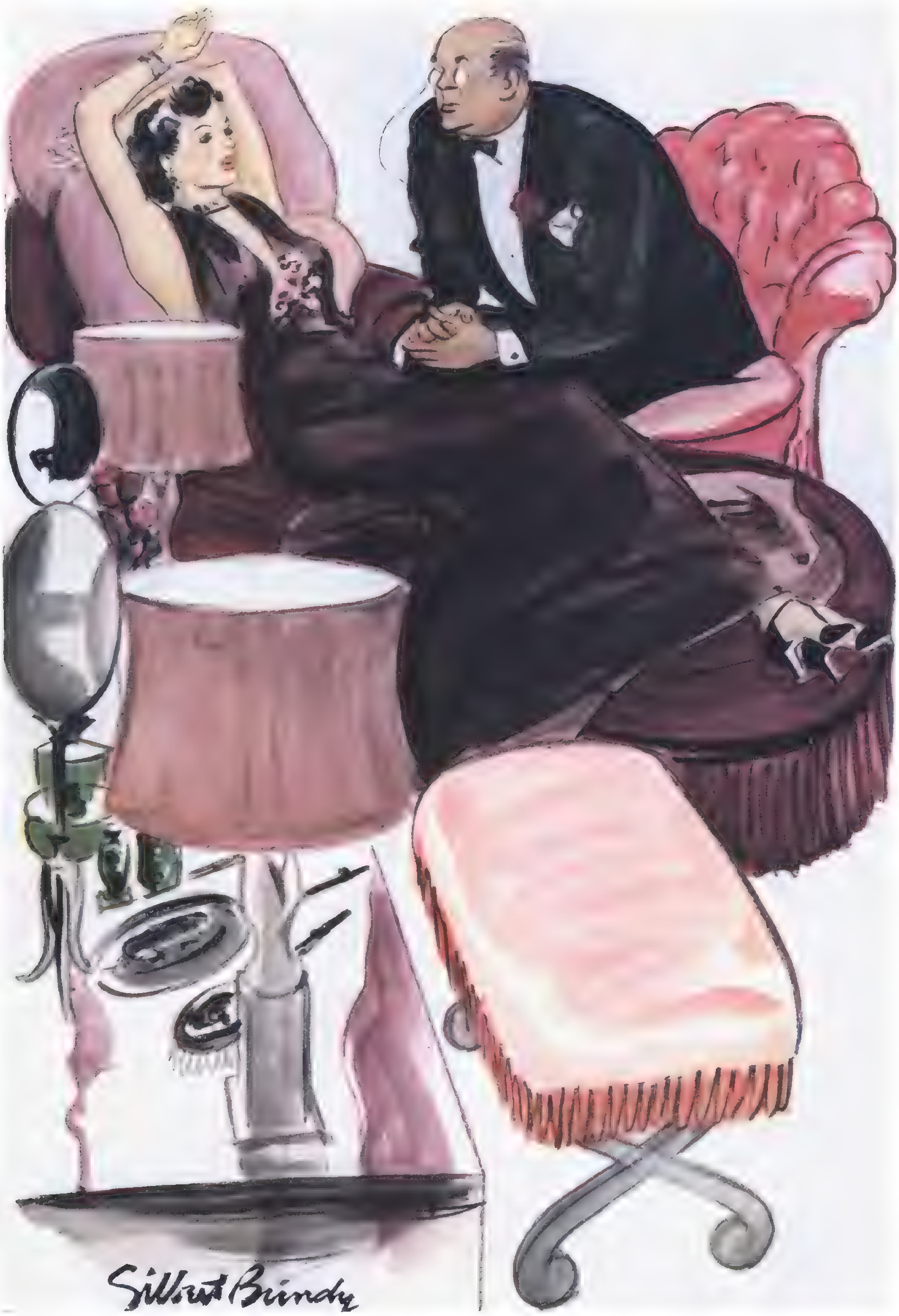
"But Frank!" cried Mother, "he is charming, and he is only a boy. It is a pleasure to have him."

"He is careless, irresponsible, and good for nothing in this world," said Father coldly. "A bitter, bitter disappointment to his family. We must never ask him here again."

After Donald went to sleep, Charlie crept from his bed and tiptoed out into the hallway. He crouched down in the shadow of the grandfather clock and waited for Uncle Bert to come home. At times, when the wind stopped whistling, he could hear his father and mother talking. Once he heard his mother at the piano, evoking music with swift flutters of her shapely hands, a melody so gracious and so delicate that Charlie's eyes closed. Finally, the sorrowful music made him doze.

He awoke shuddering, frightened, for there had been a loud crash and a cry. As he opened his eyes the chandeliers downstairs

Continued at top of page 212


Gilbert Bundy

"I don't think your wife realizes how lucky she is Mr. Hammit—all these nice things."

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A Disappointment to His Family

Continued from pages 66-210

flared with light, and through the banisters Charlie saw Uncle Bert grotesquely sprawled at the bottom of the stairway. Father appeared mighty and wrathful between the velvet curtains, and when he saw Uncle Bert, color stained his face like fire.

"I fell," declared Uncle Bert. He spoke in the same whisper that the little boys used when they were shy or afraid, and as he pulled himself up to his feet, Charlie felt his spine turn cold with fear. For the face was not Uncle Bert's at all, but a nightmare's: the lips were smeared out of shape, with one eye as black and big as a pit, and a wicked cut bisected the brow.

"You're drunk," Father said contemptuously, in his most wintry voice. "You're filthily, unspeakably drunk."

Uncle Bert leaned as limp as a scarecrow against the newel post, his chin sunk deep into his chest. "I lost the fight," he announced softly, "in the fifth round. I slipped, I—"

"And so you drank yourself into this unspeakable state," said Father savagely. "So you're a coward as well as a reproach to—"

"Frank!" protested Mother, and her face rose pale as snow beyond Father's shoulder. "Oh, Bert, you've been hurt."

She pushed past Father as lightly as a wind cleaving the curtains, and ran to Uncle Bert's side. But she did not dare to touch him. She stood with her eyes growing big with tears and her fingers pressed on her lips to keep them from speaking. "Oh, my dear—"

Father pushed her away. He seized Uncle Bert and shook him as a dog would torment a piece of cloth. "Get your things," he cried, "and leave my house! This is the way you repay my hospitality, my attempts to forgive you for— You must leave my house. You can never enter it again."

Mother gave a soft moan, and her mouth withered like a flower; and Charlie, crouched in the shadow of the big clock, whimpered without a sound into his two hands. #

We Aren't Superstitious

Continued from page 47

Churchill at the George Jacobs'. All, except for Elizabeth Parris, were adolescent or just leaving adolescence.

The elder women included a pair of gossipy, superstitious busybodies—Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Bibber—and young Ann Putnam's mother, Ann Putnam, Senior, who deserves a sentence to herself.

For the Putnams were a powerful family in the neighborhood and Ann Putnam, married at seventeen and now only thirty, is described as handsome, arrogant, temperamental and high-strung. She was also one of those people who can cherish a grudge and revenge it.

The circle met—the circle continued to meet—no doubt with the usual giggling, whispering and gossip. From mere fortune-telling it proceeded to other and more serious matters—table-rapping, perhaps, and a little West Indian voodoo—weird stories told by Tituba and weird things shown, while the wind blew outside and the big shadows flickered on the wall. Adolescent girls, credulous servants, superstitious old women—and the two enigmatic figures of Tituba, the West Indian, and Ann Putnam, Sr.

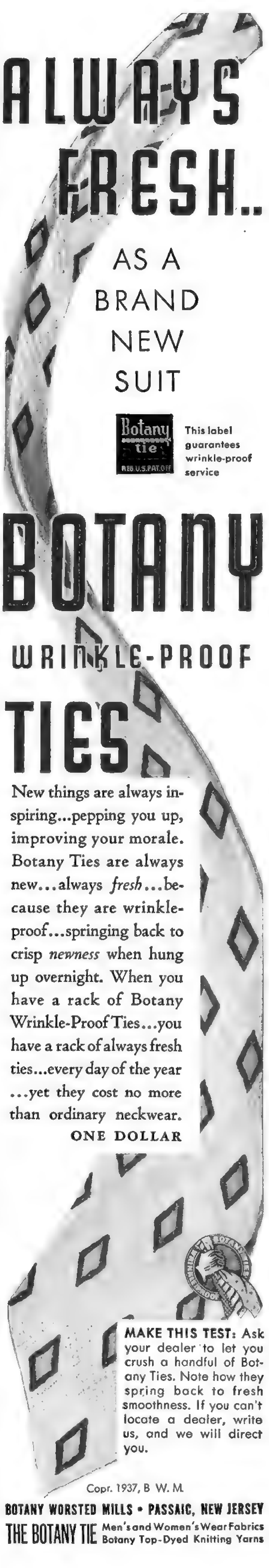
But soon the members of the circle began to show hysterical symptoms. They crawled under tables and chairs, they made strange sounds, they shook and trembled with nightmare fears. The thing became a village celebrity—and more. Something strange and out of nature was happening—who had ever seen normal young girls behave like these young girls? And no one—certainly not the Reverend Samuel Parris—even suggested that a mixed diet of fortune-telling, ghost stories and voodoo is hardly the thing for impressionable minds during a long New England winter. Hysteria was possession by an evil spirit; pathological lying, the Devil putting words into one's mouth. No one suggested that even Cotton Mather's remedy of fasting and prayer would be a good deal better for such cases than widespread publicity. Instead the Reverend Samuel became very busy. Grave ministers were called in to look at the afflicted children. A Dr. Gregg gave his opinion. It was almost too terrible to believe, and yet what else could be believed? Witchcraft!

Meanwhile, one may suppose, the "afflicted children," like most hysterical subjects, enjoyed the awed stares, the horrified looks, the respectful questions that greeted them, with girlish zest. They had been unimportant girls of a little hamlet—now they were, in every sense of the word, spot news. And any reporter knows what that does to certain kinds of people. They continued to writhe and demonstrate—and be the center of attention. There was only one catch about it. If they were really bewitched—somebody must be doing the bewitching—

On the 29th of February, 1692, in the midst of an appropriate storm of thunder-and-lightning, three women, Sarah Good, Sarah Osburn and Tituba, were arrested on the deadly charge of bewitching the children.

The next day, March 1, two Magistrates, Justice Hathorne and Justice Corwin, arrived with appropriate pomp and ceremony. The first hearing was held in the crowded meetinghouse of the Vil-

Continued on page 214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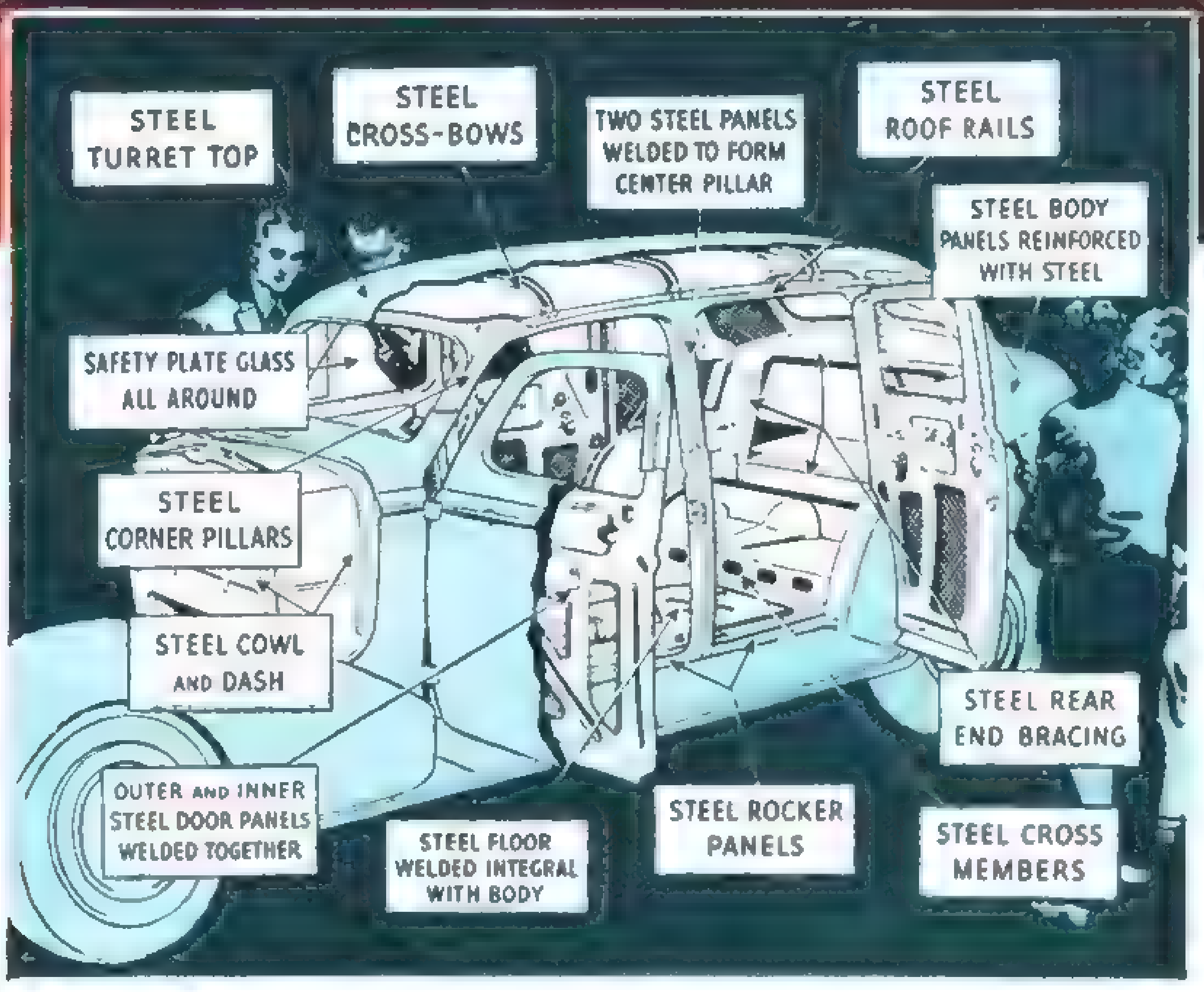
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TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
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We Aren't Superstitious

Continued from pages 47-212

lage—and all Salem swarmed to it, as crowds in our time have swarmed to other sleepy little villages, suddenly notorious.

The children—or the children and Tituba—had picked their first victims well. Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn were old women of no particular standing in the community. Sarah Good had been a beggar and a slattern—her husband testified, according to report and with a smugness that makes one long to kick him, that she "either was a witch or would be one very quickly," ending "I may say, with tears, that she is an enemy to all good." As for Sarah Osburn, she had married a redemptioner servant after the death of her former husband and probably lost caste in consequence. Also, she had been bedridden for some time and therefore not as regular in her church attendance as a good Christian should be.

We can imagine that meetinghouse—and the country crowd within it—on that chill March day. At one end was the majesty of the law—and the "afflicted children" where all might see them and observe. Dressed in their best, very likely, and with solicitous relatives near at hand. Do you see Mercy Lewis? Do you see Ann Putnam? And then the whole crowd turned to one vast, horrified eye. For there was the accused—the old woman—the witch!

The justices—grim Justice Hathorne in particular—had, evidently, arrived with their minds made up. For the first question addressed to Sarah Good was, bluntly:

"What evil spirit have you familiarity with?"

"None," said the piping old voice. But everybody in the village knew worthless Sarah Good. And the eye of the audience went from her to the deadly row of "afflicted children" and back again.

"Have you made no contracts with the devil?" proceeded the Justice.

"No."

The Justice went to the root of the matter at once.

"Why do you hurt these children?"

A rustle must have gone through the meetinghouse at that. Aye, that's it—the Justice speaks shrewdly—hark to the Justice! Aye, but look, too! Look at the children! Poor things, poor things!

"I do not hurt them. I scorn it," said Sarah Good, defiantly. But the Justice had her, now—he was not to be brushed aside.

"Who then do you employ to do it?"

"I employ nobody."

"What creature do you employ then?" For all witches had familiars.

"No creature, but I am falsely accused." But the sweat must have been on the old woman's palms by now.

The Justice considered. There was another point—minor but illuminating.

"Why did you go away muttering from Mr. Parris, his house?"

"I did not mutter but I thanked him for what he gave my child."

The Justice returned to the main charge, like any prosecuting attorney.

"Have you made no contract with the devil?"

"No."

It was time for Exhibit A. The Justice turned to the children. Was Sarah Good one of the persons who tormented them? Yes, yes!—and a horrified murmur running through the crowd. And then, before the awe-stricken eyes of all, they began to be tormented. They writhed, they grew stiff, they contorted, they were stricken moaning or speechless. Yet, when they were brought to Sarah Good and allowed to touch her, they grew quite quiet and calm. For, as everyone knew, a witch's physical body was like an electric conductor—it reabsorbed, on touch, the malefic force discharged by witchcraft into the bodies of the tormented. Everybody could see what happened—and everybody saw. When the meetinghouse was quiet, the Justice spoke again.

"Sarah Good, do you not see now what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you torment these poor children?"

And with these words, Sarah Good was already hanged. For all that she could say was, "I do not torment them." And yet everyone had seen her, with their own eyes.

The questions went on—she fumbled in her answers—muttered a bit of prayer. Why did she mutter? And didn't you see how hard it was for her to pronounce the name of God? Pressed and desperate, she finally said that if anyone tormented the children, it must be Sarah Osburn—she knew herself guiltless. The pitiful fable did not save her. To Boston Jail.

Sarah Osburn's examination followed the same course—the same prosecutor's first question—the same useless denial—the same epileptic feats of the "afflicted children"—the same end. It was also brought out that Sarah Osburn had said that "she was more like to be bewitched than to be a witch"—very dangerous that!—and that she had once had a nightmare about "a thing all black like an Indian that pinched her in the neck."

Then Tituba was examined and gave them their fill of marvels, prodigies and horrors.

The West Indian woman, a slave in a strange land, was fighting for her life and she did it shrewdly and desperately. She admitted, repentantly, that she had tormented the children. But she had been forced to do so. By whom? By Goody Good and Goody Osburn and two other witches whom she hadn't yet been able to recognize. Her voodoo knowledge aided her—she filled

Continued on page 216

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We Aren't Superstitious

Continued from pages 47-212-214

the open ears of Justices and crowd with tales of hairy familiars and black dogs, red cats and black cats and yellow birds, the phantasm of a woman with legs and wings. And everybody could see that she spoke the truth. For, when she was first brought in, the children were tormented at her presence, but as soon as she had confessed and turned King's evidence, she was tormented herself, and fearfully. To Boston Jail with her—but she had saved her neck.

The hearing was over—the men and women of Salem and its outlying farms went broodingly or excitedly back to their homes to discuss the fearful workings of God's providence. Here and there a common-sense voice murmured a doubt or two—Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn were no great losses to the community—but still, to convict two old women of heinous crime on the testimony of greensick girls and a West Indian slave! But, on the whole, the villagers of Salem felt relieved. The cause of the plague had been found—it would be stamped out and the afflicted children recover. The Justices, no doubt, congratulated themselves on their prompt and intelligent action. The "afflicted children" slept, after a tiring day—they were not quite so used to such performances as they were to become.

As for the accused women, they went to Boston Jail—to be chained there, while waiting trial and gallows. There is an item of, "To chains for Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, 14 shillings," in the jailor's record. Only, Sarah Osburn was not to go to the gallows—she died in jail instead, some five and a half weeks later, at a recorded expense to the Colony of one pound, three shillings and fivepence for her keep. And Tituba stayed snugly in prison till the madness collapsed—and was then sold by the Colony to defray the expenses of her imprisonment. One wonders who bought her and whether she ever got back to the West Indies. But, with that, her enigmatic figure disappears from the scene.

Meanwhile, on an outlying farm, Giles Corey, a turbulent, salty old fellow of 81, began to argue the case with his wife, Martha. He believed, fanatically, in the "afflicted children." She did not, and said so—even going so far as to say that the magistrates were blinded and she could open their eyes. It was one of those marital disputes that occur between strong-willed people. And it was to bring Martha Corey to the gallows and Giles Corey to an even stranger doom.

Yet now there was a lull, through which people whispered.

As for what went on in the minds of "the afflicted children," during that lull, we may not say. But this much is evident. They had seen and felt their power. The hearing had been the greatest and most exciting event of their narrow lives. And it was so easy to do—they grew more and more ingenious with each rehearsal. You twisted your body and groaned—and grown people were afraid.

Add to this, the three girl-servants, with the usual servants' grudges against present or former masters. Add to this, that high-strung, dominant woman, Ann Putnam, Sr., who could hold a grudge and remember it. Such a grudge as there might be against the Towne sisters, for instance—they were all married women of the highest standing, particularly Rebecca Nurse. But they'd taken the Topsfield side in that boundary dispute with Salem. So suppose—just suppose—that one of them were found out to be a witch? And hadn't Tituba deposed that there were other women, besides Good and Osburn, who made her torment the children?

On March 19, Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse were arrested on the charge of witchcraft. On March 21, they were examined and committed. And, with that, the real reign of terror began.

For if Martha Corey, notably religious and Godfearing, and Rebecca Nurse, saintly and thoughtful, could be witches, no one in Salem or New England was safe from the charge. The examinations were brutally unfair—the "children" yet bolder and more daring. They would interrupt questions now to shout that "a black man" was whispering in the prisoner's ear—if the accused stood still, they were tormented, if she moved her hands, they suffered even greater agonies. Their self-confidence became monstrous—there was no trick too fantastic for them to try. When Deodat Lawson, a former minister of Salem and a well-educated and intelligent man, came to Ingersoll's on March 19, he first saw Mary Wolcott who "as she stood by the door was bitten, so that she cried out of her wrist, and, looking at it, we saw apparently the marks of teeth, both upper and lower set, on each side of her wrist." It would not have deceived a child—but Mary Wolcott was one of the "afflicted children" and her words and self-bitings were as gospel. He then went to the parsonage, where Abigail Williams, another afflicted child, put on a very effective vaudeville-act indeed, throwing firebrands around the house, crying "Whish, whish, whish!" and saying that she was being tormented by Rebecca Nurse who was trying to make her sign the Devil's book.

After that, there was, obviously, nothing for the Reverend Lawson to do but to preach a thunderous sermon on the horrors of witchcraft—interrupted by demonstrations and cries from "the afflicted"—and thus do his little bit toward driving the madness on. For by now, Salem Village, as a community, was no longer sane.

Continued on page 218

LIQUOR PACKAGES AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG
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You're SURE of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way.

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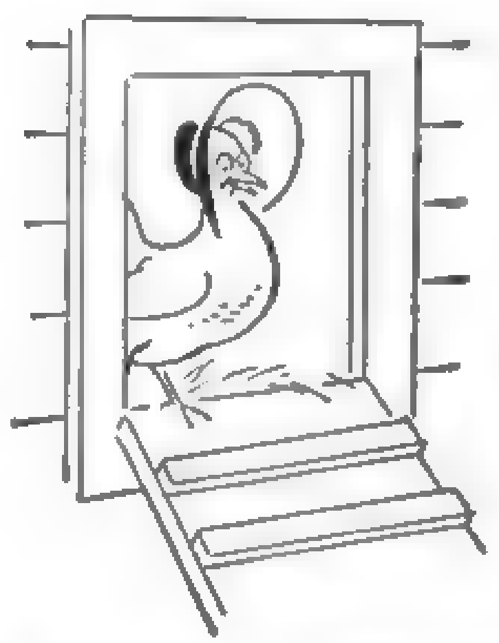
See pages 7 and 212.



It so happens I don't drink.
If I did I'd stop to think
That the seal that's like an egg
Shows the brand can't be bootleg.

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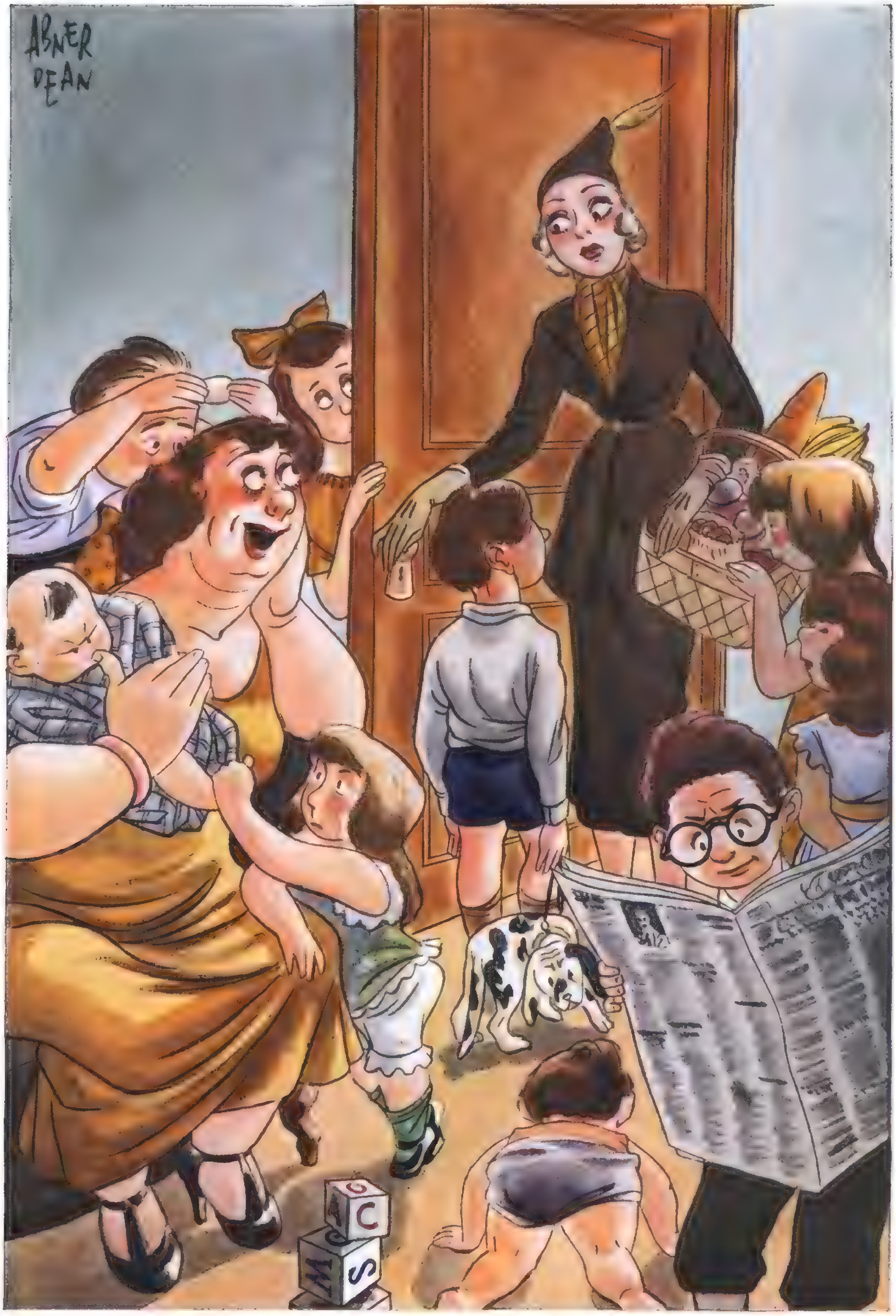

"I sent for one of those birth control pamphlets—but it never came"

We Aren't Superstitious

Continued from pages 47-212-214-216

Let us get the rest of it over quickly. The Salem witches ceased to be Salem's affair—they became a matter affecting the whole colony. Sir William Phips, the new governor, appointed a special court of Oyer and Terminer to try the cases. And the hangings began.

On January 1, 1692, no one, except possibly the "Circle children" had heard of Salem witches. On June 10, Bridget Bishop was hanged. She had not been one of the first accused, but she was the first to suffer. She had been married three times, kept a roadhouse on the road to Beverley where people drank rum and played shovelboard, and dressed, distinctively for the period, in a "black cap and black hat and red paragon bodice broidered and looped with diverse colors." But those seem to have been her chief offences. When questioned, she said "I never saw the Devil in my life."

All through the summer, the accusations, the arrest, the trials came thick and fast till the jails were crowded. Nor were those now accused friendless old beldames like Sarah Good. They included Captain John Alden (son of Miles Standish's friend) who saved himself by breaking jail, and the wealthy and prominent Englishes who saved themselves by flight. The most disgraceful scenes occurred at the trial of the saintly Rebecca Nurse. Thirty-nine citizens of Salem were brave enough to sign a petition for her and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." The mob in the sweating courtroom immediately began to cry out and the presiding judge as much as told the jury to reverse their verdict. They did so, to the mob's delight. Then the Governor pardoned her. And "certain gentlemen of Salem"—and perhaps the mob—persuaded him into reversing his pardon. She was hanged on Gallows Hill on July 19 with Sarah Good, Sarah Wilds, Elizabeth How and Susanna Martin.

Susanna Martin's only witchcraft seems to have been that she was an unusually tidy woman and had once walked a muddy road without getting her dress bedraggled. No, I am quoting from testimony, not inventing. As for Elizabeth How, a neighbor testified, "I have been acquainted with Goodwife How as a naybor for nine or ten years and I never saw any harm in her but found her just in her dealings and faithful to her promises . . . I never heard her revile any person but she always pitied them and said, 'I pray God forgive them now'," But the children cried, "I am stuck with a pin. I am pinched," when they saw her—and she hanged.

It took a little more to hang the Reverend George Burroughs. He had been Salem Village's second minister—then gone on to a parish in Maine. And the cloth had great sanctity. But Ann Putnam and Mercy Lewis managed to doom him between them—with the able assistance of the rest of the troupe. Mr. Burroughs was unfortunate enough to be a man of unusual physical strength—anyone who could lift a gun by putting four fingers in its barrel, must do so by magic arts. Also, he had been married three times. So when the ghosts of his first two wives, dressed in winding-sheets, appeared in a sort of magic-lantern show to Ann Putnam and cried out that Mr. Burroughs had murdered them—the cloth could not save him then. Perhaps one of the most pathetic documents connected with the trials is the later petition of his orphaned children. It begins, "We were left a parcel of small children, helpless—"

Here and there, in the records, gleams a flash of frantic common sense. Susanna Martin laughs when Ann Putnam and her daughter go into convulsions at her appearance. When asked why, she says, "Well I may, at such folly. I never hurt this woman or her child in my life." John Procter, the prosperous farmer who employed Mary Warren, said sensibly, before his arrest, "If these girls are left alone, we will all be devils and witches. They ought all to be sent to the whipping-post." He was right enough about it—but his servant helped hang him. White-haired old George Jacobs, leaning on his two sticks, cried out, "You tax me for a wizard, you might as well tax me for a buzzard!" Nevertheless, he hanged. A member of the Nurse family testifies, "Being in court this 29th June, 1692, I saw Goodwife Bibber pull pins out of her clothes and hold them between her fingers and clasp her hands around her knee and then she cried out and said Goodwife Nurse pinched her." But such depositions did not save Rebecca Nurse or her sister, Mary Easty.

Judge, jury and colony preferred to believe the writhings of the children, the stammerings of those whose sows had died inexplicably, the testimony of such as Bernard Peach who swore that Susanna Martin had flown in through his window, bent his body into the shape of a "whoope" and sat upon him for an hour and a half.

One hanging on June 10, five on July 19, five on August 19, eight on September 22, including Mary Easty and Martha Corey. And of these the Reverend Noyes remarked, with unction, "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" But for stubborn Giles Corey a different fate was reserved.

The old man had begun by believing in the whole hocus-pocus. He had quarreled with his wife about it. He had seen her arrested as a witch, insulted by the magistrates, condemned to die. Two of his sons-in-law had testi-

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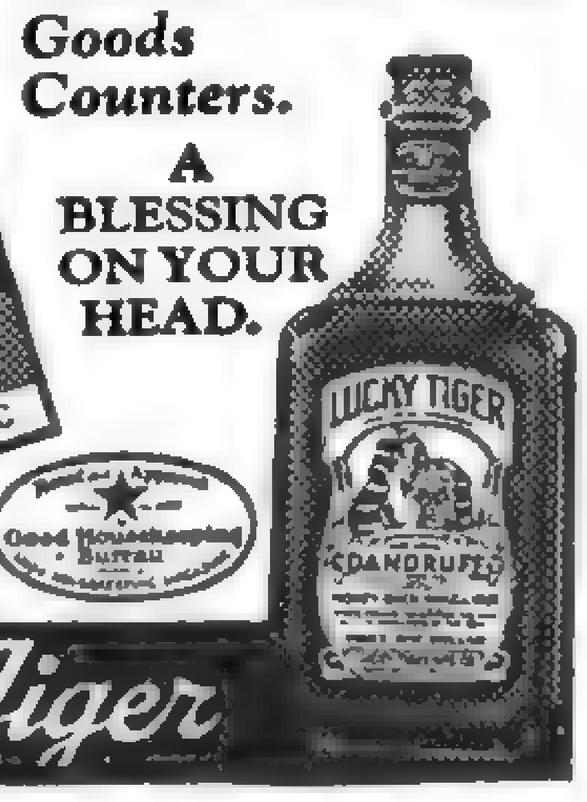

Lucky Tiger

fied against her—he himself had been closely questioned as to her actions and had made the deposition of a badgered and simple man. Yes, she prayed a good deal—sometimes he couldn't hear what she said—that sort of thing. The memory must have risen to haunt him when she was condemned. Now, he himself was in danger.

Well, he could die as his wife would. But there was the property—his goods, his prospering lands. By law, the goods and property of those convicted of witchcraft were confiscated by the State and the name attainted. With a curious, grim heroism, Giles Corey drew up a will leaving that property to the two sons-in-law who had not joined in the prevailing madness. And then at his trial, he said "I will not plead. If I deny, I am condemned already in courts where ghosts appear as witnesses and swear men's lives away."

A curious, grim heroism? It was so. For those who refused to plead either guilty or not guilty in such a suit were liable to the old English punishment called *peine forte et dure.* It consisted in heaping weights or stones upon the unhappy victim till he accepted a plea—or until his chest was crushed. And exactly that happened to old Giles Corey. They heaped the stones upon him until they killed him—and two days before his wife was hanged, he died. But his property went to the two loyal sons-in-law, without confiscation—and his name was not attainted. So died Giles Corey, New England to the bone.

And then, suddenly and fantastically as the madness had come, it was gone.

Not without other victims. At Andover, for instance, the wife of a citizen had fallen unaccountably ill. The first thought had been to call in two of the "afflicted children" as experts on witchcraft. As a result, something like fifty people were arrested and several hanged. But, after the hangings of September 22, the special court of Oyer and Terminer did not meet again—though the jails were crowded with accused and condemned.

The "afflicted children," at long last, had gone too far. They had accused the Governor's lady. They had accused Mrs. Hall, the wife of the minister at Beverley and a woman known throughout the colony for her virtues. And there comes a point when driven men and women revolt against blood and horror. It was that which ended Robespierre's terror—it was that which ended the terror of the "afflicted children." The thing had become a *reductio ad absurdum.* If it went on, logically, no one but the "afflicted children" and their protégées would be left alive.

So the madness died. In January, 1693, the Superior Court brought twenty-one to trial and condemned three. But no one was executed. In May, 1693, a proclamation emptied the jails.

So it ended. And Cotton Mather published *Wonders of the Invisible World* to prove it had all been true and Robert Calef, of Boston, promptly replied with *More Wonders of the Invisible World,* confuting and attacking Cotton Mather. And, in 1706, Ann Putnam made public confession that she had been deluded by the Devil in testifying as she had. She had testified in every case but one. And in 1711, the colony of Massachusetts paid 50 pounds to the heirs of George Burroughs, 21 pounds to the heirs of Giles Corey—578 pounds in all to the heirs of various victims. An expensive business for the colony, on the whole.

What happened to the survivors? Well, the Reverend Samuel Parris quit Salem Village to go into business in Boston and died at Sudbury in 1720. And Ann Putnam died in 1716 and from the stock of the Putnams sprang Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary hero. And from the stock of the "witches," the Nurses and the others, sprang excellent and distinguished people of service to State and nation. And hanging Judge Hathorne's descendant was Nathaniel Hawthorne. And Cotton Mather remained a brilliant minister, but his ambitions, on the whole, did not prosper as he thought they should. While as for the sanctimonious Dr. Noyes who spoke so unctuously of the "eight firebrands of hell," according to legend, he got his just deserts. For the legend goes that Sarah Good cursed him, saying, "I am no witch and because you say I am, God will give you blood to drink"—and he is supposed to have died of a hemorrhage of the throat. But Mercy Lewis and the rest of the "afflicted children" did not die so. They went on and lived their lives.

And I have not even spoken of the fifty-five who actually confessed to being witches—or the solemn examination of a five-year-old child for witchcraft—or of how two of the Carrier boys were hung up by the heels to make them testify against their mother—or of the time when Benjamin Hutchinson and Eleazer Putnam went stabbing with their rapiers at invisible cats and were solemnly assured they had slain three witches, equally invisible.

We have no reason to hold Salem up to obloquy. It was a town, like another, and a strange madness took hold of it. But it is no stranger thing to hang a man for witchcraft than to hang him for the shape of his nose or the color of his skin. We are not superstitious, no. Well, let us be a little sure we are not. For persecution follows superstition and intolerance as fire follows the fuse. And, once we light that fire, we cannot foresee where it will end or what it will consume—any more than they could in Salem, two hundred and forty-five years ago. ⧺

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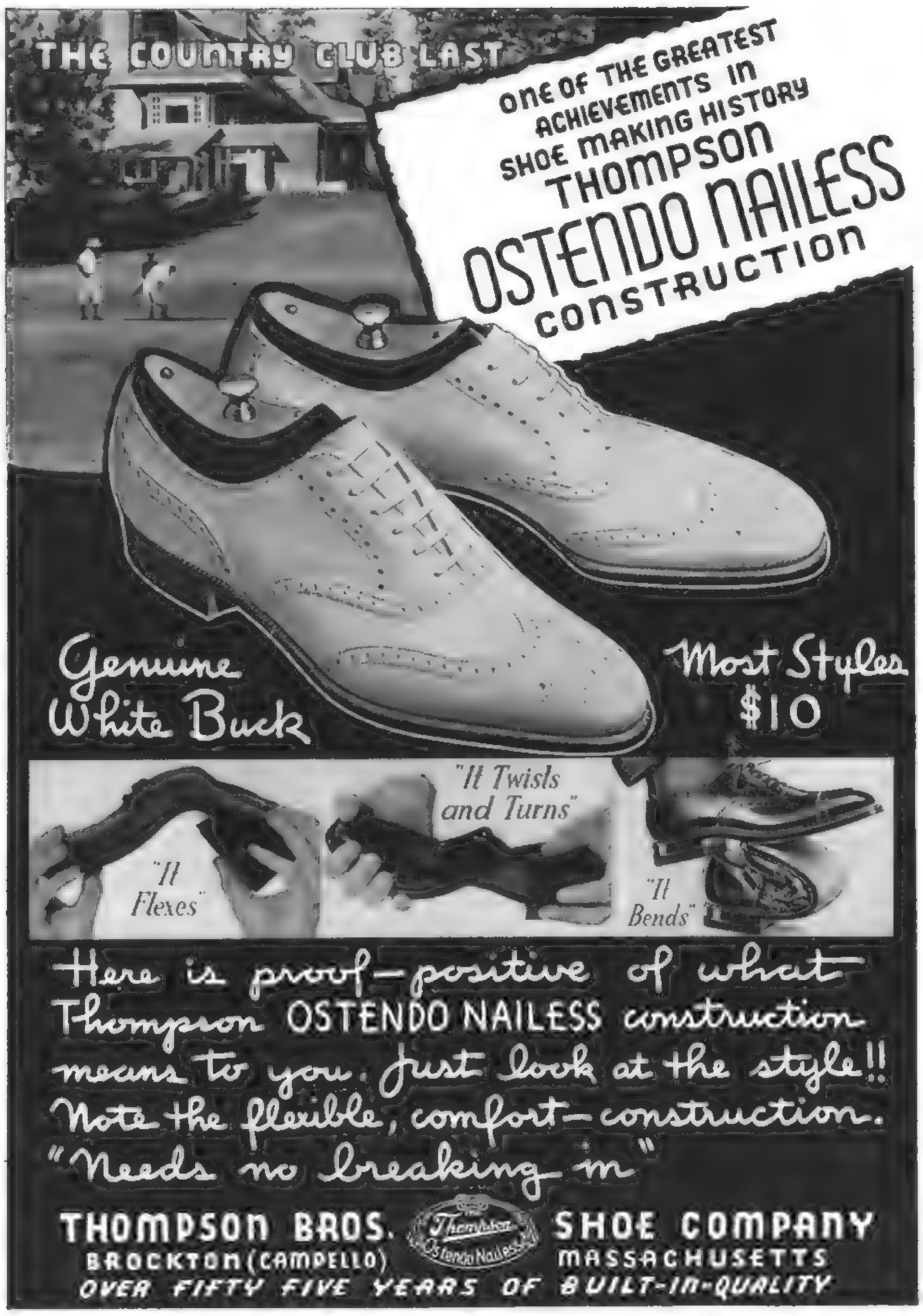
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Blue Grizzly of White River

Continued from page 76

They had taken out most of the steel, but the eyeball was still full of powder. They claimed I should be able to see, at least the difference between light and dark, but I couldn't.

Then one of them suggested an eye specialist, a German on Spring Street, who had performed some miracles in similar cases. They took me to him. He made pictures of my head in every position, finally discovering a three-cornered piece of steel that had entered the corner of my eye, passing the ball, and was pressing against an optic nerve. He drew that piece of steel out through my temple with a powerful magnet. At almost the very instant, it seems to me now, that the minute particle of steel left the nerve, my sight returned.

He removed all steel from the eyeball and my face with the same magnet that had brought back my sight in the right eye. Then, with a mixture that would dissolve the powder, yet not injure the eye, he cleared both eyes of gun powder.

It took the great doctor months to dissolve scar tissue so that I would have normal vision. When he was finished I could see as well as ever, but my right eye wasn't as fast in focusing from one spot to another. Before the accident I had been better at moving targets than at stationary ones. It wasn't the same now, for the right eye would not focus quickly.

But I was back on the job in pretty fair condition, and I hadn't forgotten the blue grizzly. Reviewing all details preceding the accident with the new rifle, I came to the conclusion that the rifle hadn't been defective; it was my own carelessness. Not enough of the cartridge that had exploded remained to identify it positively, but I decided that in digging into my pockets as I loaded the new gun, I had picked out an 8 mm. cartridge and loaded it with the 30-06's. This had accounted for the difficulty in closing the chamber I had recalled. The slightly larger bullet of the 8 mm. had increased breech pressure sufficiently to explode the rifle.

On July 29 I returned to Grand Canyon and saw Ranger Graham, who told me that the blue grizzly was still at large. I began at once laying plans to go after the killer who had indirectly been the cause of my suffering. All my friends believed that my guns would be for sale after that frightful accident. And they were much surprised when I began hunting again, and shocked when they found out I still intended to hunt the notorious man-killing grizzly.

But I guess I am a natural born hunter, who loves the thrill of desperate chances against dangerous game. It was something like the spirit of the gunmen in the Old West. As a boy, I had watched gunmen meet, walk out in the street and shoot it out. Each of them was gambling that his draw was quicker than the other's. Often one was wounded and in time recovered. If he recovered his nerve at all, he was usually more willing than ever to try it again; his ambition crystallized and hardened into an all-consuming passion to get his man.

I felt the same way about the blue grizzly. Twice I had been mauled by grizzlies, almost killed both times. Then the new grizzly gun had exploded, almost tearing my head off. I think I had a feeling deep down in me that I had had about all the hard luck in grizzly hunting that was due me, and I felt more confident and determined than ever.

October 15, Charley Edmunds and I left Grand Canyon in my Buick four, loaded with guns, traps, fishing tackle and plenty of supplies. That evening we arrived in Holbrook over slow roads and stayed all night at the Commercial Hotel, a landmark of the early days that still remains. At that time it was doing a good business supplying Fort Apache and most of the Apache Indian Reservation, and was also the main trading post for the Navajo and Hopi tribes.

Elmer H. Duffield, prominent Arizona cattleman, was running a large herd of cattle and several droves of sheep in the White Mountains, where the blue grizzly roamed. I had previously killed bears and lions for him, and he was all smiles when we met him at the hotel and told him we were after the blue killer. Nothing would do but we must be his guests while in the mountains.

That night before the open fire the cattleman told us of a strange experience he'd had with the blue grizzly. While looking over one of his bands of sheep on Paradise Creek, he had heard a commotion among them, and ran unarmed to see what it was. There was the big bear, right in the middle of the flock, knocking sheep right and left. He wasn't hungry, but seemed to be just trying to see how far he could knock those sheep. Every time he hit one it would sail out over the flock like a football.

On seeing Duffield, the bear had charged. There were no trees small enough to climb, and the bear was gaining on him when his small sheep dog ran out and began nipping at the grizzly's heels. The animal stopped and turned on the dog; it did this several times. Duffield reached the ranch house, but before he could bring out his rifle, the blue grizzly had disappeared in the thick undergrowth.

"There is no question," Mr. Duffield insisted, "that the little dog saved my life."

He also told us that the bear had stopped killing cattle and sheep and was eating acorns, putting on fat for the long winter hibernation. "Acorns are plentiful in some places and scarce in others," he said, "and you'll likely find the bear in some side canyon between Paradise Creek and the sawmill on the east side of White River. There are plenty of acorns over there and water close by."

He asked what we had been offered for the dead bear, and when I told him, he said he would raise the bounty to one thousand dollars if we got the bear, which of course pleased us immensely.

We left Holbrook early in the morning over the freighting road to Fort Apache, carrying a letter from Mr. Duffield to one of his cowboys whom we were to meet at the little range town of Snowflake. It was just a plain dirt road then, with deep ruts cut by the heavy freight wagons. A grilling drive and we were plenty glad to pull up in the beautiful little Mormon town of Snowflake. Mr. Duffield's man was glad to see us, and interested in the import of the letter, but he said they were held up at Snowflake for want of a branding iron, and the blacksmith was sick. I offered to make the branding iron and was taken up immediately. It seemed that everything was conspiring to keep me away from that blue grizzly, but finally the iron was in the slack tub and Mr. Duffield's man told us we could drive on and he would overtake us.

We drove off over a road that was growing steadily worse. We were now in the foothills of the White Mountains, the range of the blue grizzly. Huge rocks and stumps were in the center of the trail and the wagon ruts were miniature canyons. That was a good many years ago and cars were not what they are today. The Buick boiled and we boiled. Charley Edmunds had bought a jug of Mormon cider which he declared was sweet. After the first drink or two I knew better, but Charley was a teetotaler and didn't know that cider was about equivalent to moonshine. Whenever the Buick stopped to cool off, we took another swig at that Mormon "sweet" cider.

When I found out I was in no condition for further driving, Charley was dead to the world. I pulled out dizzily under three big pine trees, hauled Charley out and made a bed of pine needles.

It was a couple of sick grizzly hunters who awakened in the chill of dawn next morning. Charley hardly knew what was the matter with him. He insisted the cider was sweet. It must have been something we ate.

Well, we arrived at the Cooley ranch right side up and Don Cooley, Mr. Duffield's man, wanted to know why he hadn't found us. I told him we had got sleepy and pulled off the road to camp, that he had probably passed us in the night. He laughed, knowing more about Mormon cider than Charley Edmunds. It came out after a while and Charley swore that he would rather face a grizzly bare-handed than wrestle Mormon cider on a White Mountain road.

The Cooley ranch was located on the north rim of White River Canyon, about twenty-eight miles north of Fort Apache. The first seven miles of road was so steep that the freight wagons wore out their brakes in a short distance; so they had invented a long iron shoe with a turned-up end to which they attached a chain from the frame of the wagon. The shoes were grooved to fit the wagon tires and in this manner, the wheels were slid down the hill. Even so, it was hard to negotiate that hill, and there were many runaways in which mules were run over and killed. The hill was strewn with wreckage and the automobile trail to our tryst with the blue grizzly abruptly ended.

We transferred our duffel to a wagon drawn by four horses, and Don Cooley drove us down the hill to a small sawmill on the banks of White River. Here we turned upstream, fording the river when necessary. There wasn't any road, but we kept right on going.

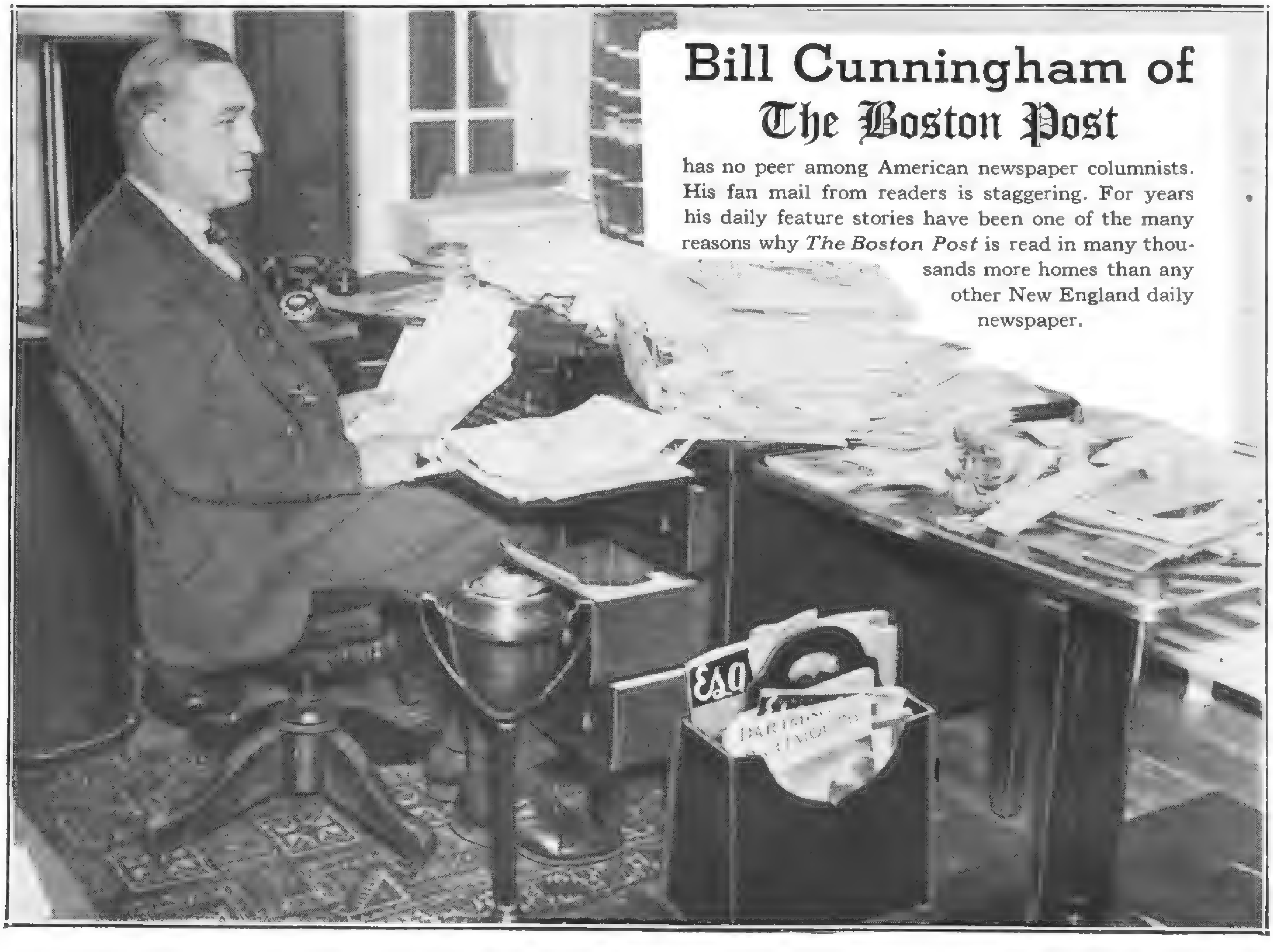
About two p. m. we reached the cabin in which the two trappers had lived who had been killed by the blue killer. We stored our supplies there. A cowboy was bringing up two saddle horses by a short-cut trail. When Don Cooley drove away I had my fishing line in the beautiful mountain stream near-by before the rumble of wagon wheels died out. Fourteen big native trout soon placated me for the rigors of the blue grizzly trail.

We found bear tracks, turkey and deer tracks everywhere. Charley went scouting with his rifle while I set up camp. I had everything arranged and was sitting in the door smoking when I saw an Apache Indian riding up the canyon. He rode up and I spoke. He grunted as I told him our mission and asked about the bear. I knew from his expression that he understood me. Yet though I spoke my piece in both English and Spanish, which most of them understood, I got no reply.

I knew, though, that the Apaches believed that a good Indian's departed spirit returned in the form of a bear. They worshiped the bear in much the same way that the Hopis worship the rattlesnake and the Navajos the coyote. Apaches will not have a bearskin rug in their hogans, and they will not kill a bear, showing even a man-killing grizzly more consideration than we do a human outlaw.

I suspected this was the reason for the Indian's silence. Suddenly, I thought of the cider. We still had some left. Indians were invariably wild about the white

Continued on page 222



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Blue Grizzly of White River

Continued from pages 76-221

man's fire-water. It was unlawful to sell an Indian intoxicating liquor; however I recalled that Charley had been told it was fresh cider; besides, I would give it to the Indian, not sell it. I was glad Charley wasn't there, for he would have thrown the stuff in the river before he would have permitted an Indian to smell of it. But I was dead set on locating the blue grizzly, and I silenced my conscience resolutely as I produced the jug.

The Indian's eyes lighted up and he smiled. I pulled the cork, gave him a smell. He stuck out his tongue like a hungry calf and uttered the first words he had spoken:

"Me show you bear!"

Pouring a little cider into a tin cup, I gave it to him. He tasted it, then downed it at a gulp. Little by little, I gave him not to exceed a cupful. But his tongue came loose at both ends on the subject of bear.

"Me show you bear camp all right," he promised.

"Very well, you show me the blue grizzly's camp and I'll make him a visit."

But he begged for more cider, holding back his secret as he estimated how much was left in the jug. I bargained by promising more cider after he told me where the big bear was. I feared he would want to bring all his friends in for a nip, so I admonished him to come the next morning alone for more cider. And he agreed.

The Indian had hardly gone when Charley returned with a turkey gobbler, and reported having sighted bear, but not the blue grizzly.

Just after sunrise my Indian friend rode up. I invited him in to a cup of coffee, and he ate everything in sight, then asked for some fire-water. But I gave him a sign to keep still, and, believe me, Indians can read signs.

The previous night I had found a pint bottle and filled it with cider. I showed this to him. It wouldn't be enough for his friends, and I hoped it would keep him from bringing them all to our cabin after Charley and I left. But when I told Charley that the Indian would show us where the bear was—and why—he decided he had better stay at the cabin to take care of the rest of the tribe if they came looking for fire-water; wholesale drinking might get us into trouble.

I rode off alone with the Apache up the river. Around the first curve he reined in and made signs for a drink. I handed him the flask and he drank about half of it. Half an hour later, he called a halt and pointed to a side canyon, choked with trees.

"Up there big bad bear camp," he said.

I tried to induce him to go on with me, but nothing doing. Not even the flask of cider would lure him up there. So I gave him the bottle, rode up the canyon alone a short distance, got off and tied my horse to a small oak. When I looked back I saw the Indian riding back down White River.

I had brought my 250-3000 Savage, hoping to get a chance at a black bear. I knew the little pea-shooter would do its stuff if I had good luck and was able to pick a vital spot. But I also had my old reliable 33 Winchester for grizzly.

Three hundred yards further up the canyon I came to a sheer rock wall one hundred and fifty feet high, which during the spring thaws and rains became a roaring falls. It looked at first as if my way were hopelessly blocked by this stone cliff, but I finally discovered a way around to the north and got above the precipice after a hard climb.

From there on, it was a boxed canyon with high walls on each side, weirdly wild country. And I was starting at every little sound, with salt on my tongue at the thought of the monster I was challenging.

The floor of the canyon was studded with large yellow pine, fir and spruce. There were a few open spots, but the sides were mainly covered with oak trees and oak thickets. The ground was a veritable carpet of acorns—warm evidence that the Indian had been right in directing me. A fine place for bear preparing to hibernate with the exception that there was no water. The creek in the canyon bed was dry. I began to find bear signs in plenty, but the tracks were all small or medium sized. No missing two toes on giant prints.

Quite suddenly I came to a long pool of clear water right at the base of a huge spruce tree. The pool was fed by a clear spring a few feet further up—a spring that trickled over pebbles and hard flat stones till it reached the hollow forming the pool. I had seen bear scratches on some of the other trees, but the giant spruce at the pool was literally clawed to pieces, some of the marks being eight or nine feet from the ground!

I gulped and my heart began to hammer. I had found something all right! It was enough to raise the hair on my head. A monster bear had been sharpening his claws there without a doubt. The rocks on the south side of the pool were still wet, too, and there, as I looked, I saw the track of a huge bear.

The animal had been there only a few minutes before and couldn't be far away. I thought—or tried to think—of everything I had learned about hunting grizzlies. The one that hammered in my brain was—"Never shoot a grizzly when he is above you and less than a hundred yards away." I knew why; even if shot through the heart a grizzly can live long enough to reach the hunter, especially if he can roll part of the way downhill.

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I was all ears and eyes as I looked around. I noticed where the bear had entered an oak thicket on the south side of the canyon. I climbed up about twenty-five yards on the north side for a better vantage of the opposite wall. When I reached a sheer ledge some two hundred yards from the creek bed, I found a breeze blowing from me toward the south. If there was a bear anywhere on that south slope he would scent me surely, and there was a good chance of my seeing him.

I had climbed along perhaps eighty yards when I noticed a movement in an oak thicket about one hundred and twenty-five yards away, and almost straight across from where I stood. I froze to the spot and did not again take my eyes off the bear. I knew from experience that the best opportunity for a shot is often lost by taking one's eyes off the game, even for an instant.

It was my blue grizzly, all right! I had seen many bears, but this one made me feel almost the religious awe of the Apache. In that instant my eyes photographed him indelibly in my memory. Short nose, wide head, a hump or roach on his shoulders, the true marks of a grizzly. Bluish-grey color sure enough, with many grey hairs about his head and shoulders. A beast that looked more like a rhinoceros than just one bear. And he had never lost an encounter with a man. No fear in him—only man-hate. I was finished if I failed. My fate hinged on the action of seconds.

He walked boldly out into an opening and stopped broadside, sniffing the air and looking in my direction. His glossy coat shone in the morning sunlight. My blood tingled with pleased surprise as I noticed he had stopped with left foot advanced. . . . A bear's heart is far forward, like a hog's, and in a normal position, it is well protected by heavy bone, leg and shoulder muscles. I had a splendid chance for a heart shot!

Still keeping my eyes on the bear, I laid down one gun and raised the other quickly. As my eyes caught the sights I felt a little stunned. I realized that I had laid down the 33 Winchester and was ready to shoot with the 250-3000 Savage! Evidence of buck fever to which I was usually immune. But I couldn't change rifles again without risking the loss of that opportunity for a vital heart shot. The bear might bolt, too, and my eye was no longer fast enough for a fatal running shot at a beast as big as the blue grizzly.

I held my breath, took careful aim and pressed the trigger. The crack of the rifle and the impact of the bullet were as one sound, so close together were they. That little 87 grain bullet, traveling 3,000 feet per second, shook the big brute and almost knocked him down. He swung upright, standing on his hind feet. He clasped his great body with his two huge forearms and uttered "Oh!" much as a man would do.

And then—he saw me.

With a roar that for sheer hideousness could not be exceeded by Satan himself, he charged.

As he plunged through the oak thicket between us, I realized that I had touched off something like one thousand pounds of angry bear meat. I also knew that I had reached a vital spot, though how much damage had actually been done I could not know.

The blue grizzly was bending and breaking small trees as large as my arm; sweeping everything from his path and burning up a lot of energy. I worked the lever of the gun; it was loaded and cocked when I laid it down. I picked up my 33.

The finish was near. It was the blue grizzly or J. B. Tooker. But I had landed the first blow.

I was cool as ice when he came out of that thicket. There would be open shooting and plenty of space to empty both guns into him. He looked as big as a mountain; I couldn't miss.

As he broke cover I had a bead on him and was about to press the trigger when I noticed him stagger. I waited. He made one or two more short jumps, lay down and rolled the rest of the way, landing on his back in the dry creek bottom. Had I been at that point this would have been a different story, but I was at least twenty-five yards above the bear.

He seemed to know he was too far gone to reach me and lay where he had stopped, his little, beady eyes kindled with the fire of hate, sparkling like diamonds. His huge forearms, as large as a small man's body, were waving still with the power to kill if he could only reach me.

The little bullet must have struck a twig just before it hit the bear and mushroomed or exploded. Otherwise, it does not seem possible, as I determined a little later, that so small a projectile could tear a hole into which I could thrust my fist. His heart was badly shattered, but I could see what was left of it still beating.

I stood off a few feet from him and watched the light go out of his eyes, the heart stop, the ponderous arms slow and still. . . . The blue grizzly was dead.

On closer inspection I found that he had straight, white claws. Two toes were missing from his left front foot, and the end of his nose had been shot off. A bullet had passed through his lower jaw, taking out several teeth. Another old gunshot had taken effect above the right eye, glancing off the thick, sloping skull and coming out between the ears. There was another old wound in the left shoulder, and by cutting away the blue muscles, I found a 351 bullet flattened against the shoulder blade (I still have the bullet), which accounted for the fourth time the dying trapper claimed he had hit the killer of White River. ⧺

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What Isn't Pacifism

Continued from page 65

it is possible for any nation possessing material wealth envied by other nations to disarm itself in a world where armament is the rule. Would this type of emotional pacifist care to go on record as to what would be the fate of France, England and Russia if they were disarmed in the face of the present Germany, Italy and Japan? Or as to what would have been the fate of little Switzerland during the last phase of the World War had her army not made it apparent that the cost of using Switzerland as a second Belgium would have been entirely out of proportion to the benefits derived?

It is clear to the realistic pacifists that this purely emotional attack, if successful, would not only leave the nation involved at the mercy of its armed and belligerent neighbors, but that it does not solve the problem of abolishing war, since obviously war cannot be abolished so long as there is one armed belligerent nation on the face of the earth. What would happen if all the nations of the world except Japan, Italy and Germany should disarm tomorrow? How would one go about disarming these nations in which public opinion is stifled? In which no amount of propaganda, not definitely revolutionary in character, could affect the military policies of the small group of overlords?

It is apparent, from a review of pacifistic propaganda, that there is only one attempt to ascribe the cause for war. This attempt, which concerns the old pacifistic bugaboo of war made by and for the benefit of munitions manufacturers, seems to a person acquainted with world affairs, very much on a par with the possible accusation of community health organizations that wholesale drug manufacturers are responsible for disease. Certainly arms and munitions manufacturers profit from war. It is equally certain that wholesale drug manufacturers profit from disease. To carry the analogy further, when wholesale arms manufacturers know that a government is jittery concerning the possibility that their diplomatic campaigns may end in war, these gentlemen send their agents to convince the involved governments that their wares give the best possible assurance that the user will emerge alive. In a like manner, when a flood or fire or earthquake causes a community to dread disease, you may be certain that the agents of many wholesale drug firms flock to the district in an endeavor to sell their wares. I have never yet read of any health organization accusing a wholesale drug firm of causing these catastrophes from which they profit. Except for this brief diversion, the remainder of the play is almost entirely confined to a recitation of statistical horrors of war.

This is not a modern development. Since writing began, men have been recounting the terrible things which befall the soldier and his victims. The most ancient volumes of clay or papyrus, the most ancient sculpture known to men, all contained voluminous records of these terrors. The walls of the tombs of ancient Egypt, the bas-reliefs of Nineveh and Babylon and of the ancient Hittite palaces, all testify that men were aware of these facts in all ages, and in all ages they insisted upon crying them from the housetops. The remains of the many-thousand-year-old civilization recovered from the jungles of Indo-China and the remains of the civilization of ancient Crete, which, for all practical purposes, might have been on separate planets, were equally anxious to impress upon men's minds the fact that many horrible things can happen in a war.

It is quite apparent that in none of these ancient civilizations did this method succeed in turning men away from war, and all about us is the roaring, booming evidence that it has not succeeded in our own.

There seems to be one very insistent reason why this is true. There are two urges which are most deeply seated in the nature of all animals—and especially in our own. These are the urges to propagate and to destroy. All attempts to root either of these from humanity have proved a task for which no efficient medium has yet been created. The labors of dogmatic religion in attempting the mere restriction of the urge to propagate, and the poor results it has achieved, should be a warning to pacifistic propagandists that a mere recount of the horrors of war will not deter or deeply affect the young human animals who compose the majority of those who make war.

Until something can be substituted for the release which humans receive from war—a greater degree of the release which they receive from less destructive debaucheries—until such substitute is provided, men will continue to be subconscious victims of the excuses, which a predatory economic system periodically provides, to make war.

It is my opinion—after twenty-five years preoccupation with the subject—that picturing horrors merely caters to the sadistic or masochistic impulses of humans. One horror, brought in as an example, may serve to illustrate a point—but a chamber of horrors is nothing but an orgy. The impact of so much horror serves to deaden the moralistic and ethical sense, and allows the mind to substitute what psychiatrists call a "delicious terror."

Practically all of this school of writers veer away from the economic causes which make war—or else the abdication of the class in power—inevitable, at regular

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intervals. If there were no other indications, this fact alone would present sufficient reason to suspect that their interest in the subject might not bear psychiatric investigation. But, aside from this, simply on the basis of efficiency, this approach has been futile. After centuries of "terroristic" propaganda, succeeding generations of men—and now in increasing numbers, women—are willing to rush into the human holocaust. Men and women are not to be frightened away from danger like children in a kindergarten. Pacifist groups should strive to discover better reasons than fear to deter men from war.

In fact, one suspects this type of propaganda has a subtle contrary effect on young men who are at the age when one is most concerned with proving to the opposite sex that he possesses an abundance of masculine characteristics, one of these being—according to popular fancy—an unreasoning physical courage in the face of danger.

It is perhaps significant as an index to our civilization that moral courage is not generally considered a masculine virtue; that the ability to go down before the onslaught of mob hysteria, instead of flowing with it, is not admired by many persons. That most ordinary persons will much more readily face machine guns than they will the social opprobrium of their generation.

One of the forces which renders non-scientific peace propaganda useless is the emulation, in the matter of war, of our hypocrisies in the matter of sex. The majority of our population are sex hypocrites who indulge in long periods of illusion, followed by brief periods of sex activity, followed again by long periods of illusion. Similarly, we indulge in long periods of illusion in which we strive to ignore the fact that we are retaining and developing the organs of war. Or, when we face the fact, we cloud it by the hypocritical assertions that armaments are the implements of peace. Then, when the cause of war has swollen to the bursting point, we go to fight with the platitudes and "sweet nothings" of war propaganda in our ears—just as we delude ourselves similarly with the "sweet nothings" of the sexual vocabulary which our hypocrisy makes necessary. Always we strive to forget that war, in all ages, has been waged for a reason which—tenable or not—has seemed valid to the self-interested persons who controlled the social machinery.

This brings us to the machinery of peace. It is no secret that the League of Nations has failed dismally. It failed because it was never more than a conference of nations, and was never given the power of a league. When one has seen the chicanery of the British Cabinet, one sees that the League is hopeless. England evidently never intended the League for more than a façade of its machinery for the preservation of the status quo, and made a secret deal with Italy *within the framework* of the Hoare-Laval Treaty a year before Italy began her conquest. Why has this letter from the British Foreign Office giving Italy permission to conquer all of Ethiopia *except the zone of British interest* been given so little publicity? We will merely state that the power against whom the policy was directed could no more remain in ignorance of it than could a man who is hit with a brick—and not killed—remain long insensible to the fact that something has happened to him.

But aside from this, the absolute hypocrisy of the great powers concerning the League was clearly and undeniably shown by the clowning of Eden, who continually stuck out his tongue at Mussolini, while playing "footie" beneath the diplomatic boards.

If there were one great newspaper in America whose editors were really anxious for world peace, the exposure of that letter (the existence of which some of us had banked on through merely mathematical reasoning) would have provided material for one of the most sensational campaigns for a real peace-insuring mechanism.

But, as usual, the hypocrisy which covers the actions of so many loud-voiced advocates of peace triumphed. Today not one person in one hundred thousand even knows that the British Foreign Office, a year before Italy entered upon the rape of Ethiopia, gave Mussolini assurance in writing that England would not oppose him, and that the publication of that letter, after the British people refused to accept the Hoare-Laval Pact, gave irrefutable proof that all of the English Cabinet's bombastic talk of "sanctions" and "drastic action" was so much lie and treachery. That it was a part of the game of words for which the fantastic vocabulary—the "sweet nothings"—of the League were invented. The "sweet nothings" with which hypocritical newspaper editors lull the fears of their readers, whose minds, on the subject of war, seem always of virginal ignorance.

Why did our newspapers ignore this, if they are actually peace-loving? Is it true that newspapers are merely acting as the agents of all governments which foster false and "do-nothing" peace propaganda, in order to forestall real and effective peace propaganda?

There is good reason for the belief that the fear of subsequent revolution is the only force which possesses power to avert the spread of what correspondents now openly name "the little world war."

At any rate, we have a League building in Geneva. For what we have in it I will quote Clarence K. Streit, one of the experts on the League. The following is from an article in the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine:

"Feverish activity has returned

Continued on page 226

AN Epicure NEVER FORGETS!
AFTER COFFEE...
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*In Latin, *Deo Optimo Maximo*—whence come the famous initials, D. O. M

What Isn't Pacifism

Continued from pages 65-225

to Geneva. In the spacious corridors of the new League palace, whose lofty windows frame Mount Blanc, there is life again . . .

"The luxurious new council chamber may have its baptism of fire in the tragedy of Spain's civil war—the chamber which a united Spain decorated with Sert's masterpieces, with their gigantic dream of peace . . .

"Life—or death—has returned to Geneva.

"As winter falls the great new palace stands out sharply. The green curtain of leaves that half hid it is gone . . . The League never bulked so big or seemed so solid as it does now—physically. But otherwise? What of those intangibles that put the palace there and turned on the lights and can turn them off and let the palace fall in ruins? . . .

"There was the dream of a universal League, of the governments of all the nations on earth gathering equally together in Geneva to co-operate for peace . . . the dream of making the world safe for democracy and the rights of man by making it safe for nationality and the rights of nations . . .

"There were even those in Geneva who dreamed the American dream of outlawing war by a stroke of the pen. *There were such dreams in those days that people really believed that war was no longer the greatest danger for them* . . .

"And now? . . . supporters of the League here would undoubtedly prefer to see the League superseded by a better alternative than to see it return to the front page as a supreme war council in action. What makes Geneva gloomy, then, is not fear for the League so much as fear for Europe and fear for the world, fear that the League cannot prevent the looming catastrophe, fear that a better alternative to the League cannot be found in time to prevent catastrophe, fear that effective peace machinery must be worked out, if at all, in war's dreadful furnace."

"But as she (the League) looks into her new council chamber where Sert's golden frescoes show how men have already saved the world from pestilence and slavery, Geneva renews her faith that the dreams of peace can be attained, too, and will be in the end. After all, it is the fall that darkens. Once winter comes the light starts to return. It is perhaps a rainbow sign that every year the longest night is followed by the day of Peace on Earth."

I ask you carefully to compare the "sweet nothings" of the last paragraph with what has gone before. Do you not perceive a familiar note? Is it not the acme of hypocrisy to end a tragic declaration of the utter hopelessness of the only machinery we have for the preservation of world peace, with a sickly Pollyanna-ish passage which would look perfectly oriented on the average editorial page. "Don't worry, children, it's true a new war, more horrible than any you have ever dreamed, is upon us. But those of you who are destined to survive, are not to fret. I am here to assure you that War is always followed by Peace. And then we'll build a new wing to the League Palace."

This sugary hypocrisy is the theme, the motif, of all false and treacherous, all bogus peace propaganda. It is this note which has lulled numberless generations into inaction in the truces between wars. It is this failure to call a spade a spade. It is the mass of the hypocritical mouthings of those persons who do not in their hearts admit that the horrors which *others* experience in war are worse than the alternative reorganization of international society to make war mathematically improbable. It is this false and evasive public expression which renders scientific organization to prevent war impossible (or improbable).

This alone seems to be the kernel of the nut we, of this generation, have to crack.

The fact that we do not know for certain that, with the uprooting of the causes for war as now known, men will not find other excuses for the ultimate debauch of self-destruction—does not alter our problem of bringing war causes out into the open. The task of each generation is the solution of the problems facing that particular generation, and the problem facing us seems to be the elimination of the causes of economic conflict which produce both international and civil wars. For no intelligent person will deny that the fear of the latter has often been a contributing factor to the birth of the former, and that this is more than likely to be proved true again within a matter of months.

In the time left us—and afterwards—let us concentrate on the causes. Let us repeat and repeat the trade rivalry that caused the present World War (both the 1914-18 round and the round just beginning)—the trade rivalry which (via the Anglo-American agreement concerning South America) has caused the imminent war with Japan. It is our task to deny our descendants the excuses which we have for jungle behavior. To make it impossible for men to speak of gun-emplacements as though they were altars of peace; of bayonets as though they were toothpicks for the serving of the *hors d'oeuvres* of peace; of battleship salvos as though they were the eternal verification of our acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount. Let us deal only with the actual facts. Let us show that not only the most obvious industry, but every department of our economic system is at fault.

If we do this we may accomplish for the cause of peace what centuries of emotional and evasive propaganda has failed to accomplish. ⧻

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-10

THE PLAIN READER ON MICE, MEN, STYLE

Willya lend an ear to a new subscriber who's fulla fury and making all the sound he can on a 1921 Remington portable for the benefit of your gosh-amighty editors who stay awake nights wading through piles of unread manuscripts? Having just paid five bucks for a year's subscription to the bulkiest magazine on the newsstand could I register a mild but sincere protest against your stories with their nauseating and meaningless "style." That stuff you've been calling fiction is pure, unmitigated drivel replete with grammatical monstrosities and cockeyed endings which no one understands—not even the authors, I'll bet!

I slushed through the January and February issues and thought the cartoons and ads were swell. As for the "fiction"—well, maybe *I* was wrong. Since when does a college degree give me license to pass on magazine fiction? However, I'm yelling uncle! I've just read the first two stories in the March issue. I DEFY ANY NORMAL BEING WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND A SMATTERING OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TO TELL ME WHATINHELL THESE TWO LITERARY MASTERPIECES WERE TRYING TO SAY—and why it couldn't be said in good old New Yorkese without the objectionable style writing. I know there are groups of mugs who read through this stuff, sigh blissfully, murmur some mushy stuff about "stark, dynamic genius" and then dash out to the corner to sob in their beer. NOT FOR ME! Is this a magazine for MEN or mice?

Here in ESQUIRE I find that in order to see some swell cartooning I've got to read through the lousiest bunch of short stories ever thrown onto a coated rag. Of course, I don't *have* to read these alleged stories—but why pay five bucks for a set of funny drawings and some attractive ads? Please, Esky, if my subscription is to continue, can we have some stuff in English with those good old sample declarative sentences with nouns, verbs and predicates? Leave those long-haired geniuses for retired college professors and students of journalism at Columbia.

Yours for five bucks worth,
MUNROE WIESENFELD
Bronx, New York City

TESTIMONIAL

This is the first time I've taken the trouble to write you mugs and it will probably be the last. I've read the latest issue and it's the worst you have put out so far. Not one good story, article or cartoon in the whole damn mess. I have been looking over copies of the magazine published during the first and second years. Boy! What a difference! Anyone who has been a regular customer can see that ESQUIRE is on the skids.

I also see by the March issue that you are making a fool of yourself over some brick laying wop. A lot of crazy ballyhoo about nothing. Trying to force us to believe you've discovered a new genius. I have read his story and if you think that guy is a writer some of his bricks must have bounced off your noodle.

I don't like wops, and stories of them getting their heads cracked only amuse me faintly. It's too bad Mr. Donato didn't suffer a similar fate, in order that we might be spared his rubbish. The story is rotten lousy and any guy that sends you chiselers a quarter for a copy of this stuff is a candidate for the bug-house.

I have just thrown ESQUIRE out the window where the falling snow will soon cover him up. He is just as pure as the snow itself. Gone is the old masculine magazine we once knew. I had a hunch this would happen when you started catering to the women and children. ESQUIRE, the magazine for schoolgirls and gullible sissies. Half a buck to look at a lot of whiskey and supporter advertisements.

I don't suppose you have the guts to print this letter and I don't care much if you do or not. I enclose my photo so that you may see the influence your magazine has had upon me. You can see I am the typical sophisticated ESQUIRE reader. You will note that my little den has been designed by His Highness Count Sakhnoffsky. My clothes are designed for formal and semi-formal wear and when it rains I cover all with a cape made of a potato sack.

If you publish this photograph please do not make an error and credit it to Hurrell.

Love and hisses to you from
Montreal, Can. PATRICK A. RYAN

WAR AMONG THE ESCORTS

You must have completely overwhelmed Ted Peckham "the male Peggy Joyce"—Ohmigawd! to trade him the admitted honor of appearing in your pages for the dubious honor of committing Hari-Kari in print.

As director of the Guide Escort Service of Philadelphia I take issue with his description, his language and his bad taste.

It is a case of "Speak for yourself, John." Maybe New York escorts are pleased to serve in a court of gigolos with a hybrid Peggy Joyce—waving a woozy baton.

Maybe you call your benefactor's sister "a horse" and ridicule her publicly.

Maybe, being King of the Gigolos, you can also admit to being Socrates, Rudolph Valentino and the Fairy Queen—all in one without blushing.

And maybe—just maybe—after you have Americanized an idea already successfully established in London these thirty years—and labeled it original—you insult your clients intelligence and charm and brag of your own superior acumen.

To use your own language—"Why the hell shouldn't you—?" It's probably veddy, veddy New York.

But in Philadelphia my hundred escorts are *not* gigolos—we reserve our horses for polo and respect our friends.

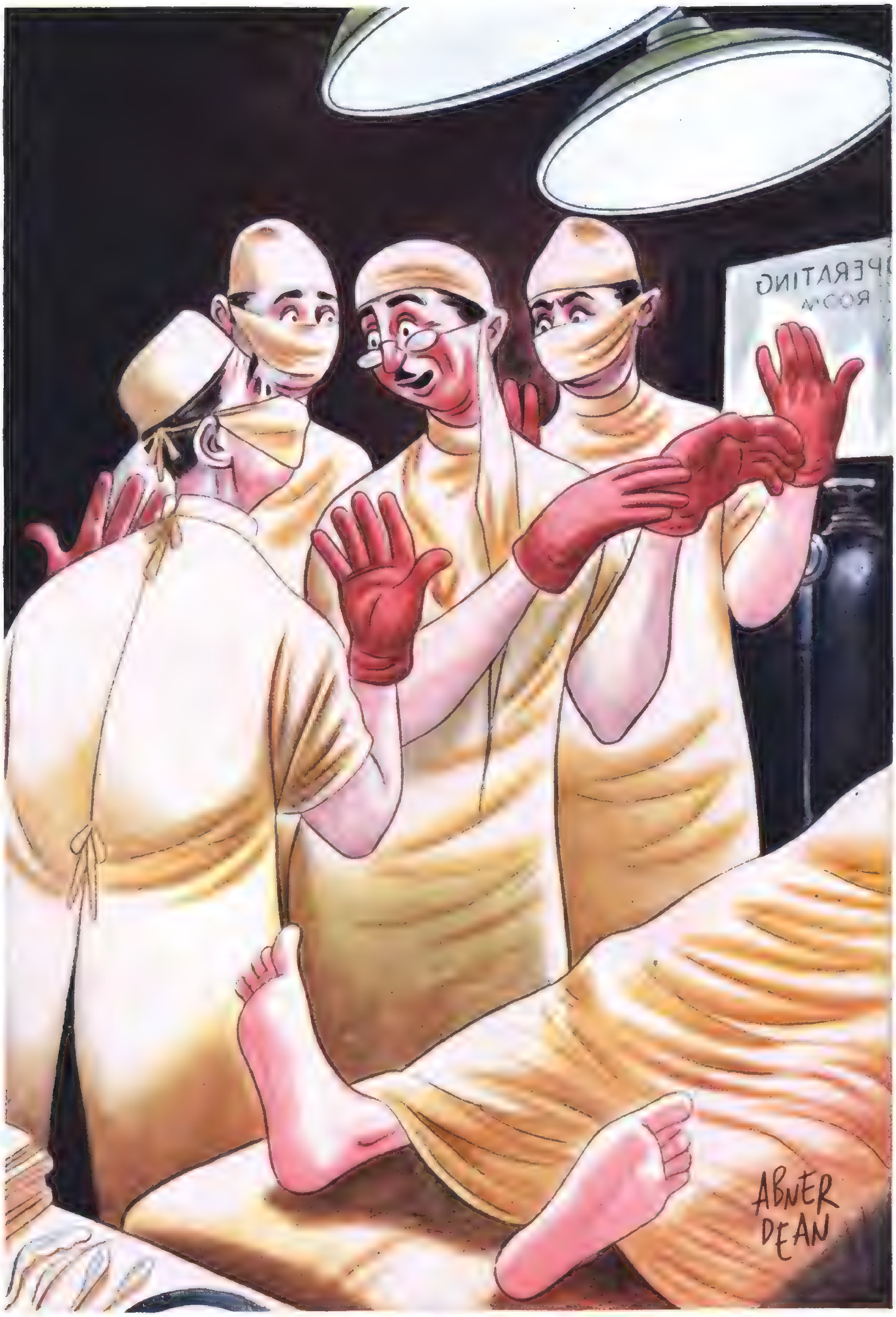
And we find in the Guide Escort Service of Philadelphia that the popularity of our young men—as well as our seasoned middle aged escorts—is due to the novelty of going out with a new date—or the shortage of suitably cultured escorts in a city where the women outnumber the men five to one.

It isn't, tell Pecky, the unattractive women who spend money on our escorts—it's the women who have had enough fun to get a taste for it and are willing to pay for an escort—as they'd pay for a taxi.

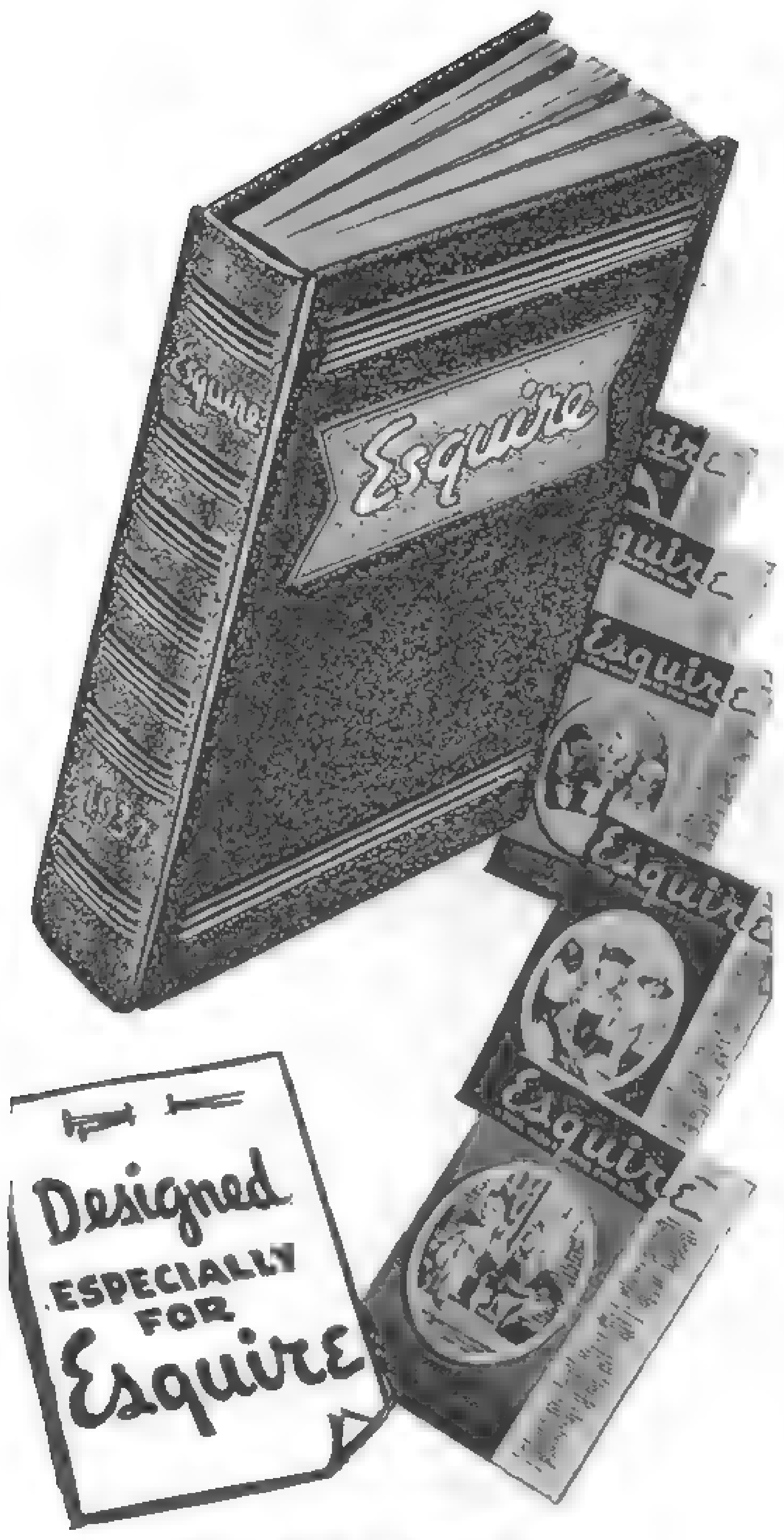
They know where they want to go and we get them there—with humility, gratitude and respect. And why shouldn't we—We like our bread and butter—with jam, not vitriol.

Philadelphia, Pa. GEORGE W. HYAM

Continued on page 228


OPERATING
ROOM
ABNER
DEAN

"I don't have much confidence in theories—it's all a matter of trial and error"



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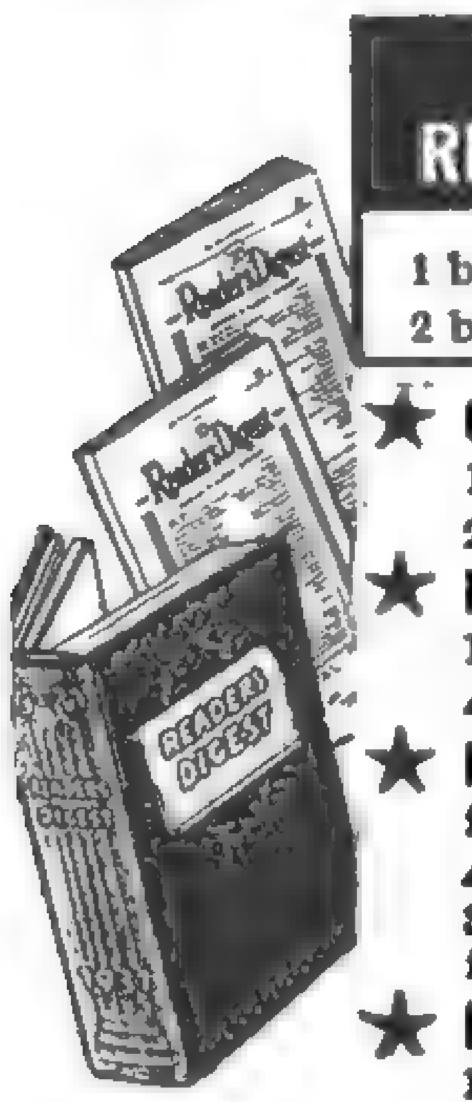

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-10-226

LINE UP AND TAKE YOUR TURN

Here is a brickbat for your bricklayer. What a nice little bedtime story he turned out! After all that tremendous ballyhoo you gave him I really expected something important; but what did we get? Some sophomoric cynicism, a moth-eaten plot that even a pulp editor would throw in the waste basket, and a mess of nasty expressions. It wasn't even good Communistic propaganda as Comrade di Donato evidently intended it to be. Too much filth and horror soon ceases to be effective and becomes merely offensive. And what, pray, is there new or original in an innocent person getting killed in an accident? The "unjustice" of such things is well known to the average ten-year-old school boy; but then, of course, I suppose we can excuse the bricklayer because he didn't have much education, and when he did discover this fact he got all worked up up over it. I think I'll write you a story called "Christ on a Raft" in which a hard working, job-loving sailor is accidentally shipwrecked and dies of thirst in horrible agony wondering where the "justice" in life may be; and then another story, a much better one, to be entitled "Jesus in a Jinrickshaw" in which a pious missionary accidentally falls over backwards out of his 'rickshaw, and as his brains begin to drool over the sidewalk he calls on his friend Jesus to save him, and then feels very much surprised and indignant when he finally dies instead. If you will read this outline at four o'clock in the morning I am sure you will agree with me that it is probably the greatest piece of literature ever conceived.

Yours sincerely,
Howard B. MacDonald
Yonkers, N. Y.

LOOSE-LEAF LETTER

Now, I have a message for you from the brothers in our house; Bombay Bicycle Boys, we call ourselves for want of a better name; I shall get to that presently, generalities first. Considering Esquire as being, like all Gaul, divided into three parts, we like the articles. We are the readers, all four of them, of the old *Smart Set* whose torch we thought you were trying to catch, and so we have followed you. The fiction, still apparently following the Dos Passos-Hemingway pattern, we like enough not to discuss. We like Nathan because he used to like O'Neill as much as we do now (do now like O'Neill, of course). And we like the ads and departments, all of them. So. We even confess a sneaking liking for the circulation devices, you know: *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, *Something-or-other about a Wench*, the *She Doesn't Love You If—fiasco*, etc. They're very necessary, we know, as are the other things with which you've been experimenting.

But enough of the general summary and back to the articles for the message. You started it for us with *Whistling on the Piano:* we bought a piano. *Brands in the Burning* caught us in another weak spot; we have The Mixture now, established by seniority and popular acclaim. We like that sort of thing enough to buy separate copies (all of us, that is, except "Horses" Sasse) every time you run it. You know, instruction or pointers in something tricky that we've always wondered about: matching colors in shirt and tie, etching at home, bull baiting, tap dancing, etc. We think that almost everyone is a sucker for that sort of thing. Look at us: we all smoke pipes now, we can all pick out popular songs with even an erratic bass, we never wear derbies with our dinner jackets, we try to imitate Hurrell with our girl friends and box cameras. You, we are sure, get the idea: a man feels that he's got something to sink his teeth into when he picks up these little matters-of-fact. We write this because we know that, while almost everyone will agree with us, no one seems to say much about it because it's pretty hard to snarl about it, and, heaven knows, you've got to snarl to make *S and F*. Yes, of course we'd like to see this printed, but truly, we'd rather have you read it.

The Bombay Bicycle Boys, per
H. Forrest Hill
Purdue University Chief Pedaler
Lafayette, Indiana

OBJECTION RECORDED

It is a damn outrage that you or your staff permitted this churl who calls himself Captain Edward C. Crossman to take such a lousy and uncalled for, crack at the lawyers in an article entitled, *There's a Red Light on the Track.* Quote: "If about 75% of the so-called gunsmiths and about 85% of the lawyers of this fair land were laid end to end out across the Atlantic Ocean, they would reach quite a distance and the country would be much better off" end of quote.

To those who have noticed this contumely you will agree with me that this is highly impertinent. In the second instance it is the statistical observation of a crank who must have been exposed to tropical sun for too long a period.

I in behalf of the lawyers of this "fair" land demand that this remark be struck from his original manuscript *Nunc pro tunc,* and that the readers of Esquire be instructed by this editorial department, to disregard this irrelevant and contemptible opinion. As a closing suggestion, I believe it would not be such a bad idea if Captain Edward C. Crossman would soak his head in the ocean which he refers to in his literary ambush on the lawyers of this "fair" land. I and my brothers, William C. and Mitchell N., feel certain that the salt water would improve his mind so that it would not wander, so that it would slip from an article on guns to a one-man attack from ambush on lawyers. Print this letter in your *Sound and Fury* department with your explanation for this oversight.

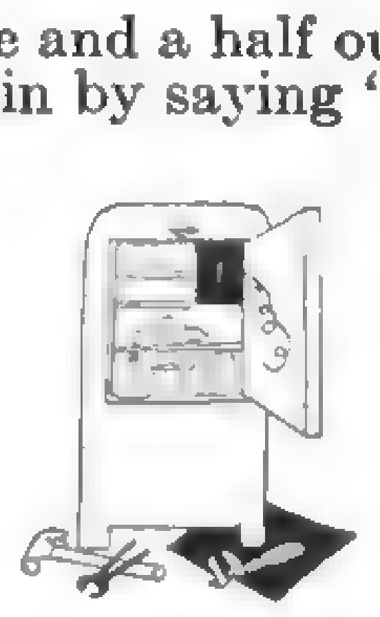
Sincerely yours,
Detroit, Mich. Edward M. Cassel

NO FAIR BETTING ON A CERTAINTY

This betting thingumbob of Parke Cummings is a game anyone can play. I might even have got paid for it if I'd had the idea first. Anyway, I will bet—

Two to one that nine and a half out of ten women who begin by saying "I promised not to tell a soul," will tell the whole story within five minutes.

Ten to one that my husband, after fixing a leaky faucet or oiling the refrigerator (attention Mr. Peet) will leave his tools exactly where he used them.



Twenty-five to one that when Christmas falls on a week-day, sometime during the day I will hear the remark: "I do declare, this seems exactly like Sunday."

Even money that my husband, when I proudly display something I have bought at a bargain, will remark cynically "I don't see how they do it!"

Three to one that four out of five letters in the *S & F* contain the word "damned"; three out of four contain the word "lousy"; and half of them contain the word "guts."

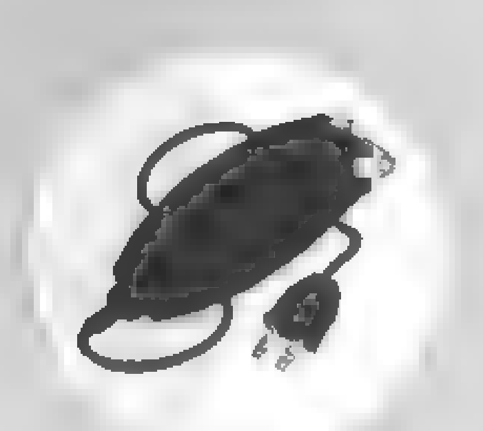
Even money that I can pick one out of Mr. Cummings' list that he won't bet on.

Springdale, Ark. Caroline Clark

Continued on page 230

FOR GENTLEMEN WHOM BLONDES PREFER

RAY *electric* SHAVER



YOU SHAVE AT THE NATURAL ANGLE • The design of the Ray permits you to shave with the arm in a comfortable position. Soft or wire-hair beards, the new precision-made, piston action cutting head shaves 'em all —close and clean. Massaging as it shaves, it leaves the skin smooth, soft and glowing. A Ray shave will be a new thrill for you—and for Her. *The Ray Electric Shaver is fully guaranteed against defects for one year.*

• PACKED IN A BEAUTIFUL TREASURE CHEST BOX. CHOICE OF BLACK OR MAHOGANY CASE.

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There is something about *B.V.D.* that is winning Younger Men

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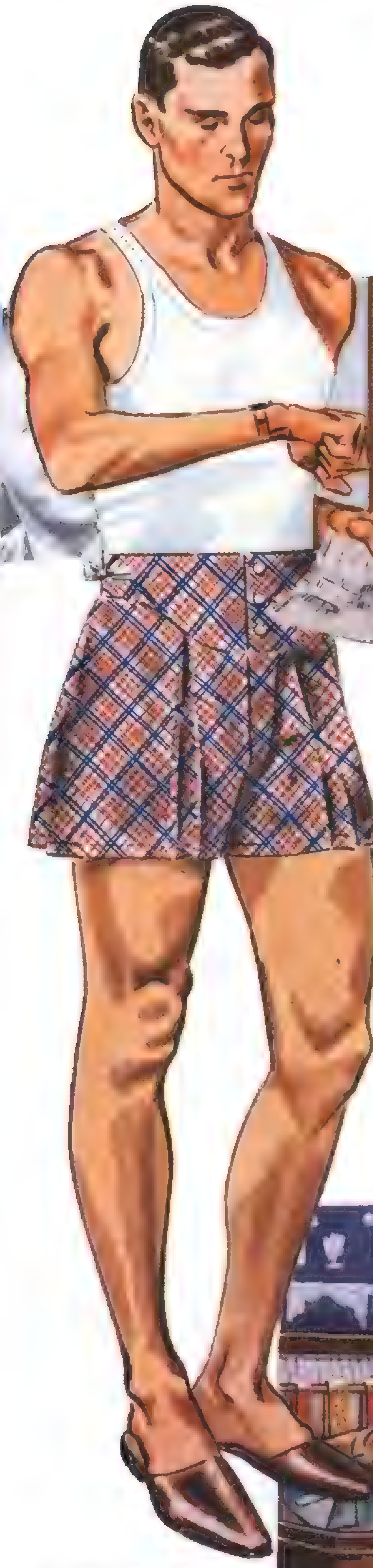

CALL *it smartness! Call it individuality! Call it good taste!* But see the new B.V.D. pajamas, shorts and shirts, smart robes and versatile "*Ruggers" leisure shirts and you'll know why men with young ideas—the younger men from sixteen to sixty—are going B.V.D. this year.

You see pictured on this page a colorful presentation of some of B.V.D.'s 1937 masculine ideas! They're as new and exciting as tomorrow's headlines—as colorful as a coronation—and with a pocket-book appeal in every price tag. But these are only a start—see the others in the windows of your favorite shop. See B.V.D.'s exclusive fabrics—the handsome "He-Man" patterns—the distinguished foulard designs—the camera-caught "Photo-Prints." And before the thermometer takes its first jump, get the inside story on the comfort and coolness of B.V.D.'s featherweight, heat-defying fabrics.

Make it a smarter Summer—a cooler Summer—a healthier Summer—see B.V.D.'s "Sheer Comfort," "*Feather Pongee," "Q Cumber Crepe" and "*Feather Mesh" shirts and shorts, pajamas, robes and "*Ruggers" today.

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK
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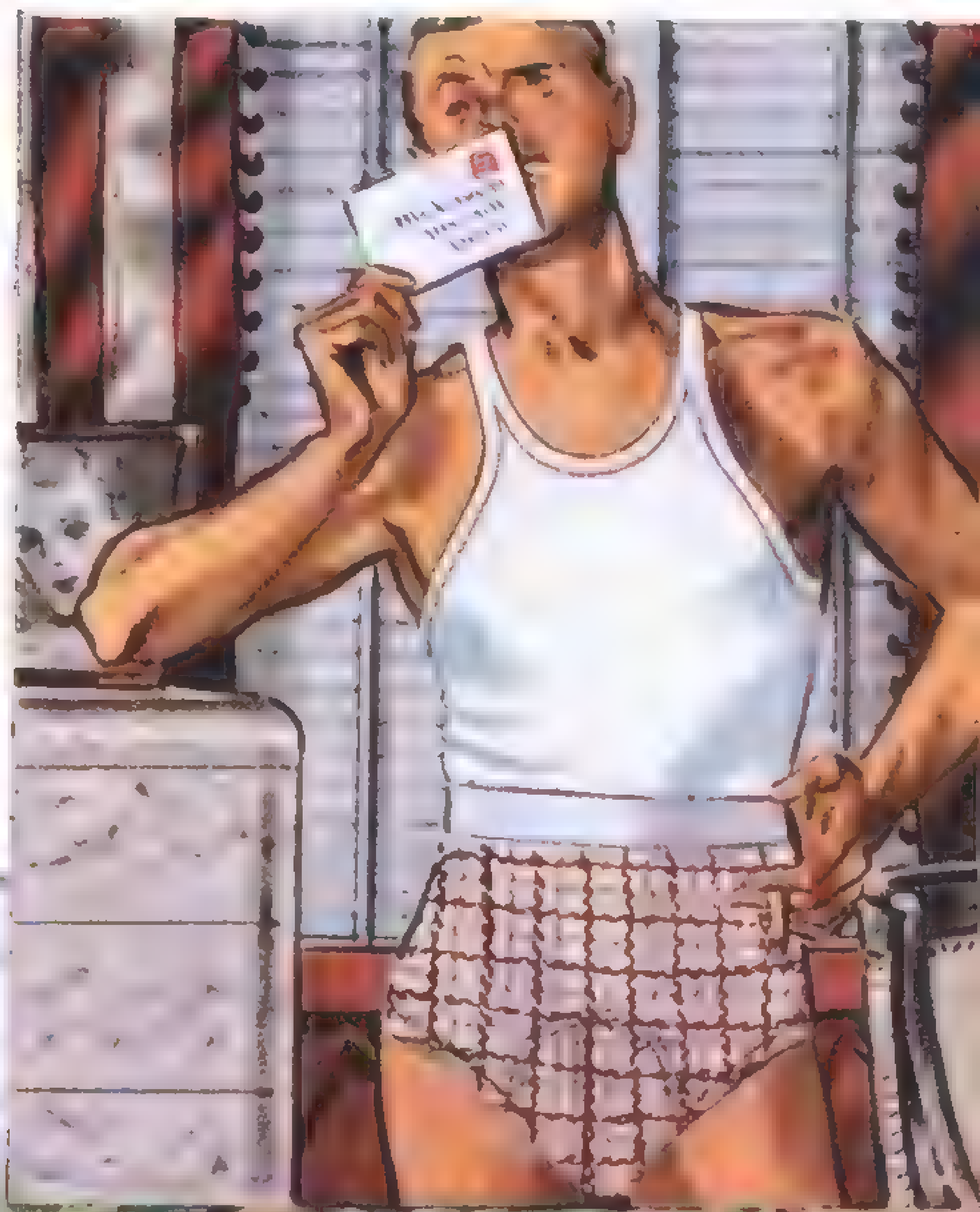
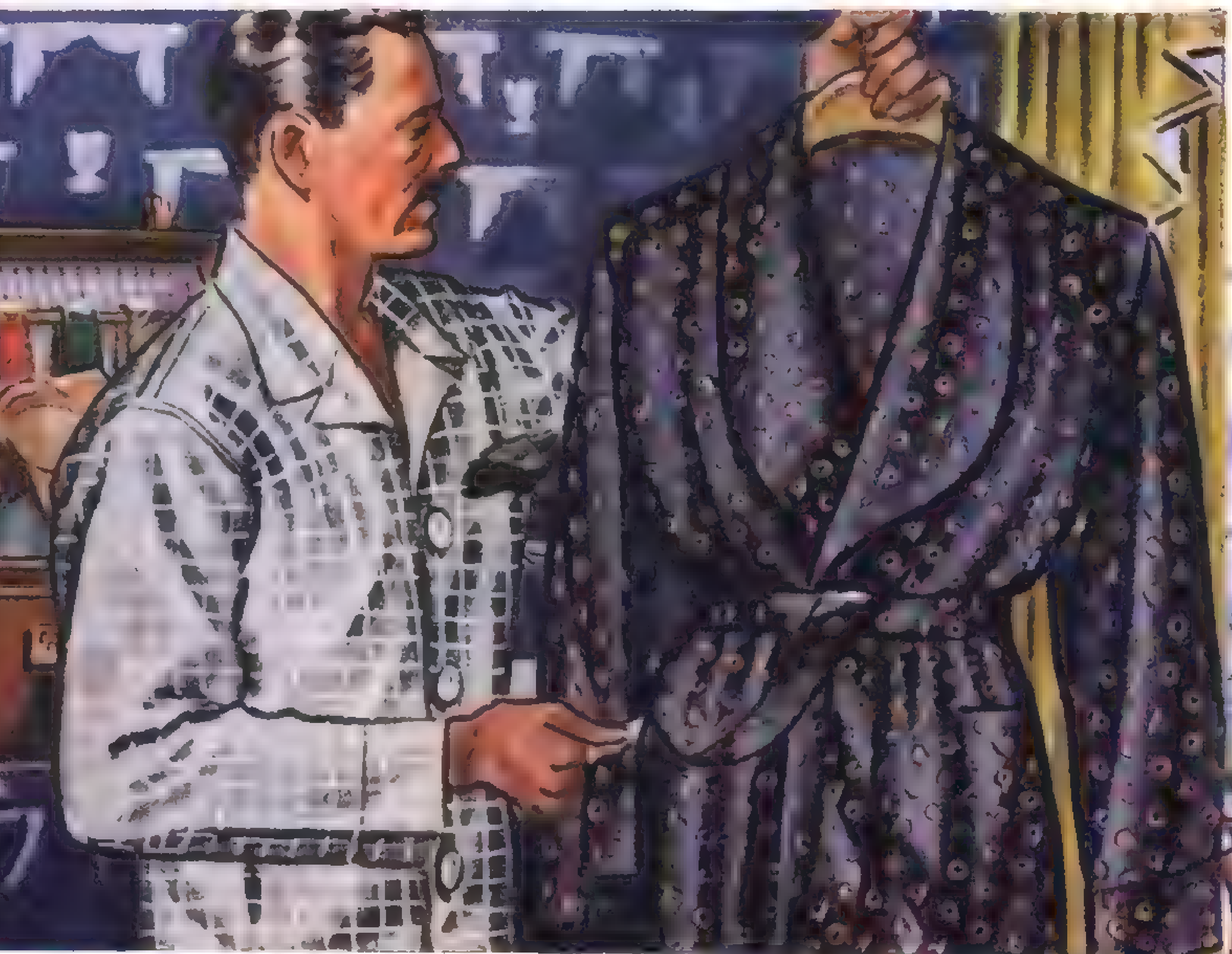
- One sure way to chill those Summer heat waves is with B.V.D.'s knitted Briefs. You'll like the comfortable up-and-down stretch construction. In two-toned checked effects 50¢.



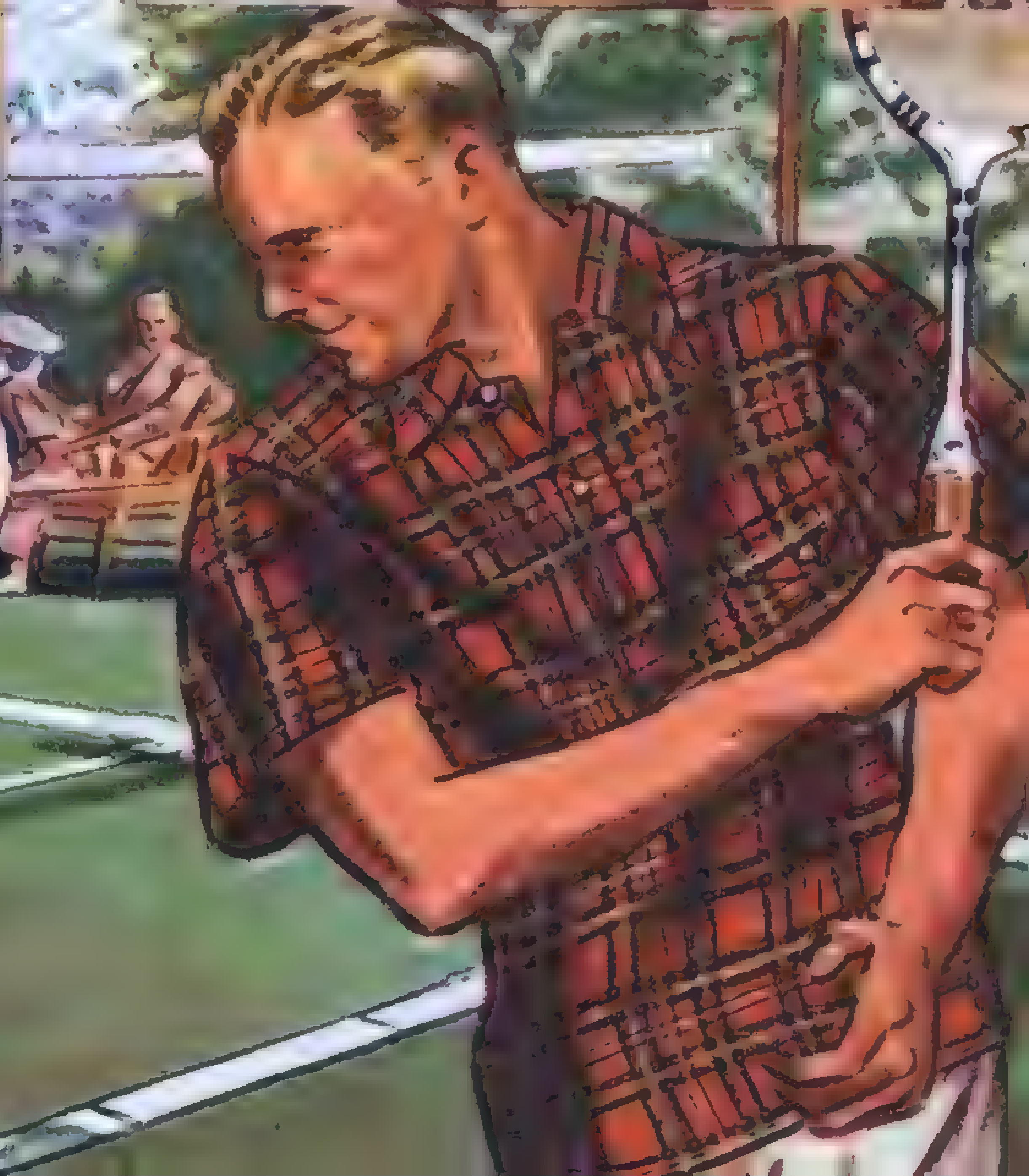
- Smartness goes hand-in-hand with comfort in B.V.D.'s cool Check pajamas and Foulard design robe. Pajamas $2; Robes $2; Shorts with "All-Ways Stretch" feature 50¢.

*Other exclusive B.V.D. designs and fabrics in pajamas, "*Ruggers," robes, shorts, knit underwear, swim suits and beachwear in popular price ranges.*



- Look cool—feel cool—be cool, in B.V.D.'s new Plaid shorts. Four patterns—each with B.V.D.'s "All-Ways Stretch" feature. Shorts and Knit Shirts 50¢ each. Pajamas $2.

- A distinguished 1937 edition of B.V.D.'s sensational "*Ruggers" shirt. In authentic Clan plaids, $1 up. Other "*Ruggers" with the new B.V.D. Spring Action Back $1 to $2.



MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

for younger men from 16 to 60

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-10-226-228

SOAP FOR THE MOUTH OF TULSA '40

Well Mr. hey-rah wild and wooly Tulsa '40, I certainly must say if nothing else you are *men* out thar! And of course one of the best ways to prove that you are a man and show your virility is by swearing not every word but G. damn nearly every word. What the hell! Damn it all, I guess to hell you must really like your dirt as dirt, eh? Aw fudge!

If you get any time off from one of your smut sessions at the "frat house", and take the trouble to count up the odds and ends of your profanity in the course of your little dissertation, you'll find that they total mighty close to fifteen. Since they all consist of "damn" and "hell" maybe an increase in vocabularity might not be such a bad idea!

I didn't intend to plug either side of this argument, although I'm rather inclined to agree with Princeton '40 who isn't quite as "hag happy" as you Tulsa men claim to be. Prejudiced, maybe? You started off by agreeing with Princeton, and then switched horses in mid-stream. Sort of looks as if you don't quite know what your own ideas are, eh Mr. Tulsa!

As for your little statement that Princeton Freshmen were "probably too young to know what it is all about . . ", this of course definitely could not apply to *Tulsa* Freshmen—you boys know the score too well!

Well, here's hoping Mr. Joe Collitch will learn in four years that the way to show his manhood is not solely through swearing and bragging about smut sessions in frat houses. Incidentally old man, they don't have "frats" at Princeton!

Princeton '39 and still learning.

Princeton University
Princeton, N. J. R. J. Sullivan, '39

P.S. Just where in hell *is* Tulsa anyway?

SNEERING SNIP-SNAP

While I don't agree entirely with Princeton '40 in his criticism of your magazine, the letter of John Fulling of the University of Tulsa requires me to attempt an answer. Mr. Fulling seems only secondarily interested in defending ultra-sophistication, dirt, and Dos Passos. His chief interest seems to be in cussing Old Nassau.

I think the criticism by Princeton '40 was meant to be a plea for moderation, for less extreme sophistication and less unnecessary dirt. Dirt for the sake of realism or humor is one thing; dirt for dirt's sake is another, and belongs in *Snappy Stories*.

The same distinction may be made in the case of profanity. For instance, Tulsa '40 manages to use profanity approximately fourteen times in his four short paragraphs. To some readers this may denote poverty of vocabulary; to me it represents a rather obvious and typically freshmanic effort to "talk big".

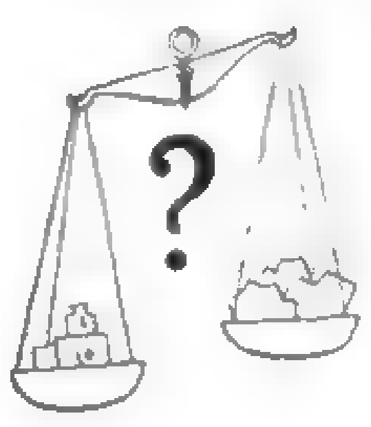
It is doubtful whether 99% of your readers regard the work of Dos Passos as "garbage". It is more probable that a large majority of us, not gifted with Mr. Fulling's powers of literary perception, fail to understand, and therefore to appreciate, this work. As for the much-discussed *She's No Longer Faithful If"* articles, I think most readers will agree that, while they were faintly amusing at first, they became progressively worse as the author apparently ran out of material.

To return to my original purpose, Mr. Fulling has insinuated that Princeton men don't know "what it's all about." I can only beg of him to assume a more tolerant attitude. After all, we have not had the privilege of absorbing ultra-sophistication from such centers as Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Sincerely,
Princeton, N. J. Albert B. Sharp
Princeton, '39

P.S. My sincere apologies to Tulsa for that last crack. I suppose Mr. Fulling is no more popular in Tulsa than he would be in Princeton.

EIGHT-DAY BRAIN RACE



Some time ago I sent a "brain-twister" to you thinking that perhaps you would be interested in publishing it. This happened when the problem craze was going on among your subscribers. A few months ago I noticed in your *Sound and Fury* that some pleading soul was asking for more problems which all made me wonder the more why I had never seen the problem I sent to you in your magazine. Now I don't give a hoot whether or not you publish it, but I would certainly like to know if there is any mathematical formula for working the problem. I've given it to several friends, none of whom have been able to work it by any method other than the trial and error. That incidentally is the way I worked it. For your convenience I am again stating the problem.

A man has a set of balance scales with no graduated scale on it for fraction of a pound measurements, but the poor fellow does not have any of the necessary weights nor does he have the money to buy any of the necessary weights. However he has a friend who has promised to lend his weights for one afternoon. The poor fellow borrows his friend's weights and takes his scales to a nearby field and selects four stones of the proper weight. With these four stones he can weigh any pound of meat or what-have-you from one pound through forty pounds. (One through forty, inclusive.) Now my fine friends what is the weight of each of the four stones? Please do not misunderstand me, I am not writing this in a challenging manner at all. On the contrary I am asking for information. I would certainly appreciate hearing of any mathematical formula by which the problem may be worked. Admitting my ignorance and my interest in such problems, I worked eight days on it before I found the solution by trial and error. Not that I think you will need the hint that the stones may be used on either side of the balance and as many stones at a time as desired, you might be interested in knowing that that is the principle upon which the problem is solved.

If you would like to have my solution to the problem just let me know. And that isn't a crack either. I'm sure that you will work the problem without any difficulty. What I want to know is how to work it in less than eight days.

Respectfully yours,
Frank K. Burgess
Barbourville, Ky.

AW, BE GLAD YOU'RE HORMONIC

In February Esquire, page 64, *To Philander or Not?*— the real scientific basis and foundation for the conclusion reached is wholly missed. As I have written you before, editors should not play around with highly technical matters which they do not know about. That is a sort of literary or editorial philandering that is very common and it makes anyone who does know, very weary.

The scientific explanation of why there should not be philandering is the physiological effects of sex hormones. This is very fully and carefully set out in the most simple language that even an editor should be able to understand in a book that has sold about a million copies, but mostly in England—*Married Love* by Dr. Marie C. Stopes. It can now be had in an inexpensive edition in this country. It's not new, having been published about eight years ago.

But I have known about sex hormones for many years, ever since I called attention to the goat-gland rejuvenation operation and got it more than a million dollars' worth of publicity a score of years ago.

When you run a highly technical article such as *To Philander or Not*—for Heaven's sake please get it right and correct and up-to-date and being scientific sex stuff, be scientific. The great American public knows what hormones are and has for years. If the medical profession does not, it's just too bad for the doctors. You use so much sex stuff that you ought to have someone check you up on such matters. You certainly need it. Your sex science is awful. You can just as well be scientific about that. It is certainly just as easy. You need a technical advisor and council on that and you need it mighty bad.

Very truly,
Belle Plaine, Iowa H. Roy Mosnat

WHISPERING SEX

If we must have sex in our stories and articles, let it drift in with the faint rustling of the leaves, let it come with the smell of damp earth, or, better still, in the softening glow of twilight; above all, let it intrude upon us subtly; let us not, as authors, drag it in by the ears and foist it upon the reader with the remark, "Here is sex, that ugly duckling you've been thinking about in your idle moments. It's ugly as hell but don't be ashamed of it, for we're all that way!"

Oklahoma City, Okla. E.P.S.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Life has been pleasant in this snug little cabin; comin' to its warm shelter at night when the wind was howlin' down from the snow capped Panamints, I'd put my stone hatchet in a corner and fix somethin' good to eat. Later, when things were slicked away, with a bright fire roarin' in the rock chimney and a big hot whiskey at hand I'd prowl through the pages of Esquire. Here was real masculine companionship in a place where the sting of loneliness is sometimes keen. Life was becoming placid when the idyll was wrecked.

Up here in the Death Valley country I have seen strange things and persons, the Crown Prince and Princess of Shootmeup, hoop-snakes and the beginning and middle of the New Deal, of course it's the heat. But what I never did expect to see, was the likeness of a pretty woman gracing the *Sound and Fury* columns of Esquire. The fact that this happened in the January issue proves beyond question which is the weaker sex. Now don't get peeved, for I'm not blaming you; but was it necessary, just because you got all steamed up to scatter the infection among the rest of the clan?

Now woman is one of the causes that drive men into places like this, and also drive them out. You shouldn't have done it; things have suddenly gone flat. The grub don't taste good; my whiskey's lost its bite; the whole place is lonesomer'n Scotty's Castle and with spring in the air to make matters worse I guess we'll pull out.

You caused it all, so I'll get even by windin' this up with a transcript of a little talk I've just had with my jackass, Pedro.

We'll leave the latch on the cabin door
Swingin' free to the wanderer's hand.
From our choicest we will leave a bit
Where he'll see and will understand.
And tighten the rocks 'round the water hole
For the drops that the heavens send.
'Cause we're sayin' good-by in the mornin', Pedro
And we'll go on to the rainbow's end.

Tragically yours,
Trona, Calif. Chuckawalla

SOUVENIR AT SIXTY

Stag party. Ladies pass at their own risk!

But a stag mag? Good sirs, and I trespass, respect my gray hairs!

Says Webster: "Esquire, a title of dignity next in degree below '*Knight*' and above *gentleman*."

Despite the disillusionment of sixty years I still believe that an appreciable majority of men will measure up to the title.

So—

Page the writer of *The Wench Is Not Amused*.

Is she really an unsophisticated young thing? Or is she trying to keep pace with the stylists who are featuring corsets and leg-o-mutton sleeves as per 1890 by foisting on the present generation a glorified modern version of "The-villain-still-pursued-her" stuff on which I and my contemporaries were brought up?

That pretty fallacy of the predatory male, so gratifying to feminine vanity, was the dear delusion of nineteenth century school girls; and it passed into limbo about the time that Laura Jean Libby was taking her last buggy ride.

Once, in those ancient times, half-blinded by a sudden storm, I blundered into a crowded saloon. Instantly every man's hat came off. Loungers straightened. Cigars dropped, half burned, into cuspidors or were retained deferentially in tentative fingers. A solicitous bartender, on my confused explanation, courteously offered me a chair. I was twenty *and* a blonde. I had, and have, blue eyes and fair skin. I had, and have, hair of silvery gold (pardon, platinum) that positively would not, and will not, stay uncurled. I give you, gentlemen, all the materials for the "gentle art of seduction." And I give you my word of honor that not till years afterwards did I realize that for one breathless, embarrassed moment I had been a cornered mouse and the cat hadn't even grinned!

I didn't know it then, but I know now, remembering their diffident, respectful faces, that any man there who might have doubted the "mistake" of my entrance was suspending judgment. It was my move. "Esquire" in night club today or country town saloon forty years ago— They're brothers under their skins.

A word, out of long observation and experience, to wives who grow skeptical about secret and important conferences. Unless your men are just plain lecherous, don't worry. It's only the modern Joseph and his dad conferring together on the weighty problem of how to continue conducting Potiphars' business and still retain their chivalry—and their shorts.

Your Mid-Victorian Aunt
Redmon, Ill.

INDIFFERENT AND INATTENTIVE, TOO?

For some time I have been an indifferent reader of your magazine. I believe it to be the most handsomely gotten up publication and I frankly enjoy most of the beautifully appointed jokes. However, fifty cents is definitely too much to spend for a handful of jokes. You have some well known competitors who sell their magazines at one-tenth the cost of Esquire and they publish fifty cents worth of stories. Your literary efforts are puny. At first I thought this might be due to the young age of your magazine, but as time goes on your stories do not improve. I have yet to find a good piece of fiction or non-fiction in Esquire.

We all know that destructive criticism is easy and constructive ideas less facile. I suggest that you employ fewer big names who are not only expensive but who seem to take a delight in using Esquire as an outlet for their obviously pot-boiling and third-rate efforts. Why not run competitive contests?

Yours very truly,
H. T. Guiterman
New Rochelle, N. Y.

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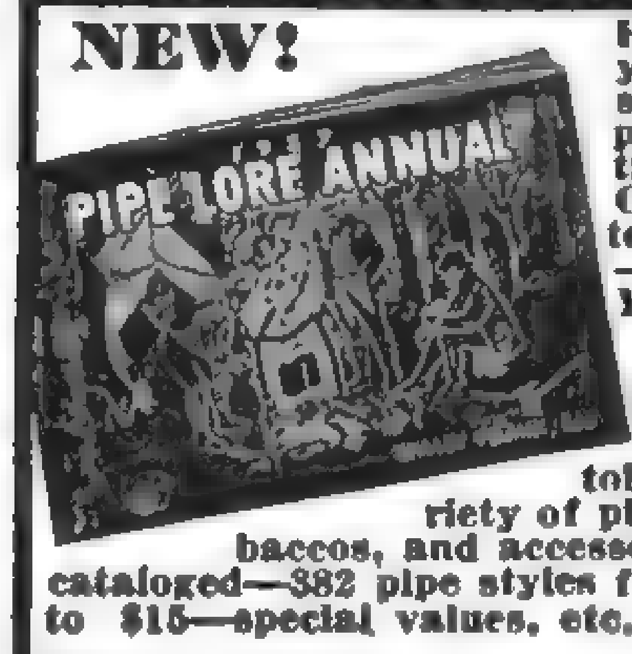

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LOWDOWN ON HIGHER CRITICISM

As a movie reviewer Meyer Levin was merely dull like all movie reviewers, and was consequently inconspicuous and not unduly offensive. But now that he has deemed himself graduated from the safe job of summarizing simple plots for the kiddies and has ceremoniously waded into "higher criticism," I suggest that you toss out a life preserver and drag him in before he sinks.

Add to this the tactical absurdity of placing his trivia in page sequence with the work of talented and experienced critics like George Jean Nathan and Burton Rascoe and you have, I presume, a practical illustration of the Esquire theory—anything for a laugh!

Levin's moist rigmarole in the February issue hits a new all-time low for English composition, despite the learned allusion to "umbilical cord" and the scholarly re-hash of the unfamiliar plot of *Hamlet*. Purporting to demonstrate the classic qualities of the movie version of *Winterset*, the author mainly succeeds in proving beyond any reasonable doubt that whatever he had in his mind to communicate regarding the movie version of *Winterset* still rests there undisturbed.

In this sleepy article Mr. Levin makes the following points:

1. Superlatives are overworked in everyday conversation.
2. This makes writing about *Winterset* difficult.
3. The producers did not invite our Levin to the N. Y. preview.
4. Our Levin liked the picture and will say so, champagne or no champagne.
5. *Winterset* is an "American" picture.
6. So is everything from *Daniel Boone* to *Theodora Goes Wild*.
7. But *Winterset* is *truly* American. (Whatever that means.)
8. *Winterset* is a "Photoplay."
9. A picture like *Anthony Adverse* is not a "Photoplay."
10. Or is it?
11. A "Classic" is—well—a "Classic."
12. *The Informer* is a film of Irish life and therefore, while a very good play, can not be considered a film of American life.
13. Mr. Maxwell Anderson, playwright, has read Shakespeare.
14. Parts of *Winterset* sound so much like parts of *Hamlet* that one might almost say Mr. Anderson cribbed from Shakespeare.
15. But other parts of *Winterset* are not at all like other parts of *Hamlet*.
16. I (Levin) am indifferent about the death of the characters in the ending of a play.
17. There is nothing so flat as an ending in which the characters are killed.

The list could be continued *ad nauseam*.

Your genius of the cinema should be informed that no amount of verbal gushing and prating about the Renaissance, Classical Athens, and the beauty of Beauty will gloss over or substantiate in the least such pigeon logic. A good deal more thought, a little less padding, a general cutting down on references to the routine classics, a few thousand less self-contradictions, and some attempt at continuity might bring the writer within the gates of literary sanity.

On the other hand, Meyer, you are getting paid and somewhere along the line I feel you ought to be complimented.

Very truly yours,
Louisville, Ky. J. B. Johnson, Jr.

CRITICICASTIGATION

I have enjoyed Mr. George Jean Nathan's mass criticisms for some time. There are perhaps a few thousand readers like me; and they like him too. His leads just come up and smack you in the yap. Which is what Mr. Nathan wants them to do and he probably feels pretty much pleased about the entire thing.

But why does he have to strut like that? Does a Theatre Critic have to show off like a wrestler who just threw Man Mountain Dean in 1:23, in the first round? Is it necessary to sustain life—that verbal swinging of arms and pointing out with pride at your prophesies of six months ago? Just get a load of some of this stuff that got past the copy reader; or maybe Mr. Nathan hid it away among the verbiage and italicized titles of his critical triumphs.

"I predicted with a ninety-nine percent accuracy." (Much figurative swelling of the chest after that one.)

"I wrote six months in advance of O'Neill's 'Strange Interlude' . . ." (More breast-beating here and a suggestion of literary ability rivaling that of Mr. O'Neill. If Mr. Nathan had said 'Mr. O'Neill' that slightest touch of deprecation might have been lost. He must have tried very much to sound like that head master at a boarding school talking about one of the more troublesome pupils. Because that's just what he did.)

He further implies . . . "I wrote long in advance . . . I had boosted it . . . (some play that made a hit) . . . and I had written . . . &c., &c., &c."

Then, just to show his inherent modesty he unburdens himself of, "I have antecedently hazarded such opinions and I don't expect to be called out to take any bows."

How many curtain calls does Mr. Nathan want anyway?

Yours for the promotion of curtain calls (outside of their M. S.) for theatre critics.

New York City W. M. Barker

P.S.—There are a few legit theatres that aren't doing anything, here in New York. Maybe you could lease one for Mr. Nathan and let him bow a few hours each day so he could release his psyche.

ST. ANONYMOUS

I happened to be where one of your magazines was lying on the table, and looking through it could not help but think of how much evil it can put in the minds of those who read it, particularly young men. It certainly can't do them any good.

Did you ever stop to think that this is all going to catch up with you some day? Don't think it won't!

You most likely are raking in the do-re-me, for it is just such filth that does bring it in. I am sorry to say.

But there is One to be reckoned with in the end and don't try to laugh that off either.

Good and bad deeds both get their reward some day. And for all the evil you are spreading, your reward will come too—*some day*. And don't be surprised when it does, for I'm telling you.

Just some one who is inherently decent, and hopes to see your magazine come to no good end.
Richmond, Ind.

PETTY AS ESQ'S MINISTER

I just have to write a few words of praise for your celebrated artist, George Petty.

He traveled on our boat to Alaska, and of all the famous people we have had the pleasure of meeting, he is the most natural, unassuming, considerate celebrity we have met.

He was never too busy to autograph a picture for anyone, and did it in such a nice sort of way that everyone on the ship thought he was a peach.

He made hundreds of friends for Esquire on that trip, and if you ever contemplate sending a good-will ambassador anywhere, remember, he has left a long trail of friends from Seattle, far into the land of the Northern Lights, and made them Esquire minded.

It's a pleasure to see a person like Mr. Petty, blessed with such a wonderful gift.

Yours for more gorgeous pictures.
Seattle, Wash. Mildred Lovett

Continued at top of page 232

What!

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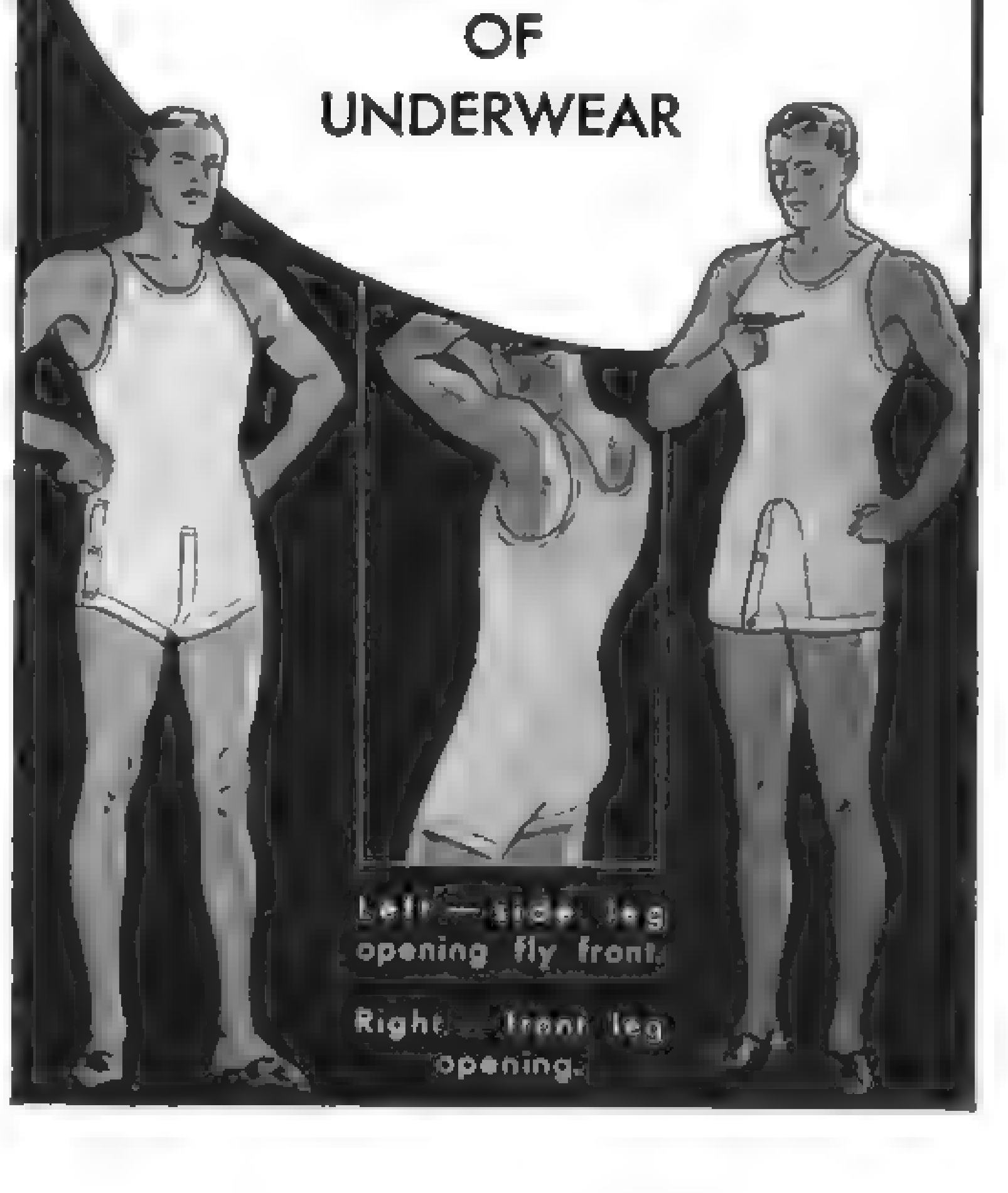
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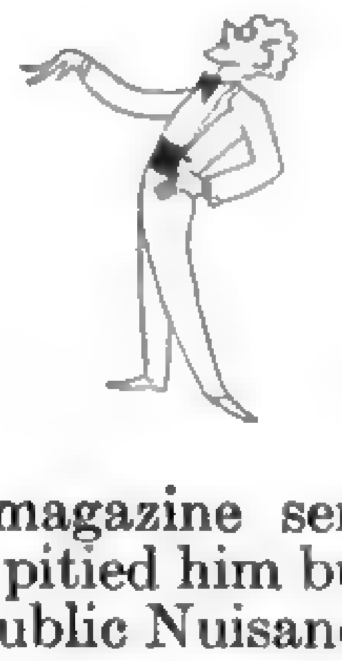
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-10-226-228-231

SEAWEED IN TEXAS

Latins Are Lousy Lovers was like the scent of new-mown hay compared with that sea-weedy article *Escorts à la Carte.* Permit me to send collect an old iron horseshoe to the self-elected Gigolo King of these United States of America to add to his ever-growing collection of diamond cuff links and his mother-of-pearl teething ring. The old sombrero is off to Ted (Toots) Peckham.



The first time I read his publicity outbursts in another magazine sent down from New York I pitied him but now I consider him as Public Nuisance Tops. His welfare work among the half-starved Yale and Harvard men is sheer altruism although I would like to see a nice boy from C.C.N.Y. at least get a yacht out of this growing organization before the police demand his finger prints or cut in on the new racket.

In the previous article he devotingly bestowed all credit for his brain child upon his dear old Mater—now his imagination casts itself on the ugly duckling sister of a friend for this innovation to help society's starved social pets. Remember Ted?

If I am not too personal how does he ascertain whether his colleagues are so, so masculine?

Merely the inquisitiveness of an old cow hand trying to improve his mind.

I am so relieved to hear that he is engaged to a swell girl on whom he lavished his precious time absolutely gratis although he admits ambling over to meet an occasional good looker—the little madcap. Remind him to keep his clippings in an acetylene-proof safe for posterity—his kiddies will enjoy reading how Pop worked his way up in this tough old world.

A word for his clients. He practically claims to be backed by the National Association of Hotel Men—he keeps the ladies from casting longing eyes on the bus boys. Well, in defense of the poor working man I would say that at least they would bring their own bottle.

What a romantic thrilly moment it must be when that lonely female opens the door for this hand picked Adonis! Frail thing of beauty waiting breathlessly heaped in self-paid orchids with two fat envelopes in her outstretched hands for her Prince Charming. (Theme Song: *One Night of Love* played on the harmonica.) Any sweet young thing who is forced to pay for an evening's attentions must be blighted not only by halitosis but a glandular deficiency plus hydrocephalus. Evidently she has already been turned down by not only the waiter but all the bus boys to boot.

Down here in this neck of the woods I doubt if Ted (Toots) would be very welcome. Our women admire men—not paid perfumed automatons in clean underwear.

And they shot Lincoln who said "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I cannot say, but I can say I have one: That of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." Am having that sentiment inscribed on the horseshoe in platinum otherwise Teddy Boy might take an honest offense.

BLUEBONNET JOE
Port Arthur, Texas

A FREE VERSE

Mr. Nathan's critical essays stink, I think.

WALTER E. TAYLOR
Red Lodge, Mont.

Local Boy Makes Heiress

Continued from page 49

husband is prevented from doing so by the family estate. Every penny spent must be accounted for; the couple may not sign a lease without permission; bank accounts, household accounts and traveling expenses are carefully checked and rechecked; consent must be obtained before they may go away for a trip; and every detail of the children's education is supervised. They are continually being called in for family conferences at which all the uncles and aunts face them with what is termed their mad extravagance. The estate always seems to be selling them bits of property and buying them back at a loss to the couple. In fact, according to the husband, every business transaction with the family entails a loss. "Granfavver," he once told us very wistfully, "says that his pappa used to cheat him to make him sharp. That's what he does with us but we never grow any sharper."

Another man—a home product—thought he had done pretty well for himself when he picked off an opulent life-partner who agreed to go fifty-fifty on all expenses. What he completely failed to figure was that fifty per cent of any establishment his darling would run would mount up to a goodly sum. Most of these opportunists seem to suffer from the same lack of foresight. Or, perhaps, like the heroes in novels of the last century who counted on love coming after marriage, they count on their wives forgetting their mathematics in the marriage bed. In some cases, maybe they do, but this particular man had the bad luck to fall on the granddaughter, not the daughter, of a man who had amassed a fortune. The second generation usually throws its money around, but if there is any left, the third develops caution and a head for figures. (Remember that, boys, and stick to the second generation.) He never got a chance to side-step any of his obligations; he paid his fifty per cent on everything including, as he soon learned to his horror, wedding presents. What made it doubly painful was that his wife insisted upon following what he could only regard as a peculiarly unimaginative family custom of giving a gold coffee set to any friend headed for the altar. He got his heiress, her father is useful to him in business and his children will be wealthy, but his nose is raw from constant application to the grindstone in ten years of sharing.

If he should feel despondent, however, he could cheer himself up by thinking of the fellow-sufferer who succeeded in persuading the beneficiary of manufacturing

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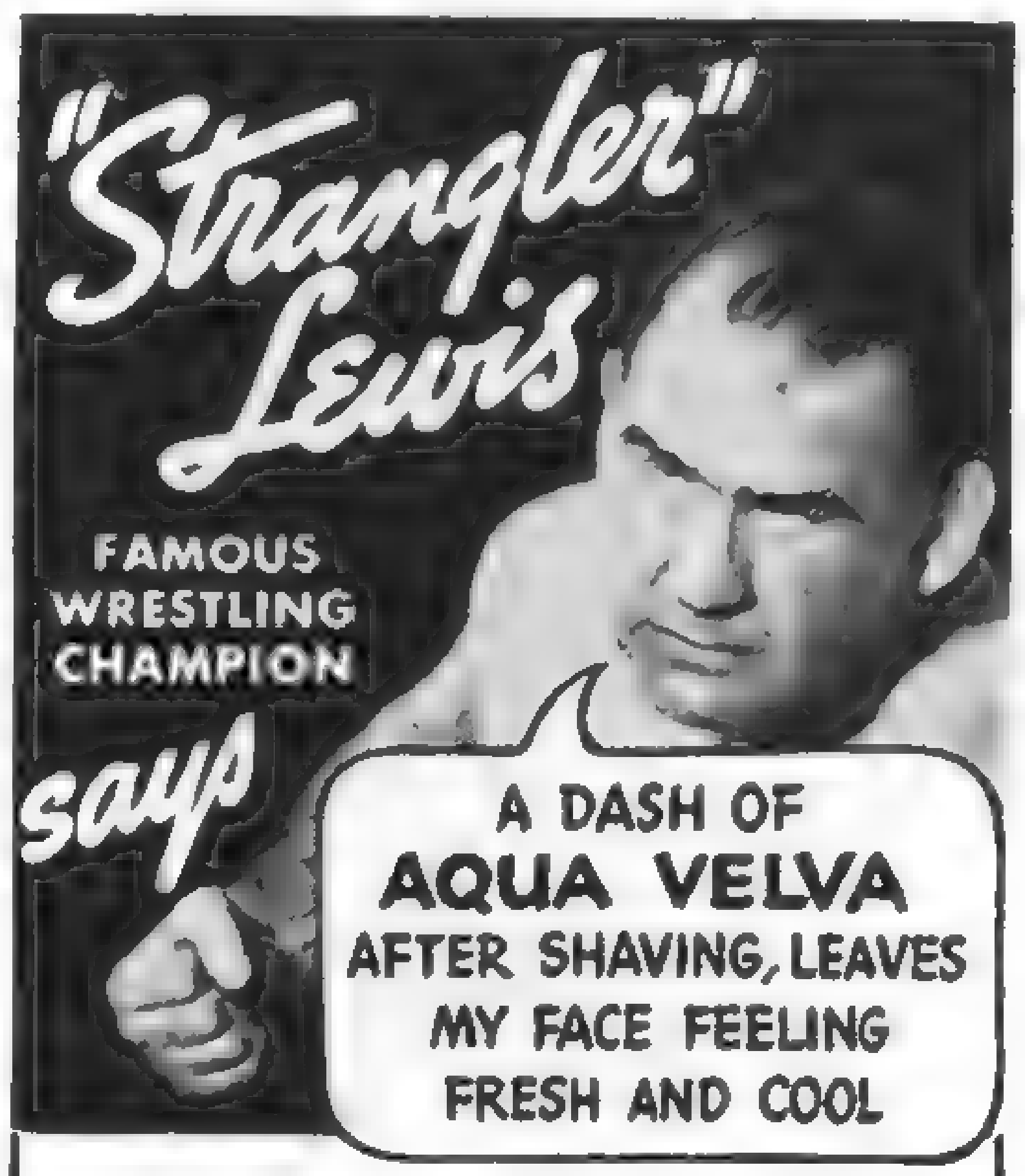
"Strangler" Lewis
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says
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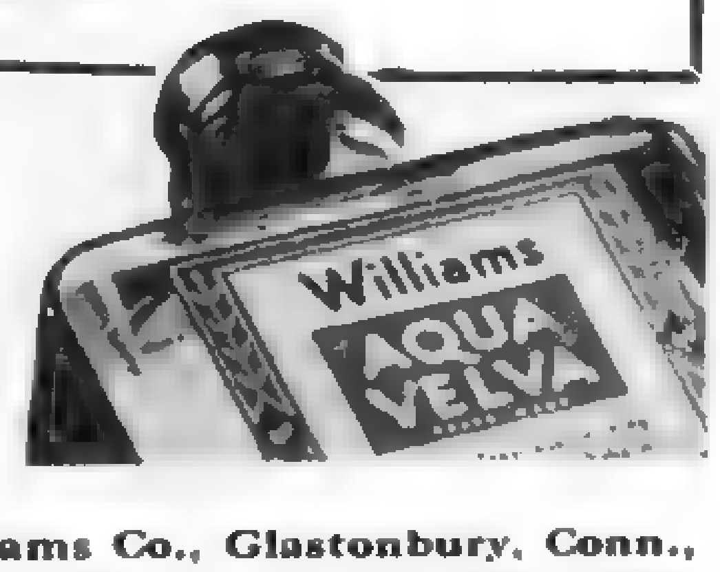

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millions to be his. Sharing is a word she has never understood; her money is for her to spend on herself and, as she has repeatedly informed her own dear love, a real man pays for his household. So he foots all the housekeeping bills, the expenses connected with his child and, to add insult to injury, those connected with her small child by another marriage!

When a husband hasn't a penny of his own and no earning capacity the arrangements are naturally somewhat different. In Philadelphia, the general custom seems to be to give him a small desk in father's office with a correspondingly small salary to cover his personal needs. In New York, he doesn't do that well—he is entirely dependent on his wife's generosity. In one instance, Henry as we shall call him, has been set up in one of the three favored businesses we mentioned earlier and his very meager earnings are supposed to provide pocket money. He drives to the races in an impressive Rolls Royce but when he wants to place a five dollar bet he has to borrow the money from a friend only a shade better off than he, to be repaid on pay day. For his clothes and such he is in exactly the same position as ninety per cent of the wives of well-to-do men—he has charge accounts. He may charge at a tailor's, a haberdasher's, a hatter's and two restaurants. At the latter, he may go so far as to sign on the tip but there is no possibility of pulling the feminine trick of getting cash sums at the shops and having them added onto the price of the merchandise when the bill is presented—his wife is too shrewd to be fooled that way. She goes over the bills carefully for any possible extravagances.

But there are other ways to use charge accounts to obtain cash. An ingenious nobleman married to a Hollywood beauty who gave him no money worked out the situation very neatly: he would buy things at a shop where he had a charge account to resell at a far lower price. He became a great favorite at his hotel with all the servants who took advantage of the extraordinary bargains he offered them. One of the waiters got a five hundred dollar cigarette case for fifty while the colored porter was only too delighted to snap up a new dress suit for twenty dollars that was marked at well over two hundred on the vicomte's charge account at a Fifth Avenue tailor's.

Of course, Wilson Mizner thought up an even simpler solution many years ago; when he needed money he just took the paintings out of his wife's house and sold them.

Another legitimatized gigolo doesn't even rate charge accounts or small salary checks. When he needs money he asks for it and hopes to God he'll get it. At the end of a week-end visit he once asked his own dear treasure for seven dollars to tip the servants. "Here are five," she told him. "That's quite enough and you needn't think I am going to give you seven so that you can keep the difference for yourself."

He, at least, was allowed to hand out the tips—it does look better—but a lady we met on a ship crossing to France insisted upon attending to even such trivial details as that herself. And, after we were on the dock at Cherbourg, a steward came to her with a bill for a bottle of champagne. "I had no champagne last night," she said.

"No, madame," answered the steward, "it was the Count who ordered it."

"Then the Count can pay for it," said the Countess, turning on her heel and walking away.

We do know of a few wealthy wives who don't insist upon their husbands making so much as a pretense of working. They prefer to have them at their beck and call during the daytime and free to travel. In that case, something has to be done about spending-money to take the place of the salary checks. And the something takes the form of an allowance, the average being about twenty-five dollars a week. This is to cover taxi fares, cigarettes, socks, gloves, and taking little friends out to lunch. Other expenses are taken care of at headquarters.

These are the more generally accepted methods of providing for poor husbands. Actually, there seems to be no set arrangement. A man has to depend on his wife's generosity and moods, or his own sex appeal. One starry-eyed bride is so very generous that she reminds us of a friend who says that his one ambition is to have a private car, ride down to Palm Beach in it and then give it away to some poor person. She hasn't done anything so gross as to give her husband cash—oh no, she has presented him with a yacht!

All this sort of disorganization comes from the newness of the idea in America that a wife should provide for her husband. Perhaps, in the next years when everyone has grown used to men marrying for money, things will be worked out in a more businesslike way. The boys may even form a union. Then they can all get together to picket the Park Avenue apartment building of some mistreated *confrère* with placards reading, "Dolly Gooch is unfair to union gigolos." Cocktails could be served under the *porte-cochère* with all the gossip columnists invited.

But if the brave laddies, eager to take the short cut in life, will have patience, mummy still has the most useful bit of advice left up her sleeve: Marry for money but divorce for more. Even since 1929 the settlements made on husbands by gilded ladies eager to lose them in Reno, have ranged anywhere from one to five million dollars. In the marrying for money game the only man who really wins out is the one who makes his nuisance value so great that a woman will pay anything to get rid of him. ⌗

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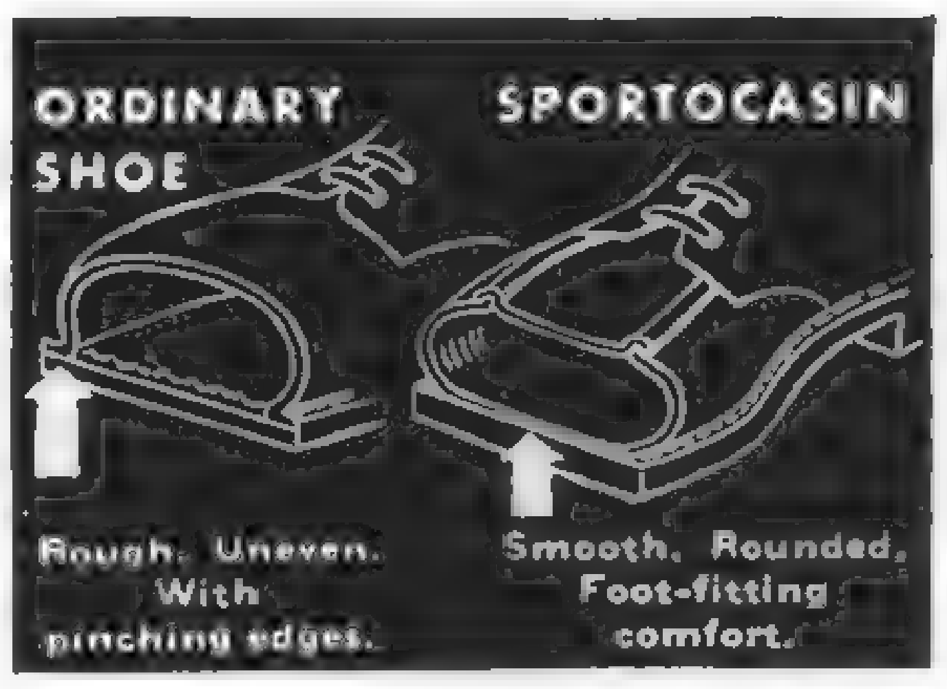
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Left Shoe, Right Shoe

Continued from page 54

ing, that now that John was out of the house she was able to think so clearly and to ignore the routine that made her life a torment. Yet no matter how clearly she was able to reason in the morning, she knew that when she met John again her mind would recur to one, two, three, four, and the gray chiaroscuro of her existence with this man, her husband.

As the years went by, she came more and more to realize that there was only one solution. She had to leave John, to get away from the house, never to come back, to go somewhere to forget.

It was a spring day when she finally made up her mind to take that step. She had gone to the city to shop and was returning on an early afternoon train. She determined then to make the irrevocable move, to get away from the baleful influence that was undermining her mind. She decided to go straight home, pack her things, and depart without telling where she was going.

She had parked the car across the street from the station, and she drove home slowly along familiar roads, all the more familiar because she knew that she was looking at them for the last time. They looked so kindly and friendly today, with the little houses and greening trees bordering them, and in her heart was a feeling of sorrow to think that she was looking upon them for the last time. Tomorrow she would be far, far away, and today was never to come again.

She stopped the car in the driveway and walked up the front steps into the house. Gaily she threw her hat upon a chair, and called to the maid.

"Were there any messages this afternoon, Linda?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied Linda, "except Mr. Patton was here."

"Mr. Patton here," Ethel heard herself repeating vaguely. Seven years of married life, and he had never before come home in the afternoon. She thought for a moment that her heart had stopped beating, and then she asked, "What did he say?"

"He packed some bags and went away," Linda replied. "He said he was called out of town in a terrible hurry, and he left this note for you," she added, taking a white envelope out of her apron pocket.

Ethel balanced the letter in her hand. It's heavy, she thought, so it must be more than one page. She was a little afraid to open it, afraid of what it might contain. Afraid that it might be something to prevent her from taking the step upon which she had decided.

"Thank you," she said slowly to Linda, and she could feel the ice in her own voice. She walked slowly into the sun parlor and sat down. The envelope was sealed; she tore it open with an unsteady hand.

"Dear Ethel," it read, the small, black, typewritten letters seeming to be etched sharply against the white background of the paper. "Dear Ethel,

"Please do not take this too hard as it may be best for both of us. There is no other woman, and I do not think that there ever will be. Forgive me for something that I feel is not really my fault, and perhaps not yours. I have arranged with my attorneys to see that you are provided for, and I am going away. I do not expect ever to return. Sometime you may want a divorce and I shall not stand in your way.

"Now that I have come to put my thoughts on paper, I find that those things which I have to say are so intangible that I wonder whether they ever existed. We have been married seven years, you and I, Ethel, and I have never had occasion to reproach you on your marital constancy. I assure you, Ethel, that I have been at all times faithful to you, and I hope that I have always been the loving and considerate husband.

"I suppose I love you still, Ethel, but I also hate you. I detest with a loathing that is infinite your every mannerism, the way you walk, the way you talk, the way you eat, the way you dress, the way you undress, the way you hold your knife and fork, the way you fold your morning newspaper, the way you powder your face, the way you kiss me. I abhor with an intensity that borders upon insanity every one of your actions that I have witnessed day in and day out, night in and night out during our married life.

"Oh, I am crazy all right, or so close to it that a few more weeks of living with you will actually drive me insane. For years I have tried to break through the web that has enmeshed me, but I never had the strength. Until today, when I sat here in my office and realized that I must either break all my ties with the past or prepare to lose what little balance there is left to my mind.

"Do I sound incoherent? Does my writing already reflect a disordered mind? I, of course, cannot tell, so let me try to put down what I have to say in an approximate orderliness.

"Seven years ago we were married and moved into the house where you and I lived together until this morning. I suppose we were moderately happy and were no different than the Johnsons to the right of us or the Corteaus to the left of us. Every morning I left you at the same time for the city. Every evening I returned at the same time. There were nights when we played bridge, there were nights when we visited our friends, and there were nights when we went to the theatre, but generally we did about the same thing day after day.

"I cannot recall exactly the first time that the monotony of it came

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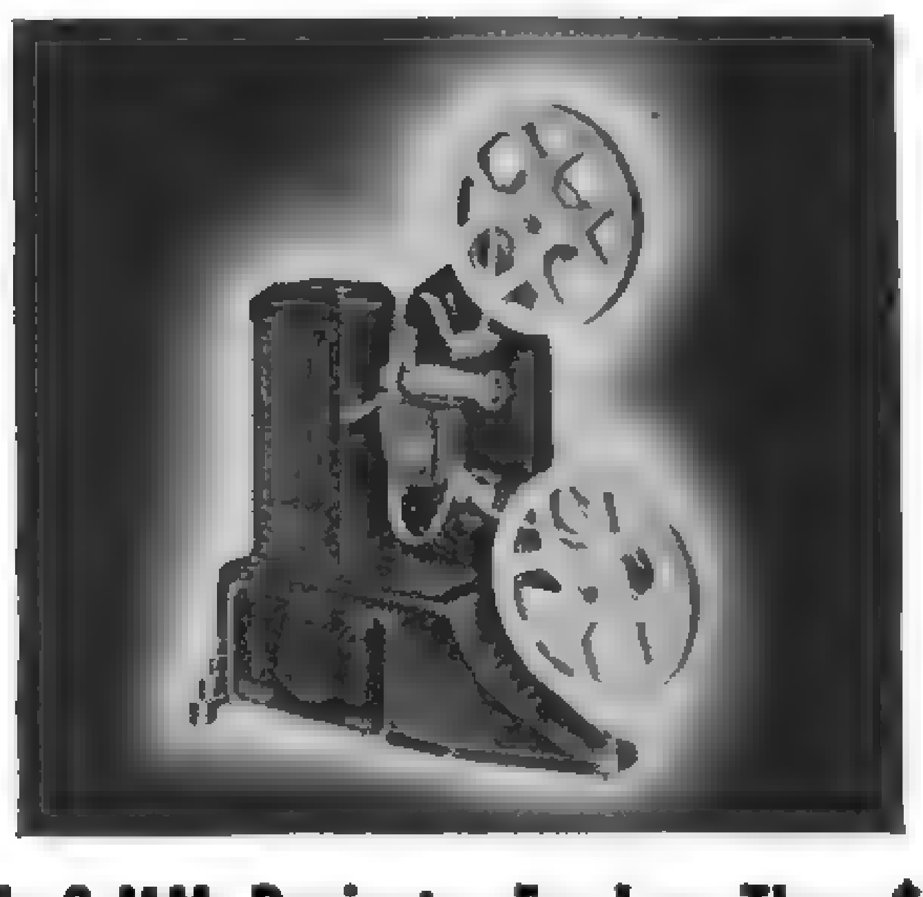

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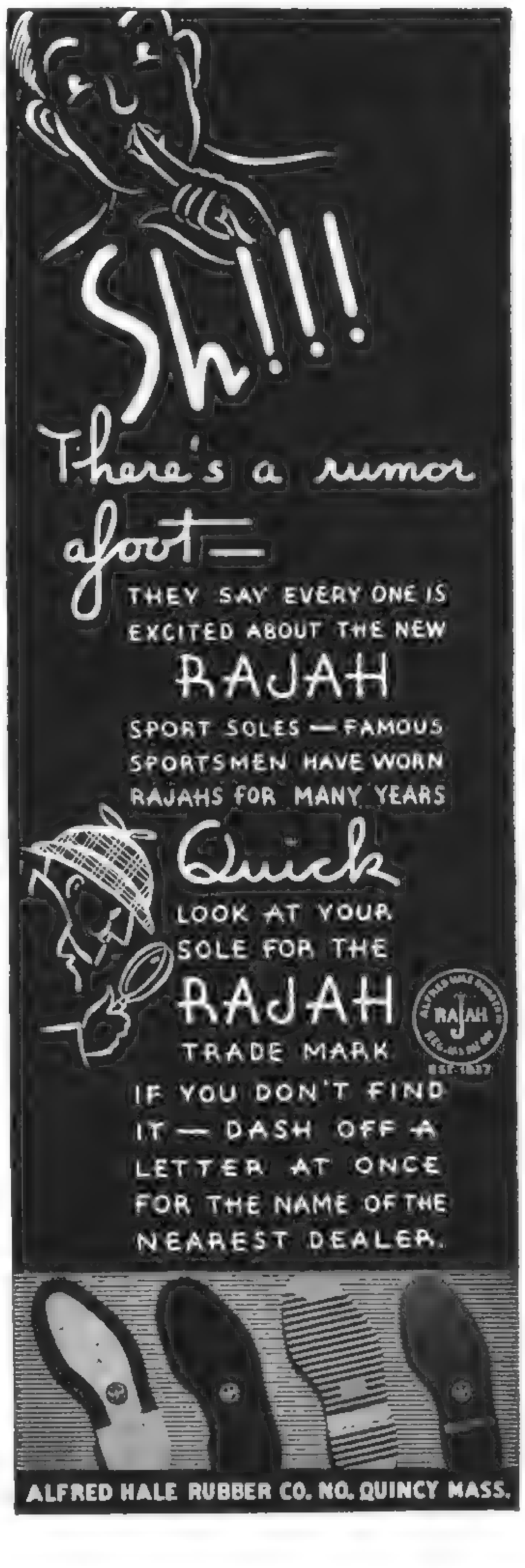
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over me. It seems in looking back that the first time was when I was hurrying for the morning train and your good-bye kiss was still wet upon my right cheek. Somehow I remembered that you had kissed me in the same place the morning before, and the morning before that, and even the morning before that, and suddenly I was thinking that you had always kissed me on the same spot on that right cheek in exactly the same way. I wondered whether you always did everything the exact same way, and God forgive me! I found that you did.

"I am not saying, Ethel, that I am the misunderstood husband. You were always the careful and attentive wife according to your lights, and I cannot accuse you of even one unwifely act. There was nothing to give me an excuse to enter into affairs with other women. I complain only about the deadly iteration of your daily acts.

"I began to notice that you emerged from the bedroom each morning just as I was tightening the knot in my tie in front of the mirror in the hall. I waited to see whether you might not come out some day a few seconds before or a few seconds after, but no, it was always at the same moment. Or so it seemed to me. I tried to lag or to hurry my dressing, but it was no use. I was as one mesmerized, and day after day I tightened the tie and looked toward the bedroom expecting to see you with your right foot just over the threshold ready to touch the ground. It was always that way and you were always there.

"I began to notice that your 'good morning' always had precisely the same inflection and was said every morning at exactly the same moment, and I am afraid that I shall live my life through to the end and each morning at 7:29 I shall seem to hear you say those two words as you said them every morning for seven years. It is like a curse upon me, a curse which I am afraid I shall have difficulty in making you comprehend. But I hope that by this time you begin to understand what I mean when I say that I was constantly haunted by the fear that I was growing insane, that I was imagining that you always did these things at the same time and in the same way.

'I have eaten the same breakfast with you each morning for seven years. More than 2,000 times have I seen you break your eggs in the same manner and butter your toast with the same movements. The economics and politics of the world have changed, but never the way in which you read the morning paper that told you of these changes. I have often marveled how you managed to turn to the same page with the same rustle of paper at exactly the same point in your breakfast day after day. I was able to close my eyes at any given point in the meal and to open them minutes later and know exactly what you were doing. Time after time I longed to tear that newspaper out of your hands, but you see I never did.

"I shall not recite all the things which day after day impressed me with their virulent sameness. I shall say nothing of the irritating, unvaried motions with which you dressed and undressed yourself; I shall pass over lightly the noxious monotony of your conversation. It will only bore you as it bored me, and I think add nothing to my explanation.

"At this time it's easy to say that I might have broken the spell by telling you about it, by urging you to change your habits. I tried to speak but every time I sat there as if hypnotized, always waiting to see whether you would not of your own accord do something differently. You never did, and now it is too late. If you never again repeat the same movement for the rest of our married life, I shall nevertheless spend my time watching you furtively to see whether you have not gone back to your old ways.

"Good-bye, Ethel. Forgive me, and think kindly of me. Your loving husband, John." #

The Derby Parade

Continued from page 59

Brooklyn's dam, Knockaney Bridge, also foaled Bloodroot, another of Blue Larkspur's get, and hence full sister to Brooklyn. Bloodroot was a good one two or three years ago.

In comparison with Pompoon Brooklyn has two definite points in his favor. He is bred to stay, runs like a route horse, and has won at a mile and a sixteenth—has demonstrated that he can negotiate a distance. And he will have the conditioning services of Bradley's trainer, "Derby Dick" Thompson. As shown by his success in the race, four renewals having fallen to Bradley entrants saddled by him, Thompson is a wizard in making his charges fit and ready for so severe and so early-season a test as the Churchill Downs stake. Brooklyn's advantage in being under his tutelage is appreciable—but I do not believe the colt has the sheer speed to go with Pompoon and hence must rate him my second choice.

When analyzing a group of two-year-olds, in an endeavor to determine which ones, if any, will perform well over routes the next year at three, it is easy enough to cull out and reject the mere front-runners, early-speed merchants and few-furlong sprinters in favor of colts which have shown capacity to keep going and close in the late stages of short races even if they have not been tried out thoroughly over routes. But Pompoon, despite his speed and his brilliant record in sprints, has shown no incapacity to go on. I must prefer him, on the basis of his extreme speed and apparent

Continued at top of page 236

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The Derby Parade

Continued from pages 59-235

versatility and class, to Brooklyn, considered in the light of the latter's rather average performances over routes. Privileged was beaten badly by Pompoon in the Belmont Futurity. Reaping Reward was being caught by Pompoon at the finish of the New England Futurity. Privileged, though disqualified, actually finished ahead of Matey and Brooklyn in the Pimlico Futurity. Reaping Reward beat Privileged a length in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. On the evidence of these and other races I believe that it is not only sound but even necessary to take Pompoon as probable winner of the 1937 Kentucky Derby.

No Belmont Futurity winner ever has captured a Derby, so that Pompoon will shatter a tradition if he comes under the horseshoe of roses at Churchill Downs in May. Had he gone in it Man o' War would have won the Kentucky race in 1920 as easily as he did the New York dash in 1919, but he did not compete. Absence of the names of Futurity winners from the roster of winners in the great blue-grass stake is additional proof—if proof were needed—that it takes a different type of horse to win at three at a mile and a quarter than it does to succeed at two at a few furlongs. But Pompoon showed no signs of quitting or faltering in all his sprints, and ran a mile and seventy yards under weight in 1:41 3/5. He has proved that he can carry his speed, and in itself his speed is electric—a great advantage in a race like the Derby.

As he went into retirement for the winter of 1936-37 Pompoon was pronouncedly "on the leg." Probably he will let down and fill out over the winter (these lines are written in January) and if he does will be as fine a looking specimen of the racing thoroughbred as these semi-aged eyes have gazed upon in a number of years.

One thing may be mentioned about the Derby of 1937 and the leading candidates for honors. There are no really important filly eligibles. Nellie Flag—by American Flag out of Bud ("Mutt and Jeff") Fisher's Preakness winner Nellie Morse—in 1935 was installed favorite over Omaha, Roman Soldier, Whiskolo and others on the day of the race. Such nonsense will not be in evidence at Churchill Downs this year. Fillies can't run with colts, other things equal, particularly over distances, and the fillies in the 1937 race, if any, will be so inconspicuous as to attract not much of a following.

The eminent Mr. Paul Gallico, former sports columnist now free-lancing, has been arousing the ire of feminists by suggesting that lady-athletes should abandon the fields they have entered so recently (1) because they look like the devil and (2) because they can't compete with men. As to humans, I think Mr. Gallico is right; as to horses, I know he would be if he extended his remarks to them. Colts of class can beat all hollow fillies of equal class.

This year it will be a great relief not to find the sports pages of newspapers full of cartoons of Mata Haris and Nellie Flags as possible or probable winners of the Derby. It also will be a sensible alleviation of the general miseries of life not to find the sports columns full of romantic twaddle about the fillies in the race. The average sports-writer can go wrong enough on the colts. ⧻

Don't Laugh Now

Continued from page 56

in the middle of the river and he's still there and there weren't any grapefruit around either." "Oh, hell," says the dealer, "I guess I forgot to tell you. He sits on fish, too."

The nub in that one may well consist in the sudden introduction of a new set of lunacies after the listener has already survived the first set, a kind of intellectual one-two rabbit punch. Curiously the story of the whole lot which is most likely to be greeted with "I've heard that before" is another in the same class: A guest at dinner is served with creamed cauliflower. Instead of spooning it out, he dips in both his hands and rubs a double-handful of creamed cauliflower into his scalp with great care and thoroughness. His hostess stares for a moment or two in speechless horror and finally gasps: "Mr. Smith, do you realize that is creamed cauliflower?" "Cauliflower!" says Mr. Smith, apparently taken aback. "Why, I thought it was parsnips."

You will often find that people try to palm off on you stories which are silly enough, but fail to achieve the crisp clean irresponsibility which is the earmark of the true breed. Drunk stories come in that class—the drunk who asks the other drunk the time in the Pullman washroom—it was used in an old Harold Lloyd comedy—the two drunks in the saloon who turn out to be father and son—the drunk clutching the tree and complaining that he's walled in—the drunk who misses the train while the two friends who came to see him off just make it—and so forth. The point is that drunks are loony by definition and, although funny, cannot produce the required effect of looniness suddenly intruding into a cold sober situation.

They say they are known as shaggy-dog stories because the story of the shaggy dog was the first of the lot to become popular. That can't be true, since the shaggy dog, besides being a poor speci-

STOMACH'S FULL OF GAS AGAIN. TOOK ME BY SURPRISE
GET THE SYSTEM, BROTHER! ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
GAS IN THE STOMACH
HEADACHES NEVER BOTHER ME, NOW THAT I AM WISE
THAT'S THE SYSTEM, SISTER! ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
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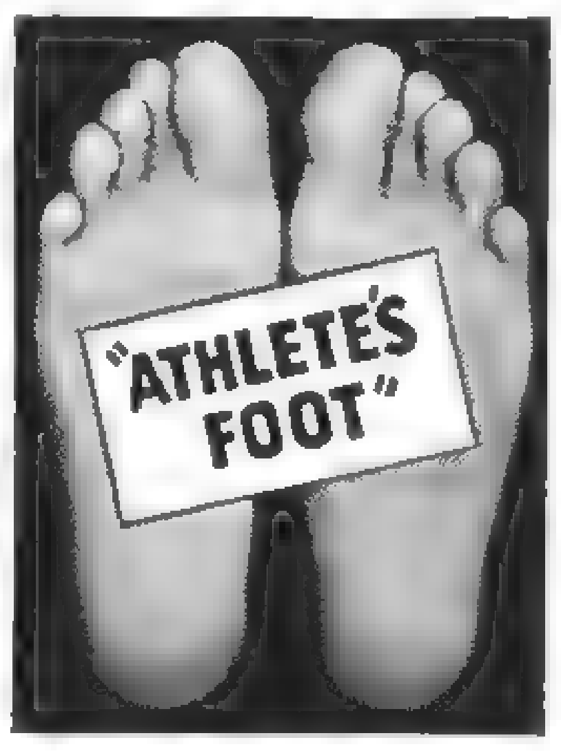

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men, seems to have appeared fairly recently and, to the writer's certain knowledge, a couple of the classic examples go much farther back. But "shaggy-dog" will have to do because there is no other label which fits at all neatly. "Goofy" is disparagingly broad. Many a goofy story, told to make people look ridiculous in laughing out of politeness, is a dull, dirty trick. "Pointless" is too derogatory, since these stories have their own kind of point. Just what it is may well be inscrutable but the outraged hilarity which greets them when tested on the right sense of humor demonstrates that a perversely back-handed point is there.

Addicts sometimes express a fondness for the shaggy-dog story, however, so it should probably be included as clinical datum. An advertisement appears in a New York paper offering a £500 reward for the return of a certain large, white shaggy dog, marked thus and so, to an address in a London suburb. A New Yorker who has just picked up a big white shaggy stray with the indicated markings, immediately takes ship for England with the dog, goes to the advertised address and rings the doorbell. A man opens the door. "You advertised about a lost dog," says the American, "a shaggy dog." "Oh," says the Englishman coldly, "not so damn shaggy" and slams the door in the American's face.

The values in that are highly esoteric but a thorough-going addict can detect them. As a matter of fact, the classic type of the whole tradition may well be one of the worst overworked gags of the vaudeville stage. Think back to the time you first heard it, if memory goes back that far, scrape away the crusted remains of irritation at hearing it too often repeated and ponder the simple, lucid virtues of the old line about "it must have been two other fellows." The shaggy dog cannot be tolerated in the same country.

But then, most people find these stories pretty hard to tolerate anyway.

Author's Note:

Readers who have seen Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Laughter* will recognize this story as a compressed version of one of Mr. Eastman's examples of nonsense. To the present writer it seems rather unfortunate to lump this sort of thing as nonsense along with Edward Lear's pure Lunacies or Lewis Carroll's intellectual irresponsibility. The point in Shaggy-Dog stories may well be that, although heedless of sense, they are not nonsense. Instead they insist on making the logic of a situation impose itself ruthlessly on the hearer, who tricked himself into being surprised by making normal reflex shortcuts between an opening situation and the sort of conclusion one would expect in normal life.

All that is pretty solemn, however, and, if anybody feels cheated by finding one of Mr. Eastman's stories here, this is a grisly substitute: A reasonably prosperous looking man standing by the rail between horse races is approached by a sad looking creature huddled into a long overcoat which he holds tightly round his neck. Figuring that this is a probable touch, the prosperous spectator tries to turn away but the other man stops him. "I don't want anything from you, Mister," he says, "I just want to tell you. Listen. I've been here all week. The first day I bet thirty bucks, and that was all I had, on a two-to-one shot and I won. The next day I put that sixty bucks on a four-to-one shot and I won again. And yesterday I put my $480 on a long shot and the long shot came home at fifty to one and today I put all my $24,000 on the favorite and he lost. Now what would you do in a case like that?" The prosperous spectator, still suspecting a touch, answers gruffly: "Well, I guess I'd just cut my throat." "I thought of that," says the shabby man, suddenly opening his coat collar. "Looka here." ⧺

"CLUES" TO CRESTS ON PAGE 107

1. Started as a tie salesman, ran a cigar store, became a ghost-writer, now a columnist.
2. A columnist, stays up late, sees all, hears all, tells all!
3. A deep sea hunter and naturalist; the bees and moths are from his actual family crest.
4. Three gongs above a major scale—which is practically telling you.
5. A Scotch-Russian one-time jester and soldier of fortune who has made a big business out of a game.
6. The sultan of swat.
7. The flag of his native Maryland over an Americanized Mercury and a famous editor's pen.
8. A pun on the name of a music critic who is a gardener by avocation and a pacifist by conviction.
9. Believe it or not.
10. A familiar radio figure, the big eyed father of five girls.
11. An easy pun on the surname of a top hatted tap dancer.
12. A famous American ace, now an aviation executive.
13. The "king of jazz."
14. Brings 'em back alive.
15. The world with a patch on its eye, symbolizing a widely traveled and publicized correspondent.
16. Half-Scotch, half-Irish publisher of a chain of newspapers.
17. A big city columnist from a small town, known as a dog lover.
18. Scotch-Irish-Indian pugilist, once a miner, now runs a restaurant.
19. Irish pugilist, now retired, once a marine.
20. Expert, commentator, movie-maker, on all sports.

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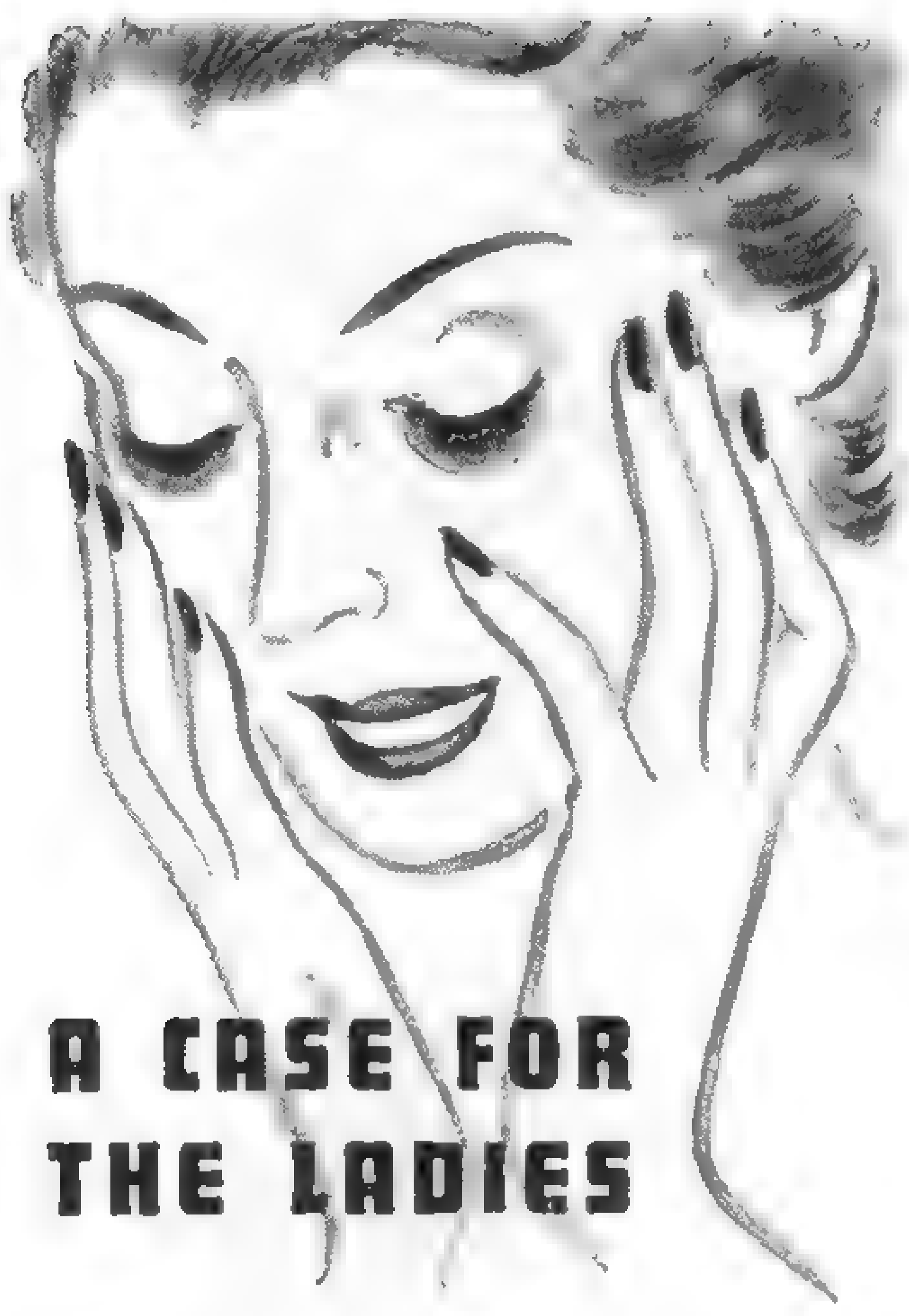

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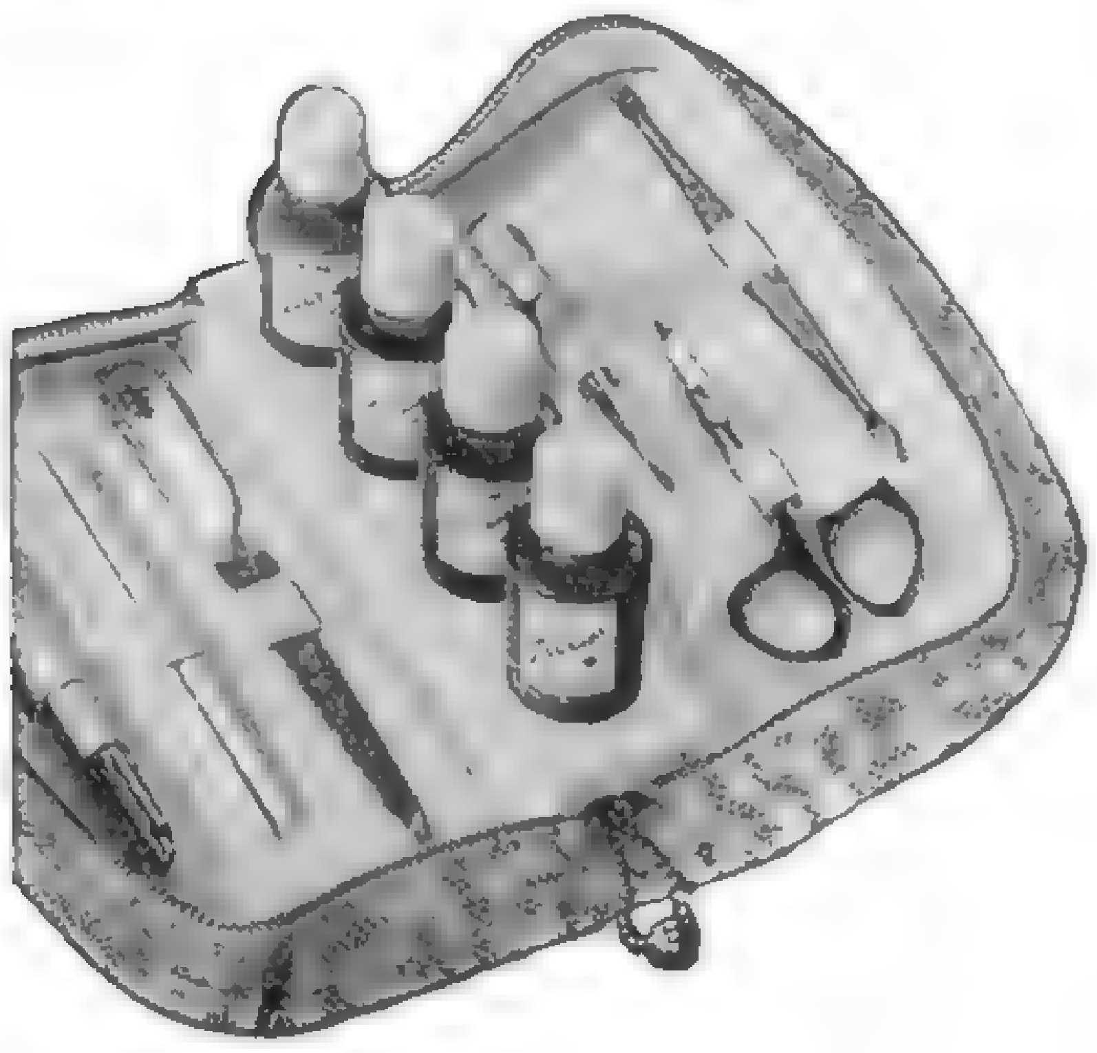

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Death of an Emperor

Continued from page 117

annexed Marguerite. And she was, for a time, happy with "The Little Sugar Bowl," as he was called by the boulevardiers. The connotations of the nickname were appropriate, for every drone in the capital fed from his lavish generosity.

Jacques and Marguerite spent their honeymoon on his yacht, *Frasquita*, and in due time she presented him with a daughter whom they named Jacqueline. When they returned to Paris, his friends—or those who called themselves his friends—detected a visible growth in his afflatus. He was, more than ever, insufferably overbearing; his arrogance taxed all patience; his tones were martial in their clippedness and his stride resembled as far as possible that attributed to "The Little Corporal." An unrequited aspiration apparently was stirring him.

It was Jimmy Langerman, who liked him sincerely, who penetrated the unexpressed longing and gave it tangible expression. The American was resting in Paris between wars, and while waiting for new adventures to propose themselves, held himself in readiness at the American Bar where all soldiers of fortune eventually congregate. He diagnosed his companion's yearnings.

"You're missing a big bet, Jacques," Langerman said to him jokingly. "With your wealth, you don't have to be tied down to any country. You could get a country of your own. Why, you could be a king in such a place, have a court, maintain slaves.

"Then, if your enemies displeased you, you could set up a guillotine and lop off their offensive heads. Or you could use the same treatment on your friends if they bored you."

The bottle was emptied, but a new dream was born in the mind of Jacques Lebaudy. King! But why king? Why not emperor? Without a further word to Langerman, he left the bar, and as the doors swung back of him, he had definitely launched himself into regal ambition.

Soon thereafter he was to be found in London at the Savoy, interviewing representatives of manufacturers of small arms, rifles and machine guns. Military outfitters called upon him and received orders; tailors of uniforms were given explicit instructions. Many bulky packages were loaded on the *Frasquita*. His vessel cleared for Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, and the next word from him came a few weeks later when the secretary of the Yachting Society of France received a cable:

"Send me at once twenty strong and brave men and transport them posthaste without regard to expense to my yacht."

The vagaries of Lebaudy were well-known to his fellow members in the society. They interpreted the cable to mean that his crew had deserted in a body.

From the various boat basins, the requested number were gathered up. They were of every nationality, strong, and by their own admissions, fearless. Regardless of the rumors that Lebaudy had had trouble in the Canaries, they who had been schooled under hard masters were willing for the venture.

When they boarded the *Frasquita*, they noticed several matters which placed the presumable pleasure yacht in an odd class. As they tumbled aboard, they were met with the blaring of a ragtime band—this was before the jazz era. At the taffrail fluttered a flag which to these men, who had seen many ports, was unrecognizable. Deep violet with three gold bees studded around an imperial crown. Clamped into the foredeck was a menacing looking Hotchkiss gun.

While striving to resolve their bewilderment, they were called forward. From the owner's cabin emerged a glittering figure, clad in horizon blue, slashed with gold braid. At his side hung a sword, the hilt crusted with diamonds. Then a bugle sounded, and one of the mates announced:

"His Imperial Majesty, Jacques the First, Emperor of the Saharas."

Another shock awaited the newcomers. The Emperor read them a proclamation:

"The Emperor of the Saharas exercises an absolute power over all things, but over his people this absolute power is tempered with a most liberal legislation founded on this principle: absolute liberty of people, respect of individual rights—American and English systems."

They couldn't make much sense of this—nor can anyone else, for that matter. It is to be noticed, however, it does contain a personal repudiation—at least by inference—of the conventions which had shackled him in France. Moreover, it is to be remarked that the imperial bees date back to the accession of Napoleon.

Still another surprise greeted the arrivals who stood with mouths already agape.

"You are now the Army of the Sahara," the Emperor told them, "and we will at once proceed upon a war of conquest."

The quartermaster fitted them out with handsome uniforms and there were set aside for their use cutlasses and side-arms, to be issued when the moment for invasion arrived.

As they got under way, the *Frasquita's* bowsprit pointed toward the northern coast of Africa. Only on a detailed map of this shore will the point marked for debarkation be found. It is between Cape Bojador and Cape Juby. Here 185 miles of coastal line extend, and it marks the northern boundary of the great Sahara Desert. This place was so

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utterly barren, so impervious to cultivation of any sort that the Powers which had snatched up all the fertile stretches of the shore line failed to take any recognition of this arid area. It was unwanted by any European government, yet none was so uncovetous as to relinquish it willingly to another. Awareness of this stalemate was a moving factor in enticing Lebaudy to this point.

As the trim white vessel dropped her anchor, the eyes of the crew and the newly inducted Army of the Sahara roving landward saw nothing but an unbroken succession of sand dunes. Not a single sign of animal or vegetable life was to be seen. Even the vultures had forsaken the place as unprofitable.

Lebaudy was on the bridge, and in ringing tones he announced:

"Behind the line of surf lies Troja."

The ship's company saw nothing but a waste of sand.

"This here now Troja," whispered one of the men from behind his hand. "What is that?"

"Troja, fool," exclaimed the Emperor who had overheard, "is the capital city of the Empire of the Saharas."

As became a ruler, he stepped into the first boat to take formal possession of his Empire. He led his host inland. Closer inspection did not alleviate the bleakness of the land they were to conquer.

Boatload after boatload of bags, cases, trunks and parcels were loaded. When the last load had been checked against a list evidently prepared for this moment, the Emperor, after a brief consultation with his engineer, indicated a spot.

"The Imperial Palace," he said, "will stand here."

At once, a dozen men broke out the palace. It was a huge circus tent. Its interior was draped with purple trappings; the insignia of the bees and the imperial crown was repeated at frequent intervals around the canvas walls. Hanging like a tapestry from the center-pole was the imperial crest. Upon a rudely constructed desk rested the imperial seal and in a steel box reposed the currency of the new empire, handsomely engraved bills from the center of which leaped out the likeness of Jacques—a bust done in the Roman manner.

In the heat and the dust, the men toiled for hours, setting up not only the Palace but their own quarters. These were portable houses bought from an American manufacturer in knock-down sections. They stood apart from the tented haven of royalty—as if a sirocco-born aroma from them might pollute the dwelling place of the Emperor.

Work was not called to a close until a massive packing case was landed. Tenderly guarded from the waves, it was carefully carried to the Palace. Only a few were permitted to the opening, merely enough to unpack its contents.

It was a throne! A throne truly fit for an Emperor, a triumph of ivory and woodcarvers' art, the pinnacle of achievement in upholstery. When the sailors and the Army were admitted to the Presence, he was clad in a long ermine robe over his uniform and on his breast blazed a dozen decorations. It was almost as if Napoleon had come to life again, for the coronation robes followed in every particular those the Corsican had worn and the decorations were identical.

The weary men, summoned within the Palace, were to listen to another proclamation. He identified himself:

"Jacques the First, of the Dynasty of Lebaudy, Emperor of the Saharas, Supreme Feudal Lord of all the Oases of Occidental Africa, Supreme Irrigator of the Desert, Protector of the Berbers, Bedouins, Kabyles, Riffians and Tribes of the Desert; Commander of the Faithful, Duke of Arleuf and Prince of Chai-Huin."

While they were digesting all this nobility vested in one person, Jacques detailed that his object was one of exploration and conquest and that he was to establish right on the sand on which they stood, a great maritime port, one which would be dredged deeply enough to give heavy draught vessels entrance to Troja.

As the proclamation rolled on, Jacques became aware of a restiveness among his minions. It irritated him. In a voice of thunder, he commanded silence.

"But, Sire," a mate offered timorously, "your faithful subjects have labored long and hard. They hunger and thirst."

He finished his ukase and then directed himself to the more sordid problems. He ordered the cases of tinned food be broken out.

"But there is no water," the mate suggested.

"Water is for the weak," Jacques replied crushingly. "Give my men wine."

And it was with wine of rarest vintage they slaked their thirst.

Fed and mellow, the men were well content to serve the new empire. Suddenly one of them saw a cloud rising on the far horizon. It grew steadily larger, and the men prepared to fend against a sandstorm, but out of the cloud rose howls such as they never had heard before.

The cloud dissolved within a few hundred yards of their encampment and there rode toward them a fierce, warlike tribe of Arabs; a sinister horde with their scimitars and their long-barreled rifles, but in strange contrast to their menacing appearance, they were laughing uproariously.

"What shall we do?" asked one of the Emperor's equerries.

"Do?" he demanded. "Fight them! Destroy them!"

It was the Army's first call to arms and, with post-prandial torpor, they approached the ordeal diffidently. Much to their happiness, the Arabs fled on the

Continued on page 240

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Death of an Emperor

Continued from pages 117-239

first demonstration of force, and as they made off, the Hotchkiss firing from the yacht kicked up the sand of their retreat.

During the affray, Jacques the First had remained within his tent, giving his attention to affairs of state.

The General of the Saharan Army returned after a brief pursuit to report the first glorious victory.

"Assemble your company," the ruler of the Sahara said. "Your Emperor will in person congratulate them."

"I can only call out fifteen," the commander replied. "The enemy captured five of us."

The ensuing rage was imperially stormy. The Emperor was for immediate pursuit and annihilation. He was dissuaded and, as wisdom waited on valor, the entire force retired to the shelter of the yacht, the throne accompanying them.

Shortly after sunrise next morning, the lookout reported a flag of truce flying from a far dune. The Emperor with his court returned to the shore to treat with those who rode under the white flag.

If Arabic were reducible to the idiomatic, the purpose of the truce party's mission could be expressed in the words:

"What in Hell was all the shooting for?"

The Emperor, even thus early in full panoply, carefully explained. It wasn't much of a success as an explanation to the desert horsemen. They advised him to tell it to the Sultan of Morocco. To this, Jacques the First consented, and having some knowledge of the Moroccan turn of mind, he paved the way for an audience with extravagant gifts. It is estimated that the cost of ingratiation ran to about $100,000.

He greeted the Sultan as a brother in the faith of Mohammed. The Grand Sheik having been won to favor by the goodwill offerings and by this unexpected religious tie, Jacques the First was disposed to disclose the full scope of his ambitions. He, the Emperor, was not to be content with the sterile strip he had usurped, nor yet the Sahara.

No, by the Beard of Allah, that was just the beginning, the initial step toward a Pan-Islamic Federation.

Convinced firmly of his destiny —as fervently as Napoleon believed in his star—he was to begin in the north of the Dark Continent and eventually establish himself as a new Cecil Rhodes— a greater Rhodes because the Englishman had limited himself to South Africa while he, the seed of Dynasty of Lebaudy, would gather in all Africa.

The Sultan listened and gave nodding acquiescence to the plan. A loan of $2,000,000 was proferred him with only two conditions: That he permit the entry of Emperor Jacques to be unopposed and that he become an ally in the project to restore Africa to the Islamites. It was a tempting bait. The Sultan knew that in the matter of the $2,000,000 Jacques could keep his promise, for the Arabic mind is deep and his questions had been penetrating. As the self-styled monarch dangled the price of an alliance, the Sultan was stirred, deeply stirred. However, with a reluctant sigh, he relinquished the offer. France was too powerful, and its retributive measures too swift and devastating.

Jacques the First was flung back upon his own resources— although the Sultan kept the gifts —and these resources, he realized as he gazed at his dwindled company, were inadequate. For success he must make an onslaught in force, and to supplement this force he set the *Frasquita* toward Las Palmas.

Hardly had his yacht entered the harbor before the guns of a Spanish gunboat were trained upon her. A boarding party—one that his discouraged army and crew refused to repel—arrested him for piracy and confiscated his yacht. The French consulate was notified and an international complication resulted. France demanded that Spain turn Jacques the First over to them. A tense situation was produced by this arbitrary order, but, finally overawed, Spain yielded its august prisoner and returned his yacht.

Five men still remained in Troja or thereabouts in the hands of hilarious Arabs who demanded heavy ransom for their return. The French cruiser, *Galilee*, hastened to the vanished empire and compelled the release of the five, one quarter of the expeditionary force.

France was far less than riotous in its enthusiasm for the Emperor without a realm; in fine, it asked him not to come home. Jacques the First, for all his arrogance, was sensitive; he could take a hint and he did. He ran the *Frasquita* up the Thames and he and his staff established quarters in the Savoy Hotel in London.

With his accustomed dynamic energy whenever a new project was afoot, the Emperor set about strengthening his military force. He had many volunteers for staff jobs, but few were willing to enlist as privates. In fancy uniforms, his aides and his minor commanders lounged about the hotel, demanding their pay and incidentally—only incidentally— awaiting the call to arms.

Jacques, at this time, had widened the scope of his plans. He wanted colonizers—the British system he mentioned in his first proclamation—to follow in the wake of his conquering army and consolidate the gains by engaging in agriculture and industry. The Swiss seemed to him to have the qualities he needed for this less

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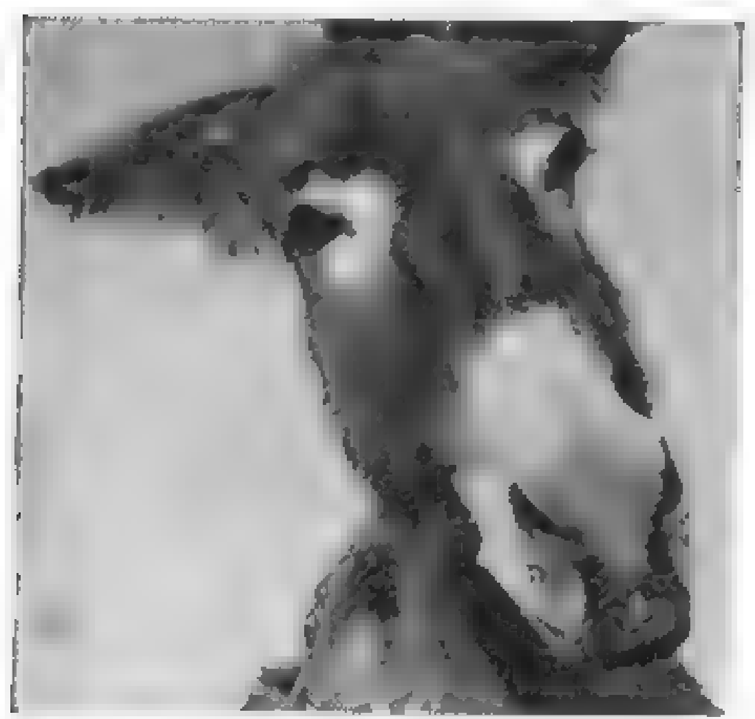

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spectacular side of his program. He appealed to them en masse.

Trouble, which never departed far from the Emperor's side, visited him with a double-barreled gun. His gorgeously garbed followers deserted in a group—and in a violent scene—when he paid them off in currency of the Empire of the Sahara. Simultaneously, the Swiss government protested against Jacques luring away some of their solid citizens for his hazy enterprise.

The British government had been long-suffering, but this was too much for their phlegmatic endurance. Politely at first and then emphatically, Sahara's ruler was asked to take his projects hence—hence meaning anywhere outside the British domain. Sorrowing for their narrowness, he looked toward France, but France looked the other way, so he betook himself to Brussels. He registered as Jacques I, Emperor of the Saharas. The populace failed to storm him and the officials scorned him, so more in sorrow than in anger he headed the *Frasquita* with the Empress Marguerite and the Princess Jacqueline toward America.

In this land of freedom and democracy, he knew he could find refuge, so his yacht nosed up Ambrose Channel for the first time in 1908. No colors were dipped as he entered port, nor were there salutes or escorts, but he had confidence that time would heal this neglect.

He still was Jacques the First, an Emperor without an Empire. Immediately upon arrival, he took steps to overcome this lack. The United States, as usual, was having some trouble about the Philippines. Emperor Jacques knew a way out of the difficulty.

He wrote to the Secretary of State, and offered to take any or all of the islands at whatever price he—the Secretary—would name. The Emperor was hurt to the quick when weeks passed, then months, without a reply. Again and again he made his bid, but not even an acknowledgment was accorded him. This coldness did much to aggravate the wounds of his spirit.

In between the letters of this one-sided correspondence, he took to Wall Street. The Midas touch was his. With almost unerring certainty, he was on the right side of the fluctuations in a nervous market. His stock operations, his correspondence with the Secretary of State, and his preparations for a future imperial career, kept him incessantly busy.

His multiferous activities required the assistance of a large staff. It was his custom to walk into a hotel, demand the largest room on the street floor—ballroom or dining-room, it didn't matter, for he paid very well for the disruption of the orderly conduct of the hostelry—and there he would install his staff. Majestically, he would reign there, open to the view of the lobbyites.

Frequently it would occur to him that supplemental data was obtainable from a museum, an engineering society or a banking institution. Peremptorily, he would order his workers to pack up and follow him. With his retinue, he would go after the necessary facts. First, there would be a corps of stenographers, followed by clerks bearing heavy ledgers; behind them would be porters sweating and swearing under the weight of trunks, and bringing up the rear would be a squad of messenger boys carrying typewriters and other impedimenta. It was a strange but oft-repeated sight—that of Jacques of the Sahara leading his troupe along Broadway or Fifth Avenue or even Wall Street.

One day the desert monarch was headed up Fifth Avenue toward a bank when, as they reached the Public Library at Forty-second Street, he sharply halted his entourage.

"An ideal place for my work," he said to his chief of staff. "Quiet, accessible, all information available—and rent free. *Allons!*"

Solemnly, with ledgers and trunks and typewriters, they invaded the building.

"Drive the rabble out," he commanded. It wasn't exactly a conquest because the readers fled at the first assault. With the room to himself, the Emperor switched his green muffler over his shoulder and put his staff to work. Only when the policemen and the special officers of the Library staged a counterattack in force, did the typewriters slow down. Jacques was ignominiously deserted, but he left the field with regal dignity.

In departing, his staff left a trunk behind. The library authorities refused to deliver it. He refused to take it away. He said it was their duty to return it, because, in effect, they had confiscated it. When this trunk, after several weeks of controversy, was opened, it was found to contain $200,000 in negotiable securities.

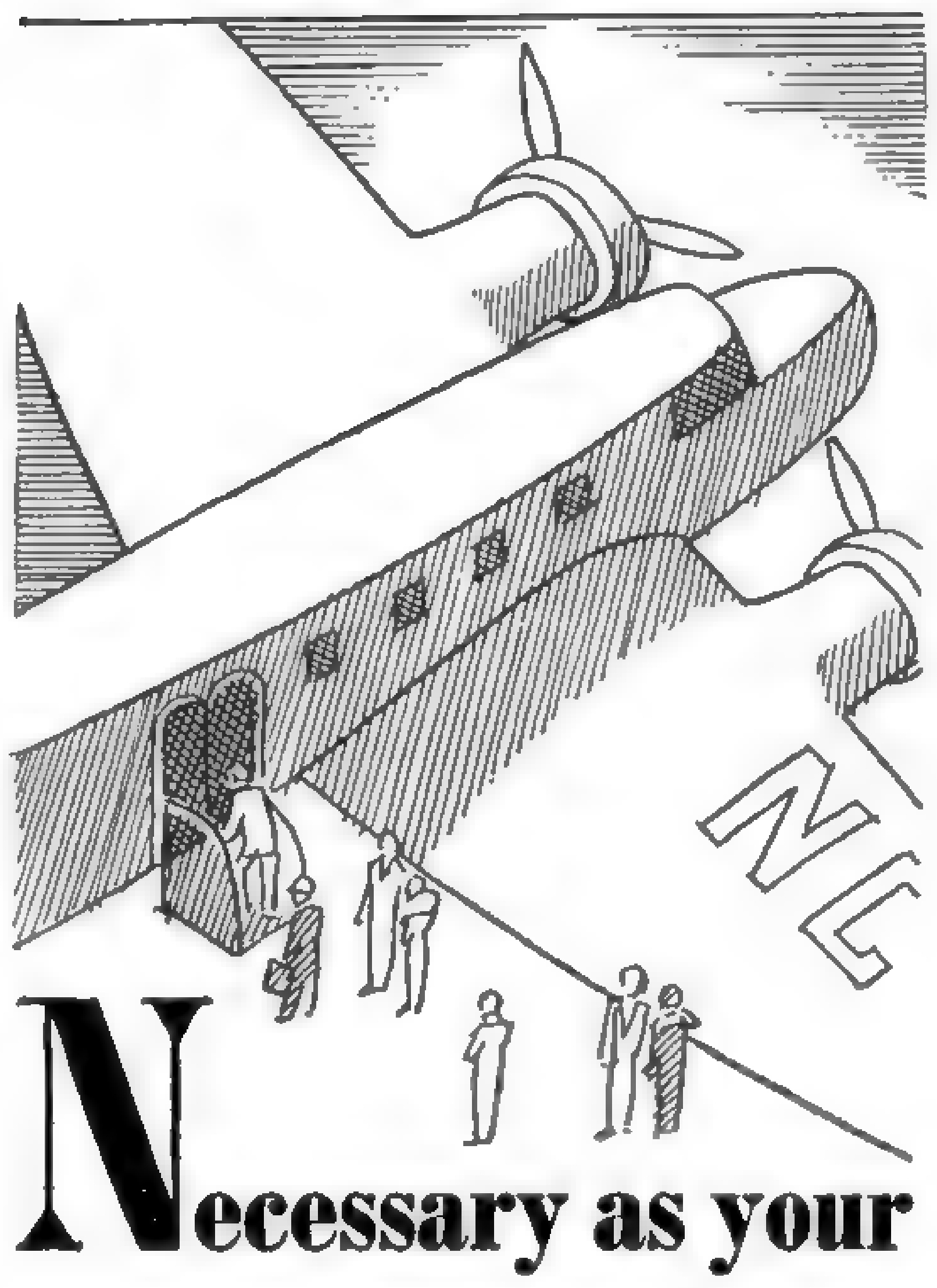
This sum was of minor consequence to him. He kept $2,000,000 in a fluid cash account in one of the banks. He had another large sum in like condition deposited abroad so he could use it for his foreign operations. It was with this readily reachable amount he was able to carry through his coups on the Street.

His operations were so widespread and so extensive in represented amounts that many of the larger brokerage firms sought his business. They paid dearly in self-respect when they won him as a customer. He treated them as vassals. When he wanted cigarettes, he would not tolerate the idea of sending an office boy for them; the head of the firm must obtain them in person or suffer the loss of his patronage.

That he never had abandoned his imperial title was evident in one of these encounters. A certified check was tendered him in payment of the profits from one of his deals.

"I refuse to accept that," he

Continued on page 242



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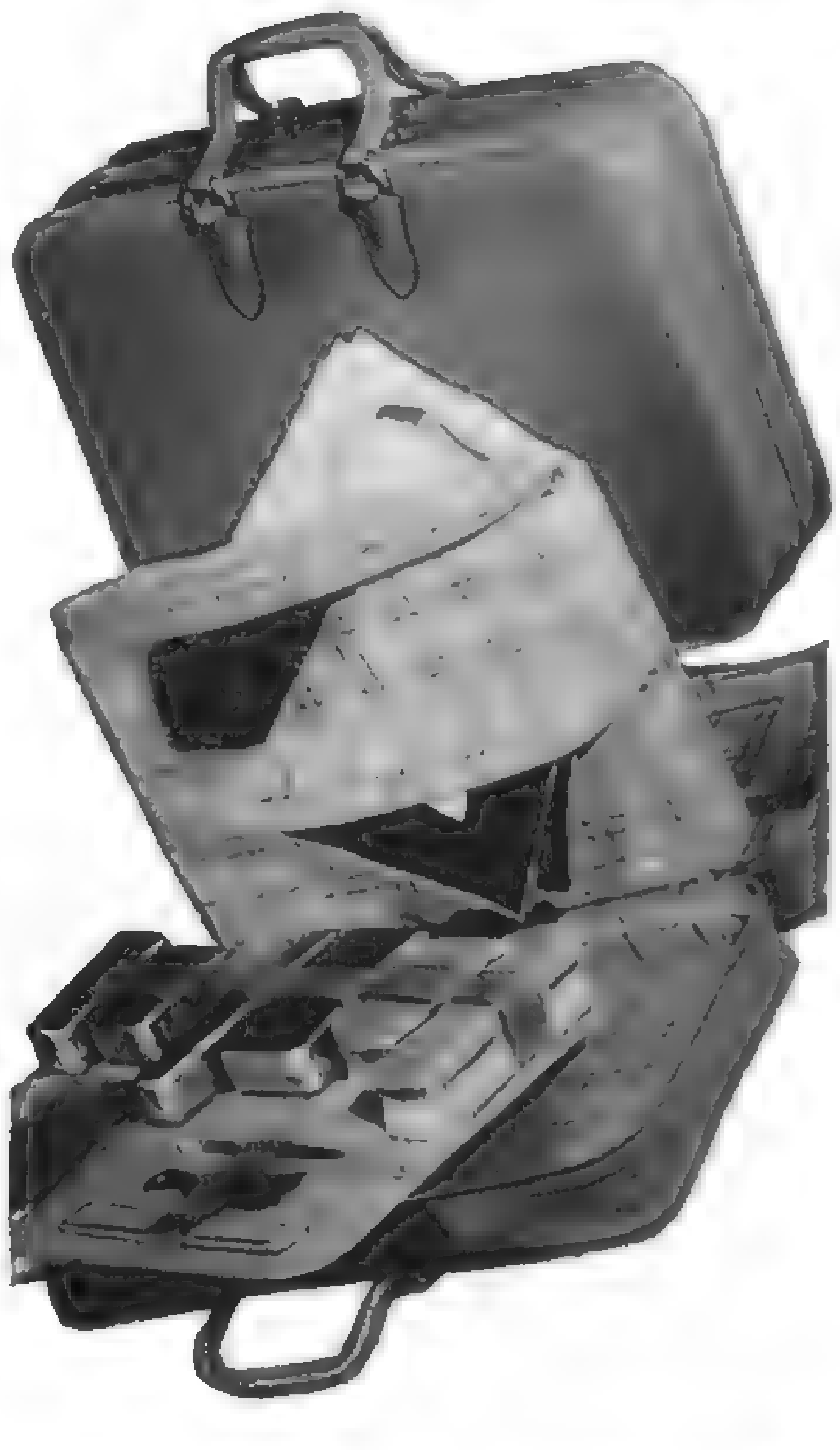

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Death of an Emperor

Continued from pages 117-239-241

stated imperatively.

"But it is certified," the broker protested.

"You are in grievous error in this matter," he retorted sternly. "This check is made out to Jacques Lebaudy. I will not countenance such *lèse-majesté*. I am Jacques the First, Emperor of the Saharas."

The check had to be remade accordingly.

His egocentric behavior, of course, could not keep him out of trouble. He was constantly in litigation or some other difficulty and he had a staff of half a dozen lawyers to free him from scrapes.

Then his wife, with each setback to his ambitions, with every fancied slight, had to bear the brunt of his violent rages. Finally, after years of hesitation, she had him committed to a private sanitarium. In five days he escaped and dared the police to arrest him. They took the dare—and that was what he wanted: to satisfy his own egotism, he felt called upon to establish his sanity.

Hearings were held before Justice Stephen J. Callaghan of the Supreme Court of Brooklyn. Jacques made a splendid witness for himself. His answers were given with such clarity, his explanations for his eccentricities were so valid, the Court could do nothing else than declare him sane.

"I appreciate your judgment, Your Honor," he said, "and to show my appreciation, let me do you a favor. Buy Erie."

At that time, there were the premonitory rumblings of a contest between J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, and E. H. Harriman for control of this road. The stock was selling at 19. The jurist refused to accept the tip but Lebaudy acted upon his own advice. He bought at 19 and sold when the stock touched 35. His operations netted him $280,000 on this one deal.

It was shortly before this he bought the house in Westbury where he was some years later to meet his end. He was being driven through Nassau County when he was attracted by an auction sale just off the highway. With his insatiable curiosity, he paused to listen. He learned they were selling the house before which the auctioneer stood. Phoenix Lodge it was called. The bidding slowly had reached $35,000.

"I'll give $40,000." Jacques called.

That was the last bid and the house was his. He paid for it on the spot—in cash. Here he installed the Empress Marguerite and the Princess Jacqueline. They hoped that his removal to the quiet of the suburbs would have a sobering effect upon him, but with his dream of an empire still unfulfilled, his moods deepened and his temper took on a razor edge. His wife and daughter were extremely unhappy and personally fearful. Their plight was aggravated by subsequent events.

The World War came along, and Jacques, naturally, was militantly pro-Ally. It would be no less than his duty, he felt, to recruit and equip an army to go to the aid of France. Volunteers failed to rally, so he modified his ideas; he would organize and command a cavalry regiment.

The Allies and the United States, however, had anticipated him in the demand for mounts. The best he could get were a dozen broken-down crocks and some aged and worn-out farm horses. He hired a company of grooms to care for the mounts. All he needed now were riders.

None responded to his call. Ever resourceful, he called up the district manager of the A. D. T.

"Send me a thousand messengers and have them report at my home tomorrow morning."

To fill such an order was, of course, out of the question. There weren't a thousand messengers on Long Island. Manhattan could not, or would not, send them out for any harebrained scheme of Jacques'. From the local telegraph office, four boys were sent—all they could spare. Hired by the hour, they were ordered to drill.

The Emperor, in the full uniform of a field marshal, undertook to instruct them. Waving his sword furiously and shouting at the top of his voice, he put them through the elementary paces in equitation. The youngsters were willing enough, but the horses were pacifistically inclined; they showed little aptitude for the instruction. Weary and saddle-sore, the boys were let off after many hours of teaching.

Two of them conclusively abandoned their careers in the A.D.T. service rather than return. The diminished cavalrymen put in another terrible day, and, at its end, another deserted for less martial pursuits. When the remaining lad reported for duty on the third day, the Ruler of All Sahara realized that this boy, however stout his heart, could not charge the Hun horde singlehanded. The matter was dropped.

It became manifest that these continued frustrations had told heavily on the spirit and reason of the monarch. He vented his rage at home. It was necessary for him to live now at Phoenix Lodge because, one after another, the hotels refused to have him. In the week of his unfortunate cavalry fiasco, he had been ousted from four.

It became a constant peril for his wife and their daughter to remain under the same roof with him. He went into the courts and openly repudiated both of them. There never had been a marriage, he asserted, and he insisted on having the tacit union severed. His wife fought these contentions bravely, but every repulse only heightened the violence of his temper.

She, at last, had to appeal to the sheriff of the county for pro-

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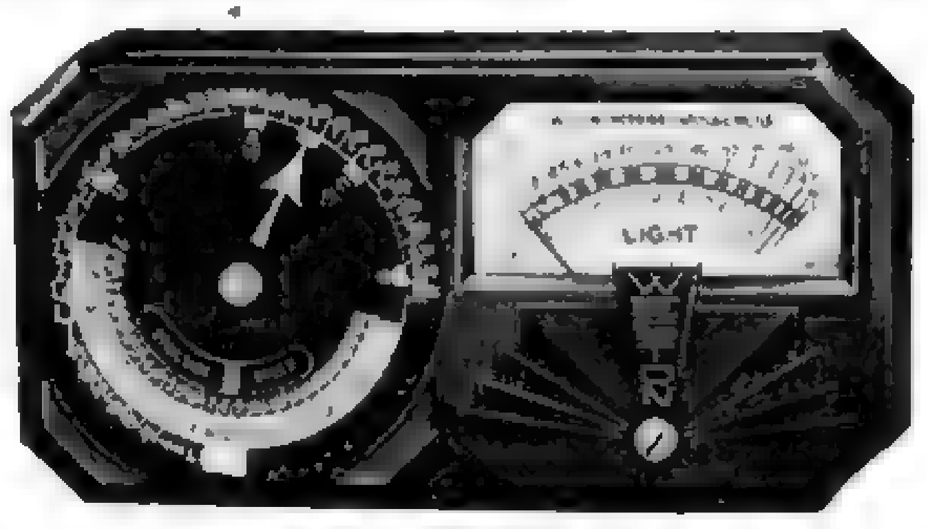

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tection. This, granted her, proved of little avail. Jacques stormed inside and outside the house. Because of the verdict which had adjudged him sane, his wife realized the futility of haling him into court again. She believed that, with the cunning that was a large part of his nature, he would defeat her again.

The final pitiful chapter—that which forever ended his dreams of imperial grandeur—came on January 11, 1919.

Engaging a messenger boy, he loaded him with bags of charcoal and a can of kerosene.

"I have found, my boy, in my travels through the Orient that they never use coal," he said. "Remember this, the only proper way to heat a harem is with charcoal."

Mrs. Lebaudy entered.

"Boy," she said quietly. "This is my house. This man is crazy. Get out of here or he will surely kill you."

The boy got. To reach the door was too slow. He jumped through the nearest window and scrambled over a back fence. Before he had gone far, he heard five shots.

The death of the Emperor was subsequently related to the District Attorney by his widow—his slayer.

Her life for many years had been an unmitigated hell. When he had not neglected her or humiliated her, he tortured her mentally. Her life was in constant threat, but she endured it for the sake of their daughter.

With the defeat of each new exploit, domestic terrorism increased. He carried a revolver with him always. Because of his uncertain moods, she had to keep endless vigil over Jacqueline. More than once, she said, she had driven him away from the door of the girl's bedroom.

On the night when he came home with the messenger boy, he had taken an ax to break down Jacqueline's door. It was then that she wrested his revolver from him and emptied it into his body.

Thus ingloriously, this throwback from the era of the Conquistadores, this hapless adventurer, died.

The Grand Jury refused even to entertain the possibility of an indictment for murder. Mrs. Lebaudy was freed for "justifiable homicide."

Exculpated, she went into the courts for her inheritance, her husband having died intestate. The Surrogate viewed all the circumstances with benignity, and even though marriage was doubted—as performed with ring and book—it was held acceptable in the sight of God. Proof of actual ceremony lacking, he held that the status of common-law wife could at least be accorded her.

She and Jacqueline departed for France, there to claim such property as Lebaudy had held in that country—and it was, as might be imagined, considerable. The lower court took the narrow view that the marriage had not been legally performed, and she, therefore, was ineligible to his wealth. She appealed.

Meanwhile she married Charles Surdreau, a detective who had assisted her in uncovering evidence to be used in her litigation. In the same church, and at the same time, her daughter was united to Surdreau's son, Roger. Happiness came to neither Mrs. Surdreau nor her daughter. The elder husband died a few years after the marriage, and in 1931 Jacqueline divorced the son.

Only recently the full estate of the late Emperor of the Sahara was granted to his widow—an estate which, even with the inroads of the depression, is estimated to have a value of $4,000,000.

So, from the troubled scene passed the last of the Emperor Jacques.

He was the first of his line, and it ended with him. Although his imperial reign had an actual tenure of just one day, in this brief span was comprised invasion, coronation, battle and armistice.

His pretentions were officially annulled within the space of twenty-four hours, but until the hour of his death, he wore, figuratively, his purple robes.

A Spanish gunboat had to strip him of power, and a French cruiser was needed to repair the damage he had wrought to the fretful face of international peace.

It all ended with France's seizure of the territory he had selected for the establishment of his Empire. His native country now owns the territory he had chosen for his realm, so madman or untimely adventurer, his dream was not entirely in vain. He left a heritage to his native land. ###

IDENTITIES OF CRESTS ON PAGE 107

1. Louis Sobol
2. Walter Winchell
3. William Beebe
4. Major Bowes
5. Ely Culbertson
6. Babe Ruth
7. H. L. Menken
8. Gilbert Gabriel
9. Robert Ripley
10. Eddie Cantor
11. Fred Astaire
12. Eddie Rickenbacker
13. Paul Whiteman
14. Frank Buck
15. Floyd Gibbons
16. Roy Howard
17. O. O. McIntyre
18. Jack Dempsey
19. Gene Tunney
20. Grantland Rice

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Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:

1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up . . . and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also . . . it's swell after the shower.)

finish up with
MENNEN SKIN BRACER
MENNEN SKIN BALM
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint Won't Show On Your Face
MENNEN

Everybody Wants To Be a Lady

Continued from page 63

sense in her head and marry Joe and everything'd be all right. So I go out, like the damn fool I am, and I spend my good money on candy and cakes and crackers and even a bottle of wine, there should be a little something to drink, you know, and I invite Joe and I remind Mac he should come home early and all, and everything's already set, so whaddaya think happens?

The morning of the party, she's on her way to work, that Ethel she stops for a minute on her way out and she says, in that high-class way of hers yet, too, you know, with her nose in the air, she says she's sorry, she won't be able to make it tonight. Why not, I said, a little sore maybe, too, I suppose on account of all the preparations I made, and she says she's got a date to go to a concert with that college boy of hers that night, and she'd rather go to a concert any time than play bridge, so she's sorry but I'll just have to excuse her, and will I please have her supper ready early so she can eat quickly when she comes home and leave. I'd like to *excuse* you, I thought to myself, but I didn't want to start no fights, so I said what's the matter, the concert won't run away; you could go to a concert some *other* night. But she just looked at me in that way she's got, and she said some day, if I thought you'd understand, she said, I'll explain a few of these things to you, and she went out. It was yet a lucky thing she did, too, because if she'd've stayed another minute, honest to God, I wouldn't answer for what I would've done. *She* was gonna explain things to me! Just because her brother was such a dope—until I got a little sense in his head—he sent her to college, so *she* was gonna explain things to me! If she thought I'd under*stand* them yet! *She* was the lady all of a sudden, and *I* wasn't good enough for her! Look at what's all of a sudden a lady!

I was so mad I don't even know *what* I did the whole day, but six o'clock the phone rings, and on top of everything, who should it be; the college boy; he wants to know is Ethel home yet. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him what I thought of him and that Ethel of his together, when I all of a sudden got an idea. So I said to him no, Ethel wasn't home, but she called up and she said she was gonna be kept a little late at the place, so she called me up to tell me that when he called I should tell him Ethel said he should go direct to the concert and wait for her there; she'd meet him there. He said thanks and hung up and I went ahead with setting up the bridge table and the candy and the cakes and all.

A little after six Ethel comes in, all in a hurry and when she sees there's nothing on the table yet, she starts getting that high tone look of hers on her face and she says didn't she tell me in the morning she had to eat quick and get out? Like I was her servant or something there. But I didn't say nothing; I just said yes, I know, but that college boy of hers, he called up and said he was sorry, something important came up the last minute and he wouldn't be able to go to the concert with her, so would she please excuse him and stay home that night and maybe he'd get a chance to call her later in the evening and explain everything. She said oh, and went out into the living room, and when Mac came home I told him what I wanted he should do; he should go in and give her a good serious talking, you know, he should tell her about how she oughta get married, and how Joe had a steady job and was a nice, clean-cut American fellah, no foreigner or anything, and how it would be more convenient for everybody if she opened up her own home, and, well, you know, things like that. *Then*, I figured, right after Mac would speak to her, it would be around seven or a little after, and Joe would show up just like he was invited to, and everything would work out sort of just right. I mean, right after what Mac'd say to her, Joe'd show up and we'd eat and play a little bridge and then later Mac and I, we'd go out and leave them alone and she'd understand already once and for all how Mac and I felt about her living with us, and maybe she'd get a little sense into her head when it came to handling Joe. I mean, to hurry him up a little, because even a blind one could see he was dying to propose to her, only she hadda give him the least little bit of encouragement, you know.

Well, my husband Mac, he's the nicest fellah you ever wanna meet and all that, but when it comes to things like this, God bless him, if you don't put the words in his mouth, he don't know what to say. What does he do; he goes in and tells her that *I* said, imagine that, he tells her that *I* said, that I said she should stop going with this college boy and marry Joe! Here I go and tell him *he* should talk to her, because it would look better, him being her brother and all, so he tells her *I* said it!

Well, she came running out into the kitchen where I was, and what she began to carry on with that mouth of hers, don't ask. And right in the middle of the whole thing, who should come walking in—Joe! Right in front of him, right to his face, like I'm standing here to you, she says she wouldn't marry a dope like him if he was, she didn't care, even a millionaire; she'd rather marry this college boy of hers even he didn't have a nickel; she didn't want to spend the rest of her life with a moron from the post office. And just as she says it, and Joe is

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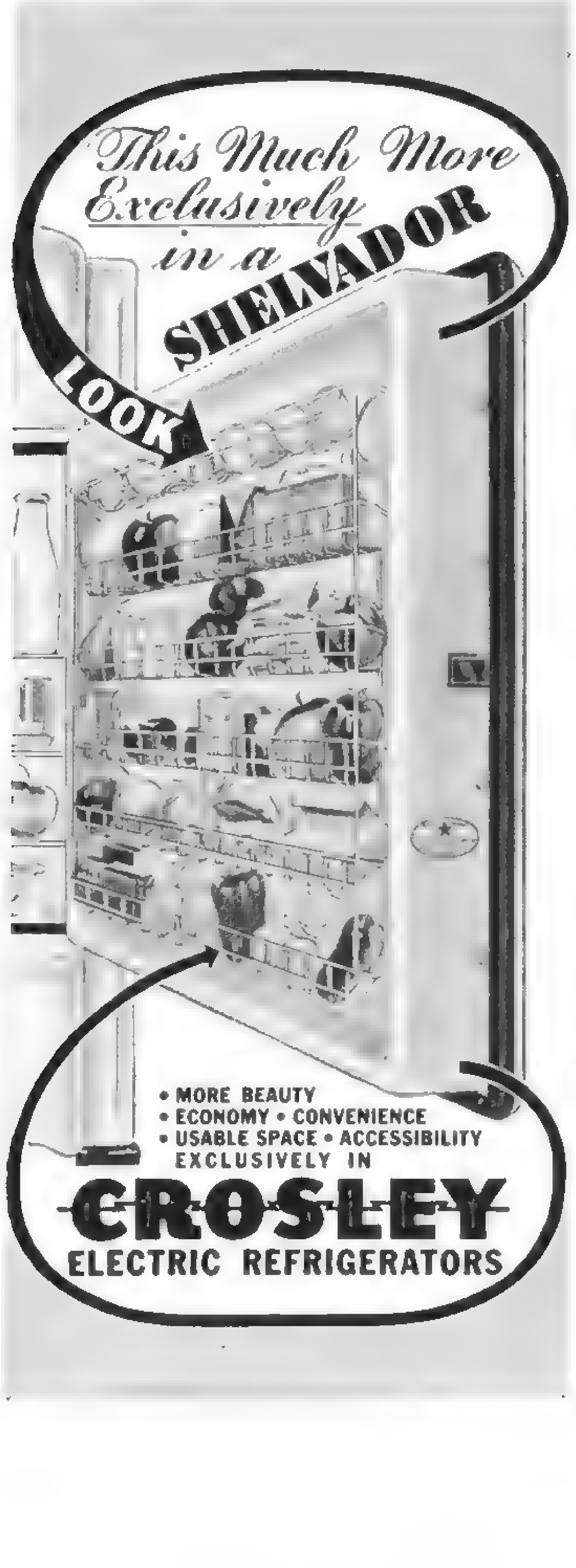

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already getting his hat back on to beat it—and this time I knew it was for good; not that I can blame him or anything—just as she says it, in walks the college boy!

What are *you* doing here, she says, and he says what do you mean what am I doing here; didn't you tell your sister-in-law here she should tell me I should wait for you outside the Hall? And *she* says, she says didn't you call up and say you wouldn't be able to—and then she stopped and the way she looked at me, a person could think I tried to, I don't know, I tried to *mur*der her or something, instead of trying to work things out for her own good. Come on, she said, and she grabbed her hat and coat and the two of them went out.

For a coupla days we didn't hear nothing and Mac, he began to get a little worried. But me, I thought to myself thank God, maybe things *didn't* work out the way I expected, but at least we got rid of her. But I guess I should've known better. A week later the both of them, they show up; they're married! Go fight with them! Without even asking questions they move in, just like the house belonged to them, and Mac and me, what could we say; she's not a stranger; she's his own sister!

That's the high-class one, you know, the lady! A moron from the post office she didn't *want* to spend her life with; but her own brother, he works in the post office, too, she's not ashamed to move in; together yet with a *husband*, like it was coming to her! And him with his college yet, and her with her fancy ideas, you know, now it's God knows *how* long they'll be there with us! ⧺

Essay on Jiggling

Continued from page 43

not at all. Her garments have been chosen in a more leisurely moment for their brightness and appeal. Her face and hair and hat have been pleasingly tended. But more than all this, she moves so brightly and eagerly in a fascinating blend of so many small, epicycloidal lines of motion that the effect is entrancing—she jiggles. Who shall say how many worn householders have brightened at the sight and having felt the blue devils within them weaken for a moment, gritted their teeth and resolved to hold onto the ancestral home in Teaneck? Or how many fat industrialists, gloomily contemplating the state of business and tempted to dump a line on the market, have held their hands at the vague memory of a vast and promising busyness recently beheld? The industrialists may not remember but the vast busyness was just Lois and her sisters trotting, very seriously, about their inconsequential affairs. And these are no special instances for there are girls like Lois jiggling up and down every street and avenue, every lane and highway in the country, broadcasting a message of joy and hope. Spring is here.

It is a melancholy thought that each one of them will, some day, lose her jiggle. With advancing years the jiggle becomes a menace. A woman is in grave danger of flying to pieces. To prevent any such unpleasantness, she binds herself into one solid, inelastic lump and thereafter jiggles no more.

With her person in close and continual restraint, she carries on under difficulties particularly in warm weather. No longer does she scatter good cheer all about but saves her smiles until the favor she wishes is most immediate. And then, one awful day, comes the realization that nobody looks at her any more. Nobody even listens to her. This soul-shaking irreparable loss of her audience so deranges her psyche that she develops the disposition and facial expression of a spitting cobra. In her confusion of spirit, she falls into futile vindictiveness and she treats each member of the calloused and inattentive human race with the screeching animosity she formerly showed only to mice, snakes and things that crawled out from under flat stones. Animosity and vindictiveness are catching and as she composes twenty-five per cent of our population, her unsettling effect on the body politic is enormous. We are able to maintain a stable form of government only because all males engaged in her service have adopted a universal incantation which, muttered to themselves immediately upon her departure, exorcises the residue of her visit and leaves them free to be bland and conciliatory to the next customer.

A world from which the jiggle had been removed and all women were like that is an impossibility. Nobody would ever have any children. The will to live would be irritated right out of the human race and no one would wait for his physical envelope to wear out before having a look at the next world.

It is sufficiently distressing to remember that is the state to which all the happy, smiling girls about us must some day come. But let us be glad we have them with us, to brighten and animate the daily scene for a short time, before they settle down to being a helpmate for some one man and a nest of scorpions to everyone else in the world. Let us be glad their lively mode of locomotion is largely outside their control and not to be modified by any silly notions which staid elders may put in their heads. And lastly let us be glad for the gay, lively, hopeful air which they disseminate through a medium which so successfully attracts the eye. For though you may never have noticed the great social significance of the jiggle, you do notice the jiggle itself. And so does your old man. Spring is here. ⧺

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The More Than Royal Cianos

Continued from page 60

wisely thought of the bad impression this might produce, and they had to struggle along much longer than any of the young flyers to get their deserved promotions and decorations.

First, always first. Do you remember, Webb Miller, our trip to Makale; just captured by the Italians, and the ceremony of inspection by de Bono and his staff, with Ciano as a member of it? Some bombers roared over our heads and we recognized *La Disperata*. How strange looked Ciano's face, he was disgusted and we thought we knew his worries. What would happen if there should be a successful raid in preparation without him in the plane Number 1? And then suddenly he disappeared, and only days later we found out that he had dashed back by car to the first airport in Senafe to take an airplane to Asmara to join and lead the Disperata the next morning.

His father-in-law got quite excited about the fact that more was written by correspondents about the Count and his harrowing tales than about the conflict itself, and he ordered a stop put to publicity of the Press Minister in flyer's uniform. One day there were persistent rumors in our *palazzino* that Il Duce had sent a laconic cable "Immediately stop self-publicity," and that somebody had seen this cable on Ciano's table in his room. And another day there trickled in strange unconfirmed news of Ciano bombing a troop of native soldiers who happened to be on the Italian side, and killing, by mistake, forty-six. And then came the news that Ciano had been ordered to return to Rome.

The Italian papers of the next few days carried no headlines about Count Ciano and his Disperata.

And then he disappeared. He suddenly left for Italy in the middle of December and we thought it was forever. But he returned in February—grown years older, cautious and more dignified, and stayed till May, not getting into the news until he alighted as first Italian in Addis Ababa and then hurriedly departed for home. He became Foreign Minister three days after his arrival in Rome. . . .

A strange man, as we watched him closely. Playing the big "boss," always posing, as if an actor or, rather more, a film star in public life. In the most conspicuous manner he tried to copy the Duce, as if saying to himself: "Is this how my father-in-law would act in a similar situation?"

Did we like the Count down there? We could not say "no." He was more or less harmless. It was not his fault that he behaved so and not otherwise; he had been brought up in different circumstances than we. Living in the times of Garibaldi, he certainly would have been different. But we knew his past, his present, his obligations toward his different and so very new and young world, and we forgave him.

We knew much about him, and the notes I kept in my room in Barrack Number 1 contained more about Count Galeazzo Ciano than any author ever wrote about him. His birthday was on March 18. Galeazzo was born in 1903, at the little seaport Leghorn in his father's regular residence. When Signora Ciano, *née* Carolina Pini, gave birth to the boy, the father, Costanzo Ciano, was a young, twenty-seven-year-old naval officer, who had just graduated from the Rome Naval Academy—a man with burning eyes and an imposing, thick, black moustache. They were plain Cianos at that time, not Count and Countess de Cortellazzo.

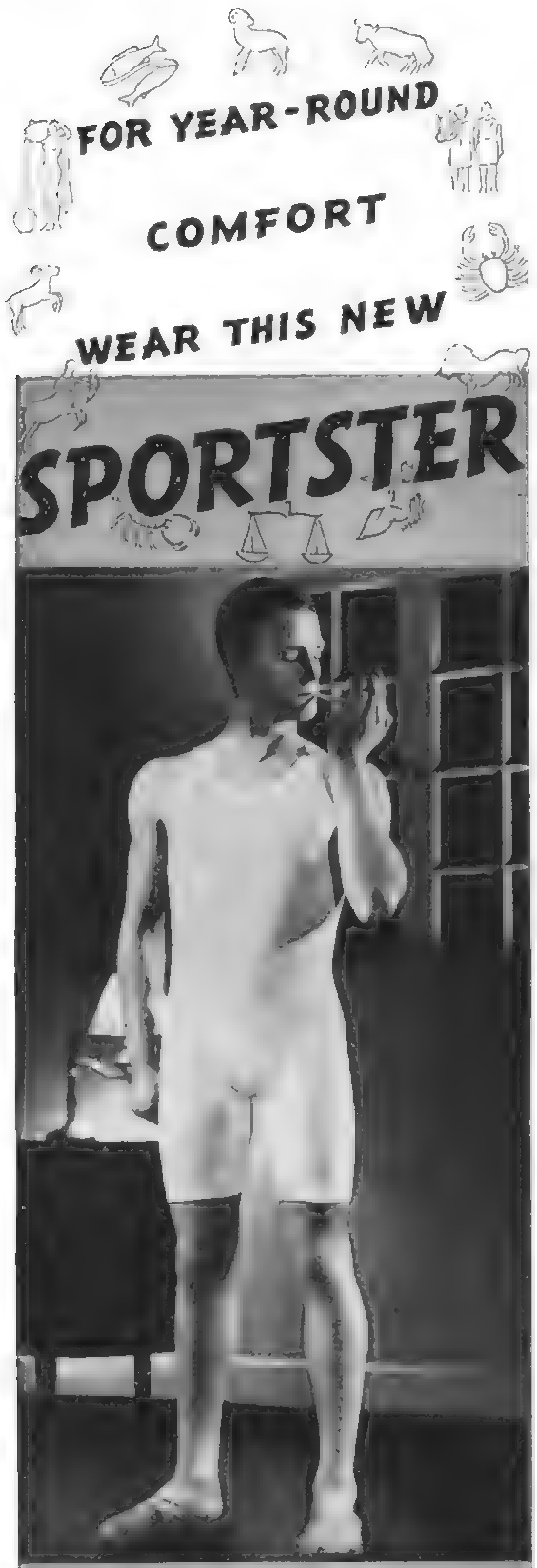
Galeazzo was still going to school while the war raged and he was still there when his father, the Admiral, after having lead the victorious naval attack at Buccari, became one of Italy's most conspicuous naval heroes of the World War. A year passed and from the north, from Milan, came roaring the voice of a hitherto unknown man by the name of Benito Mussolini, and a new world opened to the eyes of the boy.

In contemporary Italy a man's biggest pride is to say that he had joined Mussolini in Fascism's earliest days and that he had taken part in the famous March on Rome. There were two Cianos: father and son. The father, a fierce patriot and soldier, who saw his country approaching chaos, and the son who was in love with slogans, black uniforms and excitement. Mussolini and Ciano senior, Deputy since 1921, sealed a lasting friendship; Galeazzo, then nineteen, joined the Blackshirts of the Tuscanas fighting squad, *La Disperata*.

While in Rome I heard people whisper that Galeazzo's marriage to Edda was decided by both fathers, who regarded themselves as ideal men of Italy and thought that in uniting their children they would not only preserve their species for the future but would originate a new super-family of noblest birth destined to rule the country. Whether inspired by such theoretical motives or not, Father Ciano did everything in his power to promote his son's brilliant career. The first step was a law degree at the University of Rome when young Galeazzo was just out of his teens. The second step, again inspired by the father, was newspaper work. Galeazzo became theatre and book reviewer on the *Nuovo Paese*, the first Fascist newspaper in Rome, collaborator of *La Tribuna* and special correspondent for Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia* in Milan. Then he wrote two plays.

* * *

Three years have passed since the March on Rome, Mussolini is



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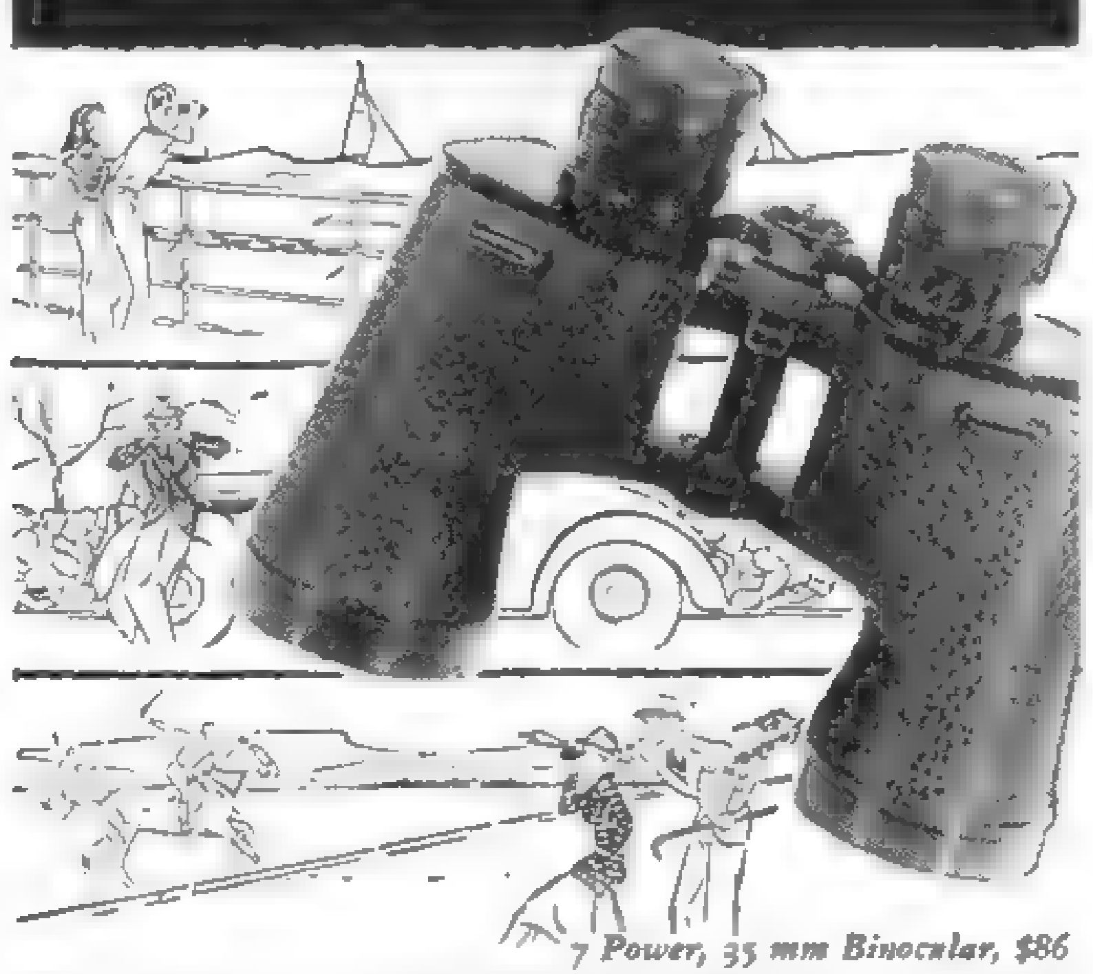

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Prime Minister, wealthy Costanzo Ciano is not only his Minister of Communications but also Count de Cortellazzo, raised to the peerage by King Victor Emmanuel at Mussolini's request, and young Galeazzo is His Excellency as well. It is in this year that Father Ciano sells his son the idea of becoming a diplomat. Galeazzo likes it. He takes examinations for the diplomatic service and passes.

Thus begins Galeazzo's formative training with one, and perhaps two fathers having something in mind. He is sent to South America. His first appointment: secretary of the Italian Royal Embassy in Buenos Aires. Then the same routine duty in the Embassy at Rio de Janeiro. Instead of two years at one Embassy as the routine of young diplomats requires, Galeazzo is already leaving South America for Peiping to serve under one of Italy's greatest masters of diplomacy, Daniele Varé, as secretary of the Italian Royal Embassy in China.

All this resembles more the education of a young royal Prince than the career of a modest young count, who has just become used to his aristocratic title. The old counts and marcheses whisper about it in their *palazzos* of Rome's Quartier Sebastiani, and ask what is going to happen next. They are in doubt. I shall risk the presumption that Mussolini and Ciano senior at this time saw the future quite distinctly. Reports were saying that the young Count was doing well out in China under Varé. He would study wise statesmanship under this brilliant diplomat and then. . . .

Edda was in Rome and away again, traveling and enjoying the life of the mighty dictator's daughter, and whenever possible clever Papa Ciano and Il Duce himself told her tales about the brilliant Galeazzo, the most splendid young man of young Italy.

Who is Edda? Isn't she much more than one of Mussolini's five children? Certainly she is. She is the only real intimate of a man almost lonely in his greatness. She is his pride. She has much more influence with her father than anyone else. Among all "yes" men, she is the only one who does contradict him. She is his love.

He loves her not because of her character, all her qualities of a splendid sportswoman, an excellent linguist, a skilled violinist and pianist, but also because looking at her, he looks into a mirror. She is *his* daughter. In her nature preserved for at least one more generation the great qualities of Il Duce. His sons, Vittorio and Bruno, are far behind and will never be of importance. Little Anna Maria and Romano are too small to be judged. Edda has always been with him and for him; ever since her childhood when he discovered that she was developing *his* personality, *his* strong will, *his* cleverness, he has admired her.

Furthermore she came into the struggling world as his life's little treasure just before he started his road to power. She was born in the dirty back room of her grandfather's poor osteria, *L'Agnello* in Forli, in Romagna, the first day of September, 1910. Her childhood was surrounded with poverty. Two years after her birth, her father and her mother Rachele moved to Milan where Mussolini became editor of the socialist newspaper *Avanti*. Edda grew to womanhood and he grew to political wisdom. It was for Edda and not, as is said, at the King's request, that Mussolini went through the marriage ceremony after becoming Prime Minister in 1922 and ordered his children to be baptized and confirmed. He had never been married to Rachele Agostini, the daughter of his father's partner and cook at the osteria, Anna.

In 1925, fifteen-year-old Edda was sent to Poggio Reale, near Florence, a convent school for princesses and the daughters of the more important aristocracy. Her brothers remained with her mother who moved to Villa Carpena near native Forli. Mussolini was making plans for his daughter. He had one great plan especially. . . . But Edda must first go through the routine training of the little princesses. He did not realize for a long time that this education of a princess did not work and that the nuns who conducted the convent school wished the girl had never come there. For Edda would not hear of discipline, and the words "I am Mussolini's daughter," were her usual haughty report when she was told to obey the strict rules of the convent.

History will have to confirm the fact that Countess Edda Ciano was first destined by her mighty father to become future Queen of Italy. It was known in 1926 that Mussolini vetoed the proposed marriage of Crown Prince Humbert to Princess Marie José, oldest daughter of the late King Albert of Belgium. Marie José was educated in the same school at Poggio Reale and rumors of her engagement to Prince Humbert at that time were often reported and promptly officially denied. People whispered that there were personal and not political reasons for Mussolini's objections. He was strong and the monarchy was on the decline. The monarchy was fading so far into the background that he believed nobody would see anything shocking in the marriage of the Crown Prince to a commoner, Edda Mussolini. This marriage would secure his daughter the Crown of Italy, would be the best compromise with dangerous Humbert, who could not be trusted, although he had recently, in Turin, praised Fascism as the savior of the Crown.

I leave it to future historians to describe the sudden secret trip Mussolini took on June 6, 1926 to Villa Carpena, the talk with his devoted wife, to whom he always

Continued on page 248

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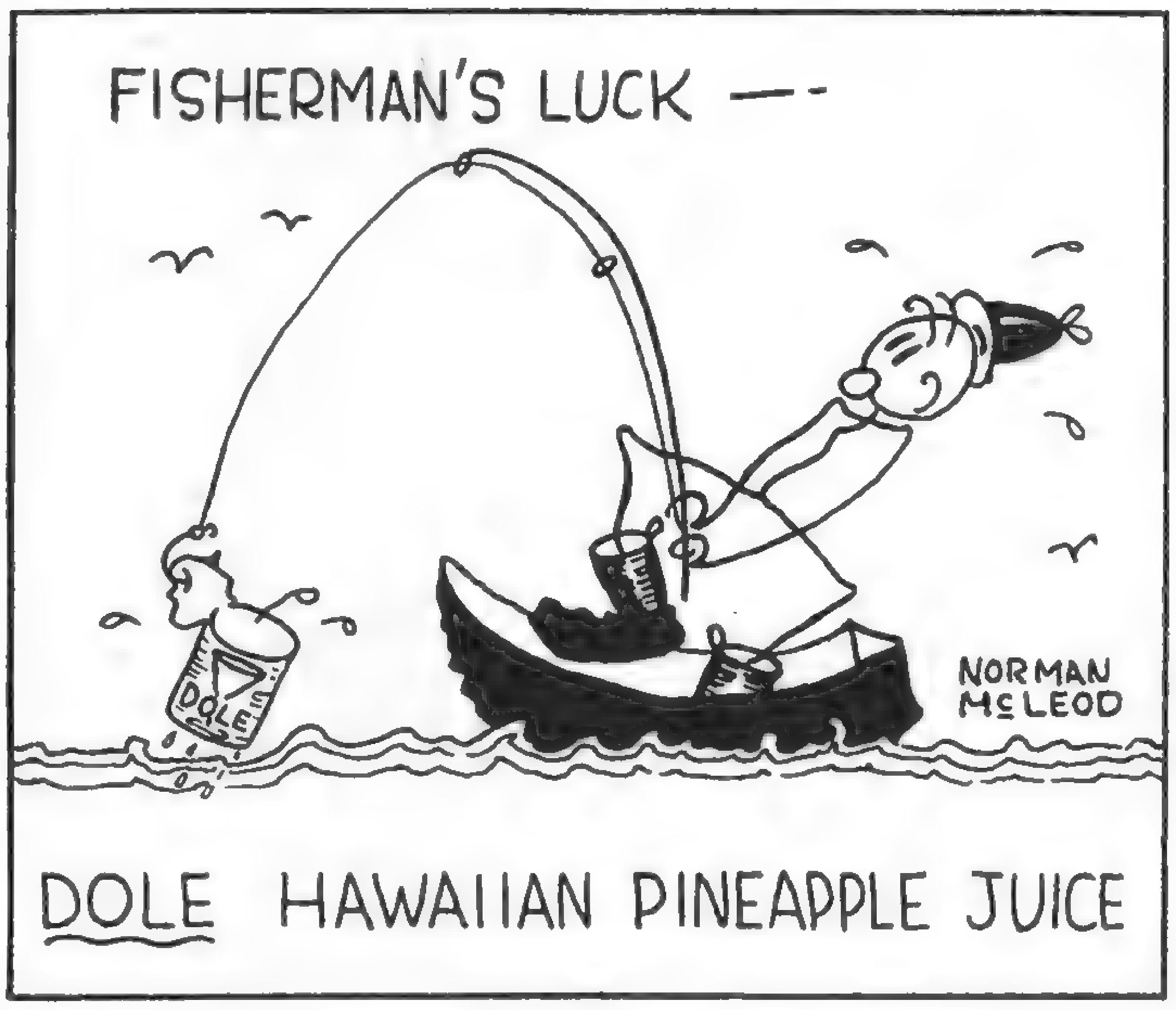

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The More Than Royal Cianos

Continued from pages 60-247

listens in crucial moments of his life, and the arrival of both parents the next day at Edda's room in the Convent of Poggio Reale.

Here occurred what was probably the first refusal to obey his will that the Dictator had heard during his régime. What Edda's exact answer was to the suggested marriage only these three know. But it is almost certain that there in the Convent of Poggio Reale Edda refused the Crown of Italy, that the father took it as a decision nobody has the right to change, and that as a result his great plan was dropped and the marriage of Humbert to Marie José was permitted.

Was it then that Mussolini first turned to the other plan, or had this been only the venture of a father who had momentarily turned away from his first decision, permitting himself to be blinded by the vision of a sparkling crown on his daughter's head? At any rate Galeazzo, who was then in South America starting a routine career, at that time got his promotion to China, visited Italy and saw Edda. Then he disappeared from sight in Peiping and Edda revolted in the convent, obstinately refusing to remain longer in Poggio Reale. "I wish rather to see the world," she said and the father agreed that she should. She went traveling, saw all Europe, and the next year the steamer *Tevere* took her on a sightseeing tour to India. It was 1928, and Edda was eighteen.

* * *

In Barrack Number 1, I kept clippings of a strange meteoric love and marriage story. Often disputing about Captain Ciano and his mien of a second Mussolini, I produced an old photograph of the Count from the year 1930. There his face was mild, his features soft, his looks melancholic. It was a different Ciano, and this other Ciano it was who was recalled to Rome from Peiping in 1930 just in time to fill the vacant place of the First Secretary at the new Italian Embassy to the Holy See, and who came to win Edda's sympathy and love. There in Rome the promising young man went on the upgrade with a passionate courtship. Two fathers watched him closely, one praying that his son might show at his best, the other reserved, not yet free from doubt and fear for his little treasure. In her seclusion, Donna Rachele prayed to God, and in another castle Countess de Cortellazzo was wishing that her son would stand the test.

He stood it, and very soon all was over. Rarely do newspaper clippings tell a story so fully and with such color as do these telling about Edda and Galeazzo, the two destined to give Fascist Italy her new First Family. Only a few weeks passed after Galeazzo's arrival in Rome when suddenly:

ROME, February 15, 1930—The formal announcement of the betrothal of Mussolini's daughter Edda to Count Galeazzo Ciano was made today by Premier Mussolini himself at a reception in Villa Torlonia. He is twenty-seven years old and is Secretary of the Italian Royal Embassy at the Holy See. She is nineteen years old, a sportswoman who has been awarded a silver medal by the Carnegie Institute for saving a swimmer's life, an excellent linguist and widely traveled. *Lavoro Fascisto* in a front page editorial calls Edda the "gracious daughter of the leader of the Government" saying the new family about to be founded will bear a precious inheritance of two names so high in Italian hearts.

ROME, April 21, 1930.—A veritable fortune in wedding presents is pouring in for Signorina Edda, who will be married to Count Galeazzo Ciano. Cities, provinces and communities are sending in gifts. The Premier's personal present to his daughter is a valuable bedspread of old Venetian lace.

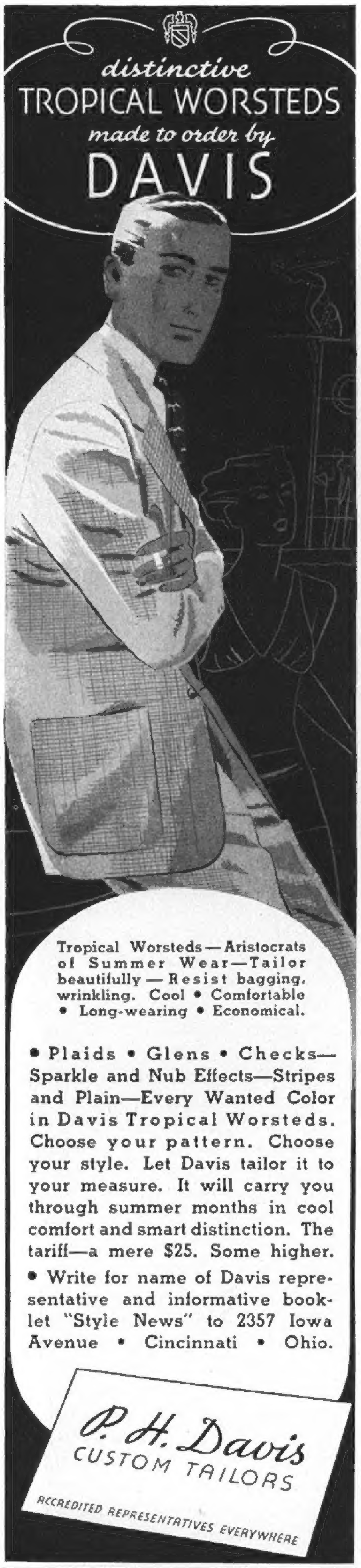
ROME, April 24, 1930.—Today the Premier gave a big reception in Villa Torlonia in honour of his daughter Edda and her fiancé Count Galeazzo Ciano. A band of accordion players was brought from Farli in the Romagna, the native province of Il Duce, to entertain the guests. The shower of presents continued at this party.

ROME, April 25.—Just after 11 a.m. Edda Mussolini became bride of Count Galeazzo Ciano at the Mussolini parish church of St. Joseph. Several thousand people watched in front of the church as the eight cars drove up from Villa Torlonia to the Via Momentana. Edda sat in the first car with her father. The Church was decorated with plants and tapestries lent by the magistrate. Smiling, the young bride descended from the car, clinging fondly to her father's arm. After the ceremony the whole party drove to St. Peter's Cathedral to pray. Then, after a small intimate wedding breakfast at Villa Torlonia, the young couple left for a honeymoon, keeping their destination a close secret.

CAPRI, April 26.—Galeazzo Ciano and his bride Edda, daughter of the Premier, today were honeymooning at the Island of Sirens. They arrived last night aboard a speedy motor patrol boat and were welcomed by officials. They occupied a private suite at the hotel.

ROME, June 22.—Diplomatic and consular changes announced today include the transfer of Count Galeazzo Ciano to Shanghai where he will be Consul General.

BRINDISI, Sept. 11.—Countess Ciano, daughter of the Premier, and her husband today were en route to Shanghai, where he will be the Italian Consul General. They sailed on the liner *Tevere* which took the Premier's daughter to India two years ago. Her mother, Donna Rachele Mussolini,



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Count Ciano and the Countess, his parents, said farewell to the two at their departure.

Rome, Oct. 1, 1931.—Mussolini became a grandfather today. His daughter Edda gave birth to a son today in Shanghai. Her husband, the Count Galeazzo Ciano, is Italian Charge d'affaires.

* * *

Did the two match? Is it a happy marriage? It would be very tactless to say "no." The author wishes only to note a comment which traveled among Rome's counts and marcheses. It was said at the time when little Fabrizio came to life that Galeazzo was merely the prince consort, Edda the queen . . .

The author wishes also to emphasize the impression of one who knew both—Edda and Galeazzo—that she is the spiritual guide, the brain of the new family, its backbone, its stimulating power. Having her at his side Galeazzo did well. Without her, later, in Ethiopia, he did not do so well. He was good at his post of President of the League of Nations Commission which was called into action in Shanghai to inquire into the Japanese bombardment at Shanghai at a time when little Fabrizio was a baby of four months. Ciano displayed remarkable tact and energy. He went in search of generals and chiefs on the war front, faced risks to save the lives and property of Europeans settled in China. People in Rome said that his father-in-law often queried Edda by long-distance telephone about the behavior of her husband, as if she were his guide and teacher, and that her "reports" were always satisfactory. Then, in December, 1932, Edda gave birth to a second child—a daughter. Mussolini, proud and satisfied, waited only for her health to be re-established, to recall his son-in-law, previously promoting him, not without a hint from Edda, to the rank of Minister to China.

Six years before in one of his more famous speeches Mussolini had stated that his successor was not yet born. This was in 1927—one year after his unhappy venture to make his daughter Queen of Italy and it may be true that he was in doubt about the future. Ciano was not yet born—into political life. But in 1933 events and decisions in the Palazzo Venezia led to the belief that the Dictator then started preparing his son-in-law for this future and this has been confirmed ever since.

After a brief stay in Rome Ciano was sent to the London Economic Conference as Italy's representative. He delivered several speeches before sub-committees and pleased his father-in-law and his guiding spirit, Edda, extremely by obtaining the Conference's only achievement: he settled Italy's Boxer Rebellion indemnity claims to the satisfaction of the Great Powers.

So when he returned he was immediately appointed Press Dictator—his first task as Dictator on a small scale.

Ciano moved into the Press Office, displayed much ability and organizing talent, and, well instructed by the Countess, pleased the Dictator daily. He had to see Mussolini twice daily, early in the morning and late in the evening, and Il Duce watched him closely.

Edda's rôle in this strange triangle still remains a mystery. Was it her influence with her father or Ciano's which made Mussolini appoint him Under-Secretary within one year and Minister—the youngest in the world—within the next half-year? Knowing this young woman's strange childhood and youth we are willing to give her the most important rôle in the play which might be called Education of a Future Dictator.

The Future Dictator did not do so well when he left his guiding spirit in Rome to go as volunteer to conquer Ethiopia as an ordinary officer. Leaving Minister Alfieri at his post he took Mussolini's sons and went to Asmara at his own, Mussolini's and Edda's wish to undertake his last test—as war hero. And down there in Asmara, as we know, he almost lost his game, proving that there was still too much of an adventurer and a Tartarin de Tarascon in the man who was destined to become the calm and wise ruler of forty-three million people.

Again last summer Rome whispered: it was Edda who saved him. Ciano was forgiven for the last time, it was reported.

* * *

Thus strange Providence in the person of his watchful father and later in the person of his strong-willed wife, Edda Mussolini, guarded the young Count Galeazzo from himself, developed his character, formed his abilities to serve his nation in the right spirit, corrected his mistakes, destroyed his evils. It should be wrong to presume that he has undergone already all necessary tests and passed all "exams" Mussolini gave him. His trips to Berchtesgaden, and later to Vienna and Budapest as special envoy of Il Duce are significant, reveal that at the present the Count is at last Il Duce's closest collaborator, the nearest person to the "throne"; but Mussolini's political wisdom should not be underestimated.

Il Duce still places Italy's welfare above his family affairs. Although Foreign Minister and promoted to the rank of a general of the Fascist Militia and member of the Great Fascist Council, Galeazzo is in the eyes of Il Duce still the boy who courted his daughter, whom *she* chose against the Crown Prince. It is said that he still believes more in the wisdom of his daughter, than in that of her husband; that he purposely sent her with Galeazzo on his recent trip to Europe's capitals, because he wanted to hear Edda's, not Galeazzo's reports.

And it is said that he expects the most of little Fabrizio, *her* child, the super-son of Italy's best blood. #

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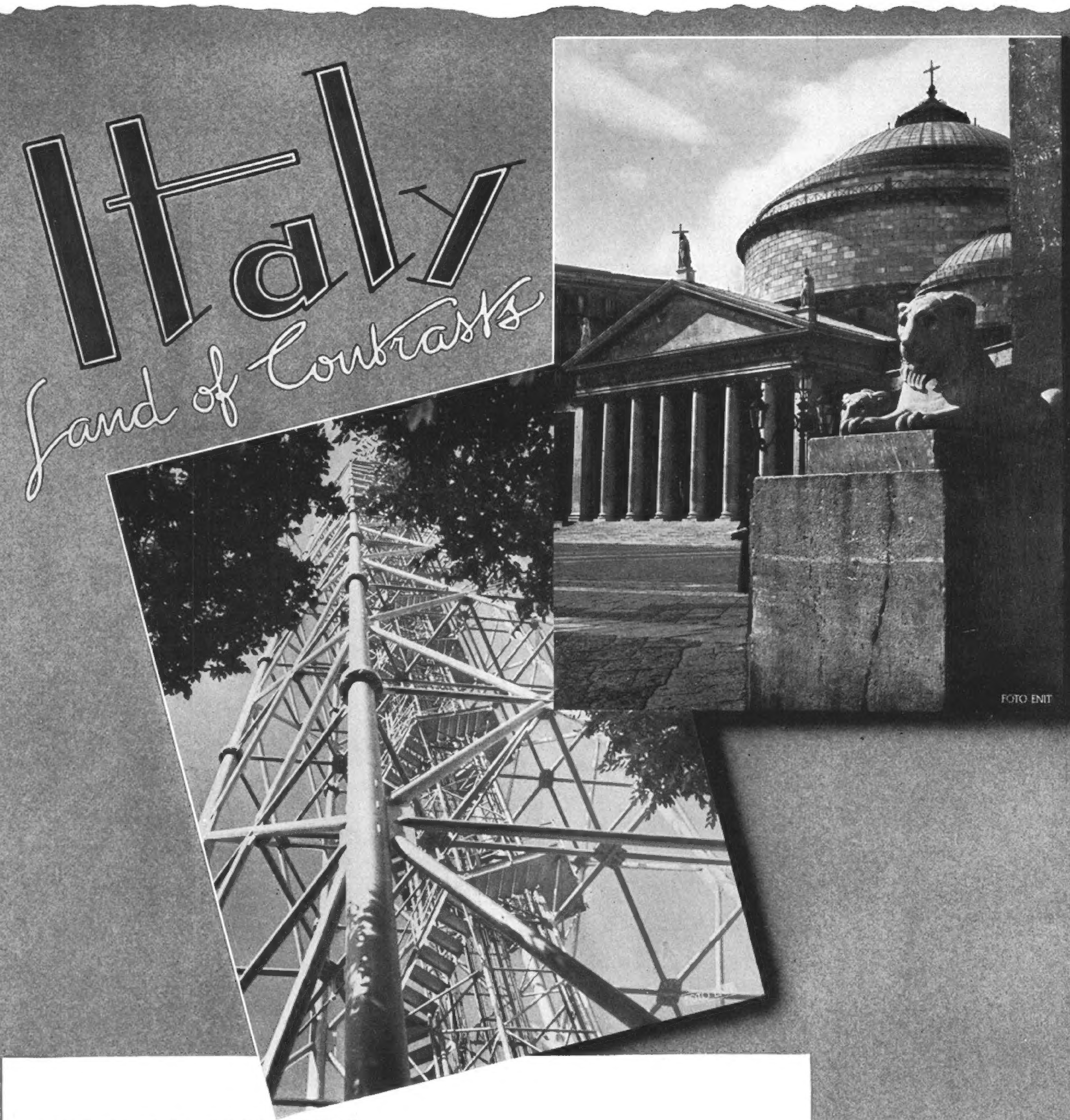

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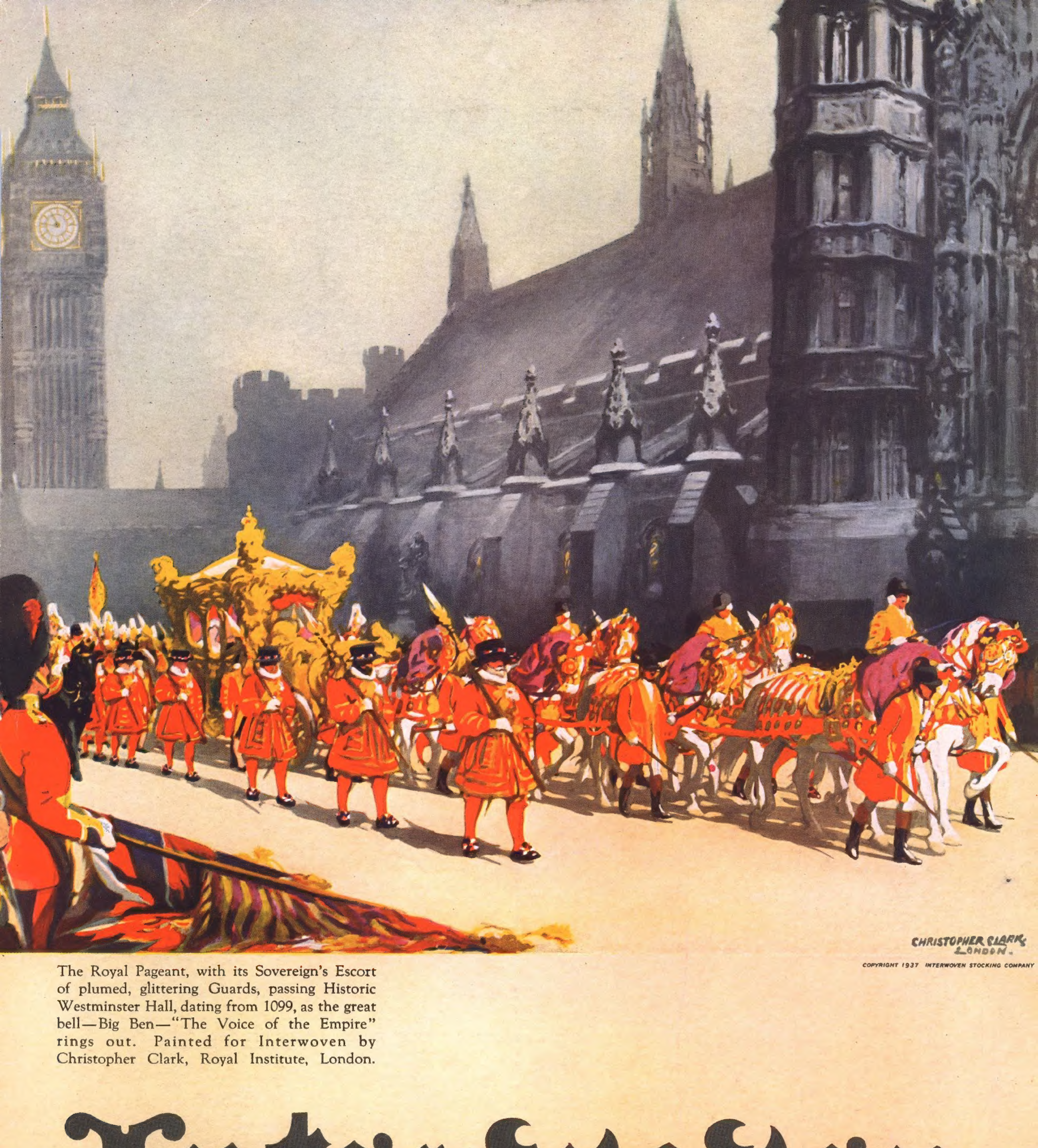

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The Royal Pageant, with its Sovereign's Escort of plumed, glittering Guards, passing Historic Westminster Hall, dating from 1099, as the great bell—Big Ben—"The Voice of the Empire" rings out. Painted for Interwoven by Christopher Clark, Royal Institute, London.

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"I often lunch in the Senate restaurant at the Capitol and the number of Senators and Representatives I see with a package of Luckies is quite surprising. Off and on, ever since 1917, I myself have used Luckies for this sound reason: They really are a light smoke—kind to the throat. It's simply common sense that these Senators and Representatives, whose voices must meet the continuous strain of public speaking, should also need a cigarette that is considerate of their throats... a light smoke."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

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